WOMEN OF COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY TIMES

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very much oblig
o nie out I am
are pleased to say they have heard of
unpardonable stupidity to be insensible
judiciont; and a good character I esteem
but I dont suspect my self of being vain
nature and complaisance then intimat
writeing so politely and if you will pe
you must be cautious how you inspire
the sex. Mama will certainly wait
your company this evening which you
great pleasure to

Your affectionate

MRS. PINCKNEY,
SENT FROM WAPPOO BY MESSENGER TO

DISCARDED

Ladies you mention for the compliment
ible of my own deserts to be ignorant
as procured me the great character the
not my own desert: it would be an
good opinion of people of worth and
the greatest blessings of human life
sparkles of people who have more good
me is you that flatter my vanity in
me to put you in mind of your duty it is
e commonly so dangerous and fatal to
s: G: before she embarks. I expect to have
do me the justice to believe will give

Pinckney

HUSBAND
OWN IN JUNE OR JULY, 1711

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This volume, "Eliza Pinckney" by Harriet Horry Ravenel, with the privately-printed "Journal and Letters of Eliza Lucas" added, is the tenth in a Heritage Series of reprints on South Carolina.

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THE REPRINT COMPANY
154 West Cleveland Park Dr.
Spartanburg, S. C. 29303
August, 1967.

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and
The Privately Printed
"Journal And Letters of
Eliza Lucas"

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Library of Congress Catalogue Number: 67-25800

WOMEN OF COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY TIMES

NDER this general title Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons are publishing a series of volumes (three of which are now ready), the aim of which is not only to present carefully studied portraits of the most distinguished women of Colonial and Revolutionary times, but to offer as a background for these portraits pictures of the domestic and social, instead of the political and other public, life of the people in successive periods of national development.

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"Not for your own behoof alone, but for your country's, were your children reared." CICERO.

WOMEN OF COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY TIMES

ELIZA PINCKNEY

BY HARRIOTT HORRY RAVENEL

WITH FACSIMILE REPRODUCTION

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
NEW YORK *MDCCCXCVI*

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University Press:
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.

TO THE MEMORY OF
MY FATHER'S SISTER

MISS ELIZA LUCAS RUTLEDGE

BY WHOSE COURAGE AND PIETY
THESE LETTERS
WERE SAVED FROM THE FLAMES
THIS BOOK IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

PREFACE

In preparing this life of Mrs. Pinckney, I have, as will be seen, kept as closely as possible to the very numerous letters which she has left us, and to a few others written by members of her family or friends.

The task of selecting such of these, or such portions of these, as might best suit the purpose proposed, — namely, the illustration of the social and domestic life of the time and place, — has been my chief duty. I have endeavored to show, as well as might be, the way of thought, the occupations, manners, and customs of the women of Carolina in the last century.

When compelled to seek other sources of information, in order to complete the picture, I have consulted the most nearly contemporaneous authorities accessible, preferring to show the opinions and beliefs of the people of the day rather than to seek the judgment of posterity. For this end the authors consulted have been our native historians, Ramsay, Moultrie, Drayton, etc., all of whom were, for the Revolutionary period, a part of the story which they tell.

For the account of the earliest events mentioned, I must acknowledge my obligation to the very interesting papers published by the Hon. W. A. Courtenay, in many successive Year Books of the City of Charleston.

I have been careful to distinguish between those statements for which there is written authority and those which rest on tradition only. When the Family Legend is quoted, a manuscript account of some events in the Pinckney family, by Miss Maria Henrietta, eldest daughter of General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, born in 1774, is referred to. Too diffuse and intimate for publication, it yet gives many details such as could have been supplied by no one else.

When "tradition" is given, I mean the stories and accounts of Mrs. Pinckney's grandchildren; the old people to whose conversation I listened in childhood and youth, drinking in their endless tales of the old time and of the part which their relations and friends had borne in it.

For these traditions I have been careful not to trust my own memory alone, and have written only such things as are corroborated by the recollections of the other surviving members of the same generation.

HARRIOTT HORRY [RUTLEDGE] RAVENEL.

CHARLESTON, *February, 1896.*

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ELIZA PINCKNEY

I

FIRST YEARS IN CAROLINA

1737–1742

In the year 1737 or 1738 Lieutenant-Colonel George Lucas, an officer of the English army, stationed at the West Indian island of Antigua, came to the Province of South Carolina with his wife and daughters. They came in search of a climate which might suit the very delicate health of Mrs. Lucas, and they liked Carolina so well, that, with a view of remaining there, Colonel Lucas bought land and settled plantations.

There was at the time a cessation of hostilities in the long war between England and Spain, and had the expected peace been concluded this plan might have been carried out. But negotiations were broken off, and Colonel Lucas was obliged to part with his family and hurry back to Antigua; of which place he was soon after made Royal Governor. Mrs. Lucas

being in bad health, her husband left their eldest daughter Eliza in charge of all his affairs in Carolina, and it is her life which we shall attempt to picture.

It is offered as that of a woman of character and capacity, who in a private station, by her enterprise and perseverance, conferred a great benefit upon her adopted home; and as that of a mother, who, left at an early age to fight the battle of life single handed, trained her sons from infancy to know and to do their duty to their God and their country. She might be presented as a typical southern matron, a representative of her class; but to the general reader her life is, perhaps, most interesting when viewed as an instance of that force of environment which did so much for the making of America. We hardly recognize now, how much the country moulded the people, and formed, not perhaps character (for character comes of race and faith, and is, at its best, superior to circumstance), but feeling and opinion, — the opinion which makes action. It is unfortunate that we have absolutely no information about her ancestry beyond that already furnished. The destruction by the British of her plantation home, and a fire which occurred in 1796, in which her house in what was then called Charles Town was destroyed, consumed

all the papers which might have thrown interesting light upon the families, in their English homes, of the mother and father of Miss Lucas.

This lady, afterwards the proud mother of two "rebel" sons, was in her youth the most enthusiastically loyal of subjects, and was brought up so to be; for her father was, to use Browning's phrase, "the King's," and she had been educated in England, and in every way as an English girl. She, with her two brothers, had been sent "home," as East Indian children are now, to the care of a friend of the family by whom they were brought up. This lady, Mrs. Boddicott, lived in London, but in what part of it we do not know, nor do we know how many years Miss Lucas remained there, but judging from the letters it was for a long period.

From the time of her coming to Carolina her letters show her life. These letters, careful compositions many of them, were copied out into a long parchment-covered book, which has survived the perils of two wars and of fire, having been literally "plucked as a brand from the burning" by one pious descendant. They were copied, so that if "our Feb^{y} fleet" or "our Oct^{r} vessels" fell into the hands of the ever present enemy, a duplicate might be sent. If time failed to copy in full, a copious memo-

randum was made. "Wrote my papa about," etc., etc. This is comprehensible enough, but why all the letters and notes addressed to friends in Charles Town, only seventeen miles off, should also have been carefully entered, passes the understanding of these busy, impatient days. They do not appear to have been rough drafts, but copies, carefully made of the originals. We can only wonder and be thankful.

In 1739, then, we find Miss Eliza Lucas, then sixteen years old, established in Carolina, with plenty of business to fill her time, but lamenting "my papa's return to Antigua," and quite unable to keep from fretting over the incessant expeditions on which his Majesty's forces were engaged. The place at which the Lucas family lived was in St. Andrew's parish on the west side of the Ashley River; but their plantation was not upon the river itself, but upon the Wappoo, a salt creek connecting the Ashley with the Stono, and only separated from the ocean by the long, sandy islands, James and Johns, which were to gain notoriety in far distant days.

It was at the junction of this creek with the Ashley, that the first governor, Sayle, had pitched his camp in 1670, calling the place "Albemarle Point." It is marked as his headquarters, upon an old plat in the Shaftesbury

Papers, but the first town (Old Town) was some miles higher up the river. The Lucas place was nearer to the Stono. Miss Lucas, writing to Mrs. Boddicott, says: —

Dear Madam, — I flatter myself it will be a satisfaction to you to hear I like this part of the world as my lott has fallen here, which I really do. I prefer England to it 'tis true, but think Carolina greatly preferable to the West Indies, and was my Papa here I should be very happy. We have a very good acquaintance from whom we have received much friendship and Civility. Charles Town the principal one in this province is a polite agreeable place, the people live very Gentile and very much in the English taste. The Country is in general fertile and abounds with Venson and wild fowl. The Venson is much higher flavoured than in England but 'tis seldom fatt.

My Papa and Mama's great indulgence to mee leaves it to mee to chuse our place of residence either in town or country, but I think it more prudent as well as most agreeable to my Mama and selfe to be in the Country during my father's absence. Wee are 17 mile by land, and 6 by water from Charles Town where wee have about 6 agreeable families around us with whom wee live in great harmony. I have a little library well furnished (for my Papa has left mee most of his books) in w^{ch} I spend part of my time. My Musick and the Garden w^{ch} I am very fond of take up the rest

that is not imployed in business, of w^{ch} my father has left mee a pretty good share, and indeed 'twas unavoidable, as my Mama's bad state of health prevents her going thro' any fatigue.

I have the business of 3 plantations to transact, w^{ch} requires much writing and more business and fatigue of other sorts than you can imagine, but least you should imagine it too burthensom to a girl at my early time of life, give mee leave to assure you I think myself happy that I can be useful to so good a father. By rising very early I find I can go through with much business, but least you should think I shall be quite moaped with this way of life, I am to inform you there is two worthy Ladies in C^{rs} Town, Mrs Pinckney and Mrs Cleland who are partial enough to mee to wish to have mee with them, and insist upon my making their houses my home when in Town, and press mee to relax a little much oftener than 'tis in my power to accept of their obliging intreaties, but I am sometimes with one or the other for three weeks or a monthe at a time, and then enjoy all the pleasures C^{ro} Town affords. But nothing gives mee more than subscribing myself

D^{r} Madam

Y^{r} most affectionet and most obliged hum^{ble} Ser^{vt}

ELIZA. LUCAS

Pray remember me in the best manner to my worthy friend M^{r} Boddicott.

To my good friend Mrs Boddicott

May ye 2^{ond}. [probably 1740]

Her planting was no holiday business. The intelligent, unaffected love of agriculture and experiment which marked her through life had already appeared, and she was busy in finding out what would best suit the soil and climate of the new Colony (it had hardly yet exceeded the life of man) in which she found herself. In July of 1739 occur the following memoranda, — the first that we have, but she mentions on the next page that she has just finished "a coppy book of letters to my Papa," so that when her first planting was made we do not exactly know.

"I wrote my father a very long letter on his plantation affairs . . . on the pains I had taken to bring the Indigo, Ginger, Cotton, Lucern, and Cassada to perfection, and had greater hopes from the Indigo — if I could have the seed earlier the next year from the East Indies, — than any of ye rest of y.e things I had tryd, . . . also concerning pitch and tarr and lime and other plantation affairs."

The object of these experiments was to find some crops which might be profitably raised on the high land in Carolina, and furnish a staple for export. At that time, rice, grown only where inland swamps could be conveniently watered from an embanked "reserve," was the sole agri-

cultural commodity. The other exports were lumber, skins, and naval stores. It was a singular question to engage the attention of a girl of sixteen, and probably, at first, when trying her plots of indigo, ginger, etc., she did not dream of the change which she would effect in the agriculture of her Province.

She kept her object steadily in view, however, its importance growing upon her as she proceeded, and the hopes, disappointments, and mistakes, incident to every new enterprise, now run through the letters of years. By 1742 she was so well satisfied that indigo could be profitably grown, that Governor Lucas sent her an overseer, from the West Indies, to superintend the difficult processes of harvest and preparation for market. His daughter writes: —

Hon^{D} Sir. — Never were letters more welcome than yours of feb^{y} 19th & 20th, and March ye 10th and 23rd, which came almost together, it was near 6 months since we had the pleasure of a line from you; our fears increased apace; and we dreaded some fatal accident befallen; but learning of y^{r} recovery from a dangerous Fitt of Illness has, more than equal'd, great as it was, our former anxiety. Nor shall we ever think ourselves sufficiently thankful to Almighty God, for the continuance of so great a blessing. I simpathize most sincerely with ye Inhabitance of Antigua in so great a

calamity as the scarcity of provisions, and the want of ye Necessarys of life to ye poorer sort. We shall send all we can get of provisions, I wrote this day to Starrat for a barl of butter.

The Cotton, Guiney corn and most of the Ginger planted here was cutt off by a frost.

I wrote you in former letter we had a fine crop of Indigo Seed upon the ground and since informed you the frost took it before it was dry. I picked out the best of it and had it planted but there is not more than a hundred bushes of it come up, wch proves the more unlucky as you have sent a man to make it. I make no doubt Indigo will prove a very valueable commodity in time, if we could have the seed from the east Indies time enough to plant the latter end of March, that the seed might be dry enough to gather before our frost. I am sorry we lost this season we can do nothing towards it now but make the works ready for next year. The Lucern is yet but dwindling, but Mr Hunt tells mee 'tis always so here the first year.

The death of my Grandmama was as you imagine very shocking and grievous to my Mama, but I hope the consideration of the miserys that attend so advanced an age will help time to wear it off. I am very much obliged to you for the present you were so good to send me of the fifty pound bill of Exchange wch I duely received. We hear Carthagene is taken. Mr Wallis is dead. Captain Norberry was lately killed in a duel by Capt Dobinure, whose life is dispaired of by the wounds

he received, he is much blamed for quarreling with such a brawling man as Norberry who was disregarded by every body. Norberry has left a wife and 3 or 4 children in very bad circumstances to lament his rashness. Mama tenders you her affections and polly joyns in duty with

My Dear Papa

Your obt and ever Devoted Daughter

E Lucas

To supply the demand for provisions in Antigua, she immediately wrote to the overseers at the different plantations: —

"Novr. 1741 Wrote to Mr Murry to send down a boat load of white oak staves, bacon and salted beef for the West Indias. Sent up at the same time salt, salt peter and brown sugar for the bacon, and a couple of bottles of wine for Mrs Murry, and desire he will send down all ye butter and hog's lard."

And soon after: —

"Sent my father his kettledrums, informed him of Mr Smith's selling ye rumm he sent us, and giving away ye preserved sorrel, tho he assurd us 'twas by mistake put on board a vessel going to Barbadoes and carried there. Sad wretch! Payd the compts of all his friends who treat us with great kindness and civility. Sent for West India Concumber seed.

"Wrote by the return of the vessel, 2 barls Rice,

do Corn, 3 do pease, and pickled pork, 2 keggs Oysters, one, of Eggs by way of Experiment putt up in salt. In case they answer my scheme is to supply my father's refining house in Antigua with Eggs from Carolina."

This very practical and managing young lady is said to have been remarkably gentle and feminine in manner. By her father's desire she spent but little time at her needle, then the fashionable employment for ladies. Colonel Lucas had a strong prejudice against the elaborate embroideries and lace work which we still admire, declaring ungallantly that he "never saw ladies talking over their work without suspecting that they were hatching mischief"! His daughter obediently chose other occupations, yet she was girlish enough in many ways; especially when expressing her terrors on her father's account. She tries to be "patriotick," but cannot conceal her fears, as when she writes to a friend, Miss Bartlett, in Charles Town: —

"I hear the Rye man of Warr is arrived, do they say whether the War is likely to continue or not, I was going to say I wish all the men were as great cowards as myself, it would make them more peaceably inclined. Now could I morralize for half an hour on the wickedness and folly of Warr and Bloodshed but my letter is of a convenient length. . . ."

Soon she became uneasy about her brother as well as her father. The two boys were in England with Mrs. Boddicott, and she wrote to them constantly. The younger, "Tommy," was in bad health, the elder, George, looking forward to entering the army. Their sister was much concerned about them, and there are frequent notes, —

"May 2d 1741 Wrote to my brother now 16 years old, desireing him to give us an acct. of publick News, anything that passes worth Notice, and informed of the amiable character we lately recd of him from good Mrs Boddicott"

"Octr 22ond Wrote to my brother George, desireing him to corrispond with mee in french," etc etc

and many messages and notes to the ill boy.

George at last received his commission, and went to Antigua. Then the anxious sister writes to him in concern and alarm about the expeditions on which he is liable to be sent. These "expeditions" were a part of the long naval war between England and Spain, to which it seemed there would be no end. "There is always war with the Spaniard beyond the Line," says the bold Magnus Troil, in The Pirate, and on this side of the Line the same thing might have been said. Beginning in the previous century in the depredations of those extraordinary

rovers, the buccaneers, and continued by the scarcely less dreaded guarda-costas, the sea police established by Spain to control the buccaneers, but who made themselves extremely troublesome to the English traders also, — it had, now that the buccaneers and guarda-costas were things of the past, resolved itself into a struggle for commercial supremacy between England and Spain, among the West India Islands, and the shores of South America. The trade was of great importance, and neither country could afford to lose it; but to the North American colonies the war was a constant trouble, interfering with their commerce and prosperity in every way.

Since the resumption of hostilities in 1739, there had been an endless series of expeditions, naval fights, etc.; but with the exception of the capture of Porto-Bello by Admiral Vernon, which had raised British enthusiasm to an extraordinary point, the operations were generally ill-concerted and ineffectual. As Colonel Lucas was engaged in several of these affairs, the allusions to them are frequent.

1742

To my Father: —

I am at a loss where to write to my Dear and Honoured Father, but am determined not to omit the pleasing duty, while I am able to perform it.

I shall therefore send this to my brother to forward it to you, possibly the expedition may be over, and you return'd in safety. Happy indeed shall I be when this grateful news reaches us . . .

The crop at Garden Hill turned out ill, but a hundred and sixty barls [of rice] and at Wappoo only forty-three, the price is so low as thirty shillings pr. hundred, we have sent very little to town yet, for that reason. People difer very much in sentiment about the number of ships we are still to have. We have not heard from England for more than two months, what can keep the shipping? We conjecture 'tis an imbargo. In my letter of Febr. 3rd I desired to know if you aproved of setting a plantation to the North near Major Pawly. Please let me know in your next if it has your approbation and it shall be done in the Fall.

We expect a vizit from the Spainiards this summer. Mr Oglethorpe harasses them much at their forts at St. Augustine. He has lately killed some and took two prisoners.

The foregoing letter was evidently written while Governor Lucas was absent at Laguayra. By "the shipping," his daughter means the fleet of merchant vessels which under convoy carried the rice to England. The familiar use, by the way, of the so-called Americanism, "Fall," may be noticed; it flows too trippingly from her pen to have been a lately learned

expression. The attack on Laguayra failed, and then the affectionate daughter had both terror and mortification to undergo: "Sept.r 15.th 1743, wrote to my father a very long letter informing him I had received his, relating the whole of that unfortunate and ill-concerted expedition at Laguira." And again: "acknowledged the receipt of his letter at Port Cavalla, with the papers of all the transactions there and at Laguira enclosed."

She was evidently much distressed and sought to console herself as best she might with parallels from history. Her friends Mr. and Mrs. Pinckney, scolded her — in all kindness — for her rebellious grief, and she wrote the following letter:—

To Mrs Pinckney.

D.r Madam, — If you are not yet provided I have heard of a horse I believe will suit you at £140 [presumably in currency], and shall be glad of y.r commands if I can be anyways serviceable therein, the owners are no further from me than James Island.

Please to make my Compl.s to Col. Pinckney, the book he lent mee I now return with thanks. I mett with a paragraph in it w.ch gave me a good deal of pleasure because 'tis exactly similar to my papa's Case at Cavalla, 'tis in a letter from Prince Eugene to an Eminent Minister in vindication of

my Lord Albermarl's conduct at the battle of Denain, the words w^{ch} I mean are these "But when they — (the soldiers) — run as soon as they have given one fire and cannot be rallied, no Gen^{l} in the world can help it"

This declaration from so great a Gen^{l} as Prince Eugene must have great weight had it been read by a less partial eye than that of a daughter. I have had too many Instances of your friendship to doubt your pardon for this impertinence. . .

D^{r} Madam

Y^{r} affect and obed^{t} Serv^{t}

E. Lucas.

II

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS

1741–1743

The following letters show so much of the life and character of the writer that they are given with only the necessary explanations. The first was written to her brother George before he left England: —

I am now set down my Dear Brother to obey your commands and give you a short discription of the part of the world I now inhabit. So. Carolina then, is a large and Extensive Country near the Sea. Most of the settled parts of it is upon a flatt — the soil near Charles Town Sandy, but farther distant clay and swamp land. It abounds with fine navigable rivers, and great quantities of fine timber. The country at great distance, that is to say about a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles from C^rs^ Town very hilly. The soil in general very fertile, and there is very few European or American fruits or grain but what grow here. The Country abounds with wild fowl, Venison and fish, Beef, veal and mutton, are here in much greater perfection than in the Islands, tho' not equal to that in

England — but their pork exceeds any I ever tasted anywhere. The Turkeys extreamly fine, especially the wild, and indeed all their poultry is exceeding good, and peaches, Nectrins, and mellons of all sorts extreamly fine and in profusion, and their Oranges exceed any I ever tasted in the West Indies or from Spain or Portugal.

The people in gen[l] hospitable and honest, and the better sort add to these a polite gentile behaviour. The poorer sort are the most indolent people in the world or they could never be wretched in so plentiful a country as this. The winters here are very fine and pleasant, but 4 months in the year is extreamly disagreeable, excessive hott, much thunder and lightening and muskatoes and sand flies in abundance.

C[rs] Town the Metropolis is a neat pretty place. The inhabitants polite and live in a very gentile manner. The streets and houses regularly built — the ladies and gentlemen gay in their dress, upon the whole you will find as many agreeable people of both sexes for the size of the place as almost any where. St Phillips church in C[rs] Town is a very elegant one, and much frequented. There are several more places of publick worship in this town, and the generallity of people of a religious turn of mind —

I began in haste and have observed no method or I should have told you before I came to summer, that we have a most charming spring in this country, especially for those who travel through

the country, for the scent of the young mirtle and the yellow Jesamin with w^{ch} the woods abound, is delightful.

The staple comodity here is rice, and the only thing they export to Europe — beef, pork and lumber, they send to the west Indias.

Pray inform me how my good friend M^{rs} Boddicott, my cousen Bartholomew and all my old acquaintance doe. My Mama and Polly joyn in Love to you with

My dear brother
Yours most affectionately
E Lucas

The society was gay; and even the war sometimes brought an added gayety in the presence of some gallant sailors, as when the Jamaica fleet came in with "I am told fifty officers." The fleet danced and amused itself of course, although one of its duties may have been to avenge the act told in the following memorandum: —

"Wrote to my Father an account of a large ship, the 'Balticke Merchant,' from hence, being taken and carried into S^{t} Sebastien. The Cap^{t}, a Quaker, would not fight, — poor Col^{l} Braithwait undertook to fight the ship, they had not powder enough — the Spaniards boarded her, and upon inquiring and being told Col^{l} B fought the ship, he went in to the Cabbin where he found him comforting his wife

who was greatly frighted, and shot him dead in her sight — but as soon as he arrived at S^{t} Sebastien's the Gov^{r} of that place hanged him. Acknowledgd the Rec^{t} of things sent by my father to us in sev^{l} vessels lately. Ac^{t} of M^{r} Whitfield and the Ecclesiastical Court here. Ac^{t} of my cousen Fayweathers going to Boston to endeavour to recover her fortune. Old M^{r} Deveaux, very kind in Instructing me in planting affairs — Shall Endeavour to get some Curiositys for the Duke of Marlborough."

The fleet was in time for the birthnight ball.

Nov^{r} 11 1742

To my Father.

Hond Sir, — Since my last the fleet is returnd to Jamaica, their orders were such that if the Spainards were gone and we under no apprehensions of their returning, to return to Jamaica with the whole detachment. They were very desireous to stay longer, and the Carolinians as desireous to have them stay. They were very well received here, and took great pleasure in acknowledging it upon all occations. They are quite enamourd with Carolina, nor is it to be wonderd at after coming from Jamaica a place of w^{ch} they give a most horrible character. The character they give of the women there must I think be exaggerated, and therefore I wont enlarge on that head.

The Gov^{r} gave the Gent^{n} a very gentile entertainment at noon, and a ball at night for the

ladies on the Kings birthnight, at w^{ch} was a Crowded Audience of Gent^{n} and ladies. I danced a minuet with y^{r} old acquaintance Cap^{t} Brodrick who was extreamly glad to see one so nearly related to his old friend. I promissd to pay his comp^{ts} to you, and asure you how extreamly glad he would be to see you. A M^{r} Small (a very talkative man), desires his best respects, and says many obliging things of you, for w^{ch} I think myself obliged to him, and therefore punishd myself to hear a great deal of flashy nonsense from him for an hour together

I am Dear Sir

Your most obed and ever Dutiful Daughter

E Lucas

The ecclesiastical trial referred to in the foregoing memorandum was a curious incident in the religious life of the time. For many years the different denominations in Charles Town had lived together in peace and amity. Some early attempts at oppression on the part of the Established Church had been put down very decidedly by the Lords Proprietors, and although the "church" had privileges and protection, the "dissenters" had equal political rights, and, both keeping within their own lines, were kind and friendly.

But then came the Rev. George Whitfield, an ordained minister of the Church of England,

Upsala College Library

but, with the Wesleys, a founder of Methodism. He had been invited to come to Georgia by General Oglethorpe, especially to evangelize the Indians and the negroes. His fervent preaching had excited much enthusiasm, and was supposed to do much good. Then he came to Carolina. Whitfield had undoubtedly a genius for preaching, and an earnest, fiery faith. If there was no church he would preach in a "meeting house"; or if the church was too small he would mount a stump or a cart and preach in the open air. Hundreds flocked to hear him and declared themselves "converted."

All this however was repugnant to every principle of the Rev. Commissary Garden. Commissary Garden was the gentleman sent out by the Bishop of London to have ecclesiastical authority and jurisdiction "within the provinces of North and South Carolina, Georgia, and New Providence." He was charged to "watch not only over the morals of the clergy, but to enforce their observance of the rules and forms prescribed by the Church."

These rules Whitfield was openly breaking. When the people had no prayer-books, and could not read, he used extemporaneous prayers that went to their hearts, and accepted tears and groans in lieu of the responses set down in the book. He preferred a large congre-

gation by the wayside to a small one in a church, even with a cross over the door and the royal arms above the pulpit.

One man was a formalist, the other an enthusiast. Naturally they clashed, and Whitfield was summoned to appear before an "Ecclesiastical Court." He was allowed an advocate, his cause being pleaded by Andrew Rutledge (the first of the name to come to Carolina); the commissary's prosecutor was Richard Greene. Of course the case was prejudged. There could be no denial of the fact that the acts were uncanonical, and Whitfield still called himself a Churchman.

This clinging to the name was perhaps his mistake. The only thing to be done was to question the authority of Garden's court. The authority was sustained, and, after the usual appeals, Whitfield was "for his excesses and faults . . . suspended from his office . . . denounced, declared and published openly and publicly in the face of the church."

The sentence only aided the growth of Methodism. Good Dr. Garden, doing his duty according to his lights, little thought that he was widening the breach already begun.

The affair, taking place in the small community of Charles Town, was of course of immense interest and excitement there. Miss

Lucas was a faithful, though not a narrow Churchwoman, and a friend of the commissary, whose large school for the negroes, where great numbers of them were taught christianity, appealed especially to her. Her sympathy was probably with him.

It is pleasant to know that these contentions left so little bitterness behind them that some years later the Surveyor, de Brahm, after enumerating nine different sects in the town of twelve thousand inhabitants, said, "Yet are [they] far from being incouraged, or even inclined to that disorder which is so common among men of contrary religious sentiments in other parts of the world . . . of this city and Province, whoose inhabitants was from the beginning renound for concord, compleasance, courteousness and tenderness towards each other, and more so towards foreigners, without regard or respect of nature and religion."

A pleasing ending of the whole matter!

It is hard at this late day to realize the inconveniences of daily life then caused by the distance from and the slow communication with the centres of civilization. The old phrase "taking Time by the forelock" acquires great force, as we find that if Miss Lucas has the headache, — by description neuralgia, — she

has to write an account of her symptoms to Mrs. Boddicott in November, and sends a most grateful letter to her, and to "good Dr. Mead," because by their promptness "the meddicines will arrive by May, and 'tis allways worse in hott weather." Think of waiting six months for a dose of medicine!

Everything manufactured was imported, from a "four-wheel post chaise" to materials for "japanning a tea-caddy," the fashionable fad of the day. The great importance attached to the most "triffling" possessions of this kind, compared with the abundant comfort in other respects, is shown in many odd little ways. In a contemporaneous letter from another Colonial lady, to her little son at school in Charles Town, — the little son who was, years afterwards, to be the husband of Mrs. Pinckney's daughter, — she says, —

"I send you by the boat [their own schooner carrying rice to market] a barrel of hams, wch please present to yr worthy master, and a baskett of pairs for yrself and yr schoolfellows, and praie my Dr Danl. return the baskett, 'tis of English make, & I cannot get another in ye colony."

In the first letter from Miss Lucas given in this volume, she mentions two kind friends, Mrs. Cleland and Mrs. Pinckney, who always

welcomed her to their houses. With the latter she became very intimate. She was the wife of Colonel Charles Pinckney, a planter and lawyer in high practice. She had no children, and soon grew very fond of the young girl, and she and her niece, Miss Bartlett, then living with her, vied with each other in their attentions.

Colonel Pinckney also became "very partial" to her, and by lending books and discussing worthy subjects, kept alive the taste for literature already formed. The Pinckneys lived, either in Charles Town, or at their country seat, Belmont, about five miles from the town, on the Cooper River; the correspondence with Wappoo seems to have been frequent.

It is not easy to arrange these letters according to date; sometimes there is no date at all, sometimes only the day of the week or of the month is given. They were sent by messenger, and none was needed. They have, however, been arranged as nearly as possible in their chronological order, and the following seems to be one of the first: —

Janr 14th, 1741/2.

Dear Miss Bartlett, — 'Tis with pleasure I commence a Correspondance wch you promise to continue tho' I fear I shall often want matter to soport an Epistolary Interecourse in this solatary

retirement —; however you shall see my inclination, for rather than not scribble, you shall know both my waking and sleeping dreams, as well as how the spring comes on, when the trees bud, and inanimate nature grows gay to chear the rational mind with delight; and devout gratitude to the great Author of all; when my little darling, that sweet harmonist the mocking bird, begins to sing. You asked me a question when I was in town, I could not then resolve you, viz^{e}, what letter began the Tenor Cliff. I have since informed myself as follows . .

Our best respects wait on Col^{l} Pinckney and lady, and believe me to be dear Miss Bartlett

Your most obed^{t} Serv^{t}

E Lucas

She had a passion for music, — a great resource in a country life; and in one letter to her father, wedged in between promises to send all "the preserved fruits as they come in season," thanks for "twenty pistols," — referring not to firearms, but to the current gold coin of Spain, — and arguments on the advantage of "selling all the cows belonging to the Wappoo Estate," she begs "the favour to send to England for Cantatas, Welden's Anthems, Knolly's rules for tuning."

Her country neighbors thought she overworked herself, and she writes: —

Dear Miss Bartlett, — An old lady in our Neighbourhood is often querreling with me for rising so early as 5 o'Clock in the morning, and is in great pain for me least it should spoil my marriage, for she says it will make me look old long before I am so; in this however I believe she is mistaking, for what ever contributes to health and pleasure of mind must also contribute to good looks; but admiting what she says, I reason with her thus. If I should look older by this practise, I really am so; for the longer time we are awake the longer we live, sleep is so much the Emblem of death, that I think it may be rather called breathing than living, thus then I have the advantage of the sleepers in point of long life, so I beg you will not be frighted by such sort of apprehensions as those suggested above and for fear of y^r^ pretty face give up y^r^ late pious resolution of early rising.

My Mama joins with me in comp^ts^ to M^r^ and M^rs^ Pinckney. I send herewith Col^l^ Pinckney's books, and shall be much obliged to him for Virgil's works, notwithstanding this same old Gentlewoman, (who I think too has a great friendship for me) has a great spite at my books, and had like to have thrown a vol^m^ of my Plutarcks lives in to the fire the other day, she is sadly afraid she says I shall read myself mad and begs most seriously I will never read father Malbrouch, with this request I believe I shall comply, for 'tis very probable I never may.

A letter I received yesterday from my dear papa, says their last news from England, was that the

Czarina of Moscovy was dethroned and princess Elizabeth daughter of Peter the great has got the crown through the councils and interest of the french court

Her friends were always anxious for her company, but she was conscientious and did not leave her duties too often.

To the Honourable C. Pinckney Esq.

Febr 6th 1741

Sir, — I received yesterday the favour of your advice as a phisician and want no arguments to convince me I should be much better for both my good friends company, a much pleasanter Prescription yours is, I am sure, than Doct Mead's wch I have just received. To follow my inclination at this time, I must endeavour to forget I have a Sister to instruct, and a parcel of little Negroes whom I have undertaken to teach to read, and instead of writing an answer bring it My self, and indeed gratitude as well as inclination obliges me to wait on Mrs Pinckney as soon as I can, but it will not be in my power till a month or two hence. Mama pays her compts to Mrs Pinckney, and hopes she will excuse her waiting on her at this time, but will not fail to do it very soon.

I am a very Dunce, for I have not acquired ye writing short hand yet with any degree of swiftness — but I am not always one for I give a very good proof of the brightness of my Genius when I

can distinguish well enough to subscribe my self with great esteem

Sir

Your most obe^{d} humble Serv^{t}

Eliza Lucas.

Miss Bartlett insists on knowing why she is so busy in the country, and she answers, —

"Why my dear Miss Bartlett, will you so often repeat y^{r} desire to know how I trifle away my time in our retirement in my father's absence; could it afford you advantage or pleasure I would not have hesitated, but as you can expect neither from it I would have been excused; however, to show you my readiness in obeying y^{r} commands, here it is.

"In gen^{l} then I rise at five o'Clock in the morning, read till seven — then take a walk in the garden or fields, see that the Servants are at their respective business, then to breakfast. The first hour after breakfast is spent in musick, the next is constantly employed in recolecting something I have learned, least for want of practise it should be quite lost, such as french and short hand. After that, I devote the rest of the time till I dress for dinner, to our little polly, and two black girls who I teach to read, and if I have my papa's approbation (my mama's I have got)I intend for school mistress's for the rest of the Negroe children. Another scheme you see, but to proceed, the first hour after dinner, as the first after breakfast, at musick, the rest of the afternoon

in needle work till candle light, and from that time to bed time read or write; 'tis the fashion here to carry our work abroad with us so that having company, without they are great strangers, is no interruption to y^r affair, but I have particular matters for particular days w^ch is an interruption to mine. Mondays my musick Master is here. Tuesday my friend M^rs Chardon (about 3 miles distant) and I are constantly engaged to each other, she at our house one Tuesday I at hers the next, and this is one of y^e happiest days I spend at Wappoo. Thursday the whole day except what the necessary affairs of the family take up, is spent in writing, either on the business of the plantations or on letters to my friends. Every other Friday, if no company, we go a vizeting, so that I go abroad once a week and no oftener.

"Now you may form some judgment of what time I can have to work my lappets. I own I never go to them with a quite easy conscience as I know my father has an avertion to my employing my time in that poreing work, but they are begun, and must be finished. I hate to undertake anything and not go thro' with it, but by way of relaxation from the other, I have begun a piece of work of a quicker sort, w^ch requires neither eyes nor genius, at least not very good ones, would you ever guess it to be a shrimp nett ? for so it is.

"O! I had like to forgot the last thing I have done a great while. I have planted a large figg orchard, with design to dry them, and export them. I have

reckond my expence and the prophets to arise from those figgs, but was I to tell you how great an Estate I am to make this way, and how 'tis to be laid out, you would think me far gone in romance. Y^r good Uncle I know has long thought I have a fertile brain at schemeing, I only confirm him in his oppinion; but I own I love the vegitable world extreamly. I think it an innocent and useful amusement, and pray tell him if he laughs much at my projects, I never intend to have any hand in a silver mine, and he will understand as well as you, what I mean! Our best respects wait on him, and M^rs Pinckney

"If my eyes dont descive me you in y^r last talk of coming very soon by water, to see how my oaks grow, is it really so, or only one of your unripe schemes. While 'tis in y^r head put it speedily into execution, and you will give great pleasure to. . . . "

About this time (1741) occurred a curious incident of which she writes to her father: —

"*Mem.* March 11^th 1741. Wrote a long letter to my father about the Indigo and all other plantation affairs, and that Mr H. B. had been very much deluded by his owne fancys and imagind he was assisted by the divine spirit to prophecy C^rs Town and the Country as farr as Pon-pon bridge [about twenty miles south of Charles Town] should be destroyed by fire and sword, to be executed by the Negroes before the first day of next

monthe. He came to town twice, — 60 mile —, besides sending twice to acquaint the Govr with it, people in gen.. were very uneasy, (tho' convincd he was no prophet,) but they dreaded the consiquences of such a thing being put in the head of the slaves, and the advantage they might take of us.

"From thence he went on, (as it was natural he should when he gave himself up to his own whims,) from one step to another, till he came to working miracles, and lived for several days in the woods barefooted and alone, but with his pen and ink to write down his prophecies, till at length he went with a wand to divide the waters, and predicted he should die that night. But upon finding both fail, the water continue as it was, and himself a living Instance of the falicy of his own predictions, was convinced he was not guided by the infallible spirrit, but that of delusion, and sent a letter to the Speaker upon it, wch I now inclose.

"Shall send by Capt. Gregory if it can be got ready in time for him, the turpintine and neats foot oil."

This memorandum, with its homely jumbling of prophetic delusions and domestic detail, does not express much alarm; although Wappoo lies well within the district thus devoted to fire and sword, and the two ladies and little Polly, Eliza's sister, were there alone. To Miss Bartlett she writes of the same occurrence.

"Poor man! With what anguish must he reflect on making the spirrit of God the Author of his weaknesses . . . I hope he will be a warning to all pious minds not to reject reason and revelation and set up in their stead their own wild notions. He fancied indeed he was soported in his oppinions by the sacred oracles, and, (as a father of our Church observes) 'so did all the preachers of herissy in the primitive church.'

"But why should we not expect to be deluded when we reject that assistance w^{ch} the bountiful Author of our Being has revealed to us. . . .

"I can't conclude till I have told you I see the Comett Sir I. Newton foretold should appear in 1741; and w^{ch} in his oppinion is that that will destroy the world, how long it may be travelling down to us he does not say; but I think it does not concern us much, as our time of action is over at our death, the exact time of w^{ch} is uncertain; tho' we may reasonably expect it within the utmost limits mentioned by the Psalmist . . ."

The poor gentleman was probably mad. The remarks might apply to many visionaries of the present century. Of the comet she writes again in answer to some joking questions of her friend:—

"By your inquiry after the Comett I find your curiosity has not been strong enough to raise you out of your bed so much before y^{r} usual time as

mine has been; but to answer your queries. The comett had the appearance of a very large Starr with a tail, and to my sight about 5 or 6 foot long, its real magnitude must be then prodigious, the tail was much paler than the comett itself, not unlike the milky way, 'twas about a fortnight ago that I saw it.

"The brightness of the Comett was too dazling for mee to give you the information you require. I could not see whether it had petticoats on or not, but I am inclined to think by its modest appearance so early in the morning it won't permit every idle gazer to behold its splendour, a favour it will only grant to such as take pains for it. From hence I conclude if I could have discovered any clothing it would have been the female garb; besides if it is any mortal transformed to this glorious luminary, why not a woman?

"The light of the Comett to my unphilosophical Eyes seems to be natural and all its own; how much it may really borrow from the sun, I am not astronomer enough to tell."

Next comes an invitation. What is meant by "Praetorship" is not known, — probably the Speakership of the House of Assembly, an office which Colonel Pinckney held for some years. To Miss Bartlett: —

"I did not receive your letter in time or should certainly have come to town to hear the sermon, on a subject so new to mee, I am however much

obliged to you for remembering mee on the occation. I must beg leave to say the rest to Col. Pinckney. My thanks are due to you also Sir for y.r very obliging invitation to y.r grand festival. Give me leave also to congratulate you on y.r Second Praetorship; a Gent.n of y.r convention informed me you was to be chosen for the ensuing year. I am with Mama's and my best respects. . . ."

On the whole they saw a good deal of society, and Miss Lucas evidently considered herself as having a pleasant life. She was besides singularly independent of society in the ordinary sense of the word. It was her great good fortune that besides a taste for music and literature, a true and genuine love of nature was always hers. In girlhood she was happy and content in the companionship of flowers, birds, and trees. Her pleasure, although expressed in the formal phraseology of her time, is unaffected and sincere. She describes the birth-night ball in ten lines, but gives a page of foolscap to a cage of nestling mocking-birds fed by the old ones from without. In her old age she laments for the felling of trees as for the loss of friends.

Happy they to whom nature is so dear! She gives no wounds or scars, but keeps heart and mind fresh and green with her own undying youth.

III

A COUNTRY NEIGHBORHOOD

1742–1744

The part of the country in which Colonel Lucas had left his family is, although of course perfectly flat, extremely pretty. Its position on a salt creek and sheltered from the north winds renders the climate peculiarly mild, so that at the present day when the chief productions are strawberries and vegetables, the farmers have a week or ten days' advantage over their neighbors, a few miles off on the Ashley, who suffer from the draught of the river.

The trees here grow to a great size, the land is fertile, and all growth is vigorous and luxuriant. A better place could hardly be found for an agricultural enthusiast, or for one who loved to plant and wait the growth of years. This letter to Miss Bartlett (one of many) shows Miss Lucas's pleasure in these pursuits: —

Dear Miss Bartlett, — The contents of your last concerns us much as it informs us of the acci-

dent to Col! Pinckney, I hope M^rs^ Pinckney dont apprehend any other danger from the fall than its spoiling him for a horseman; if it only prevents him riding that dancing beauty Chickasaw for the future, I think 'tis not much to be lamented, he has as many tricks and airs as a dancing bear. Wont you laugh at me if I tell you I am so busy in providing for Posterity I hardly allow myself time to Eat or sleep, and can but just snatch a minuet to write to you and a friend or two more.

I am making a large plantation of oaks w^ch^ I look upon as my own property, whether my father gives me the land or not, and therefore I design many years hence when oaks are more valueable than they are now, w^ch^ you know they will be when we come to build fleets, I intend I say, 2 thirds of the produce of my oaks for a charrity, (I'll let you know my scheme another time) and the other 3^d^ for those that shall have the trouble of puting my design in Execution; I sopose according to custom you will show this to y^r^ Uncle and Aunt. "She is good girl" says M^rs^ Pinckney, "she is never Idle and always means well" — "tell the little Visionary," says your Uncle, "come to town and partake of some of the amusements suitable to her time of life," pray tell him I think these so, and what he may now think, whims and projects may turn out well by and by — out of many surely one may hitt.

I promised to tell you when the mocking bird began to sing, the little warbler has done wonders;

the first time he opend his soft pipe this spring he inspired me with the spirrit of Rymeing and produced the 3 following lines while I was laceing my Stays.

> Sing on thou charming mimick of the featherd kind
> And let the rational a lesson learn from thee
> To mimick (not defects) but harmony.

If you let any mortal besides your self see this exquisite peice of poetry, you shall never have a line more than this specimen, and how great will be your loss you who have seen the above may judge as well as

Your most obed^{t} Serv^{t}
ELIZA LUCAS

For near and kind neighbors she had Mr. Deveaux, a Huguenot gentleman, who is frequently mentioned as giving her good advice about her planting, and who assisted very materially in bringing the indigo to perfection; and two ladies who lived within easy walking distance. They were Mrs. Woodward and her daughter Mrs. Chardon, the latter being then the young widow of a Huguenot gentleman belonging to a family now extinct. Miss Lucas loved her tenderly, and on the occasion of her being desperately ill, exclaims that the illness was brought on because, "being ever as good as woman could be, she would fain have been an angel before her time." Mrs. Chardon

afterwards married the Rev. Dr. Hutson of the Independent Church, and from her were descended several prominent persons.

These ladies belonged to the family of the very first Englishman ever resident in Carolina (first *Englishman*, for Ribault and his Frenchmen had spent some months at Port Royal a hundred years before). The curious story is told in the Shaftesbury Papers now owned by the City Council of Charleston.

In 1665 the Lords Proprietors sent an expedition to examine the coast of the very vaguely defined region, which had been granted to them by Charles II. Sir John Yeamans, whose name is always coming up in those early years, was in charge, but he sent in his stead Robert Sandford, who "represented the Lords Proprietors in the County of Clarendon on the Cape Fear." With him went Dr. Woodward, a "chirurgeon," and friend of the Earl of Shaftesbury. These men explored the coast from the Cape Fear to Port Royal, and give a glowing account of the "fatt black soil" of Edistoh, etc.

While in North Edistoh Inlet, there came down to them a friendly Indian who had been on the Cape Fear, called the Cassique of Kiawah. It sounds like a name of romance, but the Shaftesbury Papers vouch for him. This deluded savage was extremely anxious for

the white men to settle in his country, and to that end he proposed to Sandford that one of his party should come on shore and remain with him, while his sister's son, a "propper young fellow," should sail away with the Englishman "for the mutuale learning of the languages."

Sandford and Dr. Woodward had already had some such plan, and the courageous "chirurgeon" was left alone, Sandford "giving Woodward formall possession of the whole country to hold as Tennant att will of the Right Hono^{ble} the Lords Proprietors." It was of more consequence that the Cassique honorably fulfilled his part of the bargain, making his guest comfortable after the manner of his "nacon," and delivering him up in safety when Sayle arrived in 1670. Dr. Woodward was then of importance, and was considered the immediate representative of Shaftesbury.

From the hero of this adventurous story, the husband of Miss Lucas's elder friend was descended. Of the lady herself she writes, "My valueable and worthy friend M- Woodward who I know has as much tenderness for me as any woman in the world (my own good Mama hardly excepted), incourages me in every laudable persuit." Besides these friends close at hand, she was, when she could be spared from

home, within easy reach of the Ashley, where some of the first gentlemen of the Province, the Bulls, Bakers, Middletons, Draytons, etc., had already built themselves stately homes. Of one of them she writes to Colonel Pinckney,

"You justly observe a completion of happiness is not attainable in this life, to w^{ch} truth I readily subscribe at all times, but especially while the disapointment we have just mett with in seeing you and M^{rs} Pinckney is recent. M^{rs} Drayton (the bride) with whom we lately spent a festal day at the Lieu^{t} Governour's, told us, you would this week vizet y^{r} friends at Ashley River, but your last removes the pleasing prospect. I shall however make myself all the amends I can by waiting on Mrs Pinckney on Thursday next."

Of all the beautiful homes built by the colonists along the left bank of the Ashley, Drayton Hall alone remains. All the rest went down in flames in 1865. This, kept to be used as a hospital by the Federal army, still stands, and has been restored to something of its former state. A little way back from the river, just far enough to allow of a wide lawn stretching to the bank, its broad front commands a lovely view of the winding stream.

One would like to have had some details of the "festal day" spent there in 1743, but none

are given; yet it would not be hard with the memory of many old tales to picture to oneself such a festivity.

We know for instance that when Miss Lucas went to the feast, if she went by water, it was in a low boat, probably a long canoe, hollowed out of a mighty cypress thirty or forty feet long, with sitting room for half a dozen in bow and stern, and rowed by six or eight negroes, all singing in faultless time and cadence as they swung their paddles. In that case she landed at the foot of the lawn and walked across it to the house, demurely — following "My Mama." The rivers were the highways then, and the people who came to church in Charles Town from the surrounding country came in canoes, — silently with quiet oars, as became the day.

But St. Andrew's parish early boasted of its good road, the best, and perhaps the first, in the Province, for Old Town, the veritable first settlement, stood upon it. It ran from where the Wappoo and the Ashley join, as parallel with the river as its windings would permit, but keeping about half a mile from it, to where Bacon's Bridge crossed the narrowing stream at Dorchester, where in 1696 a colony from New England had settled.

The avenues of the different places along

the river led out to the road, thus giving to each house a land and a water front, and the church, lately enlarged to meet the needs of the growing and wealthy parish, stood embowered in oaks, beside it. This road was, and still is, beautiful; overhung with stately trees under which bloom the bluest of violets and most golden of jessamines. Here and there a ruined gateway tells of what has been.

In Miss Lucas's day there was no thought of ruins, and along this road the neighbors came joyously when summoned to dinner or to ball. They came, the gentlemen generally on horseback, riding their small spirited horses of the Chickasaw breed; supposed to be descended from barbs left by the early Spanish discoverers, which, when modified by the blooded strain imported from England, made fine racers and hunters. The ladies came in chaises; Mrs. Lucas had imported a four-wheeled post-chaise only the year before. Chaises cost seventy pounds to build then, besides the freight.

On such an occasion as that referred to, a reception for the young bride who had just come from her own stately home of Middleton Place a few miles up the Ashley, the guests naturally wore all their braveries. Their dresses, brocade, taffety, lutestring, etc., were well drawn

up through their pocket holes. Their slippers, to match their dresses, had heels even higher and more unnatural than our own. Their cloaks, expansive to cover their enormous hoops, were much like the Mother Hubbard cloaks worn a few years since. They were made of silk, satin, or cloth, lined and quilted, very full and set into small yokes. One that belonged to Mrs. Pinckney still existed about forty years ago. It was of this shape, greenish gray in color, and of lutestring, a stuff between silk and satin, not unlike our surah.

When we wear our grandmother's dresses now, for a fancy ball or a drawing-room play, we arrange them gracefully, with only a becoming spread to the skirts, and we give our bodies room to breathe; but the hoops or farthingales of that day were really hideous, coming out straight from the waist and extending the skirt like a barrel, or a pincushion doll. Their unhappy bodies were, we regret to state, laced out of all shape till they looked like pegs; — as any one may see in the old cuts in "The Spectator," or in "Bell's British Theatre," where Mrs. Cibber as Monimia, or Mrs. Abingdon as Isabella, is a painful figure. 'T is true that in the back of the sacque, covered by the Watteau plait of the court train, there

is a laced piece. By pulling a bobbin, instant relaxation may be obtained, but then how many hours must have passed when the bobbin could not be pulled!

Whether they came by land or by water we may be sure that the ladies were met by courteous bowing hosts, arrayed in powdered hair, square cut coats, long waistcoats, breeches, and buckled shoes. Wigs were going out then, elderly gentlemen, and clerical or legal dignitaries wore them, but the "younger sort" tied their hair back with a ribbon and powdered it, — as Waverley and the Young Pretender did in "the '45."

With bows and courtesies, and by the tips of their fingers, the ladies were led up the high stone steps to the wide hall, the beautiful hall looking out to the river, and then up the staircase with its heavy carved balustrade to the panelled rooms above; wainscoted in long narrow panels, and with high carved mantels, and deep window-seats. Then, the last touches put to the heads (too loftily piled with cushion, puffs, curls, and lappets, to admit of being covered with anything more than a veil or a hood), they joined the gay company, who had come perhaps from twenty miles around to do honor to the occasion.

Gay would be the feast. The guests in that

neighborhood, chiefly English by birth or descent, had the cheery ways of their race, and still show us in their pictures the broad brows and bluff cheeks of their ancestry. Miss Lucas has already told us something of what the country could furnish in the way of good cheer, and we may be sure that venison and turkey from the forest, ducks from the rice fields, and fish from the river at their doors, were there. The English style of cookery prevailed in pasties and rounds of beef, but modified by the country and its products. Turtle came from the West Indies with "saffron and negroe pepper, very delicate for dressing it." Rice and vegetables were in plenty, — terrapins in every pond, and Carolina hams proverbially fine. The desserts were custards and creams (at a wedding always bride cake, and floating island), jellies, syllabubs, puddings, and pastries.

The old silver, damask, and India china still remaining, show how these feasts were set out; with the "plateau" in the centre of the table, of silver, glass, or china, the tall branching candlesticks, the two handled loving cups (tankards they called them), the heavy salvers with Queen Anne borders, and a shield or crest in the middle. Plenty of spoons they had, and *two*-pronged forks, but silver ones were not, and

what — *what* was the use of that rounded tip to the knives, silver handled and armorial crested though they were?

Those were not blue ribbon days. Our fathers washed down their dinners with copious draughts of good Madeira, "East India" it was called; the idea being that it must have made the India voyage, and have been well shaken up in a sailing vessel, and then left to rest at least a dozen years in a Carolina cypress shingled garret, before it arrived at perfection. The writer remembers a letter (since destroyed) in which a father, one of the sober Huguenot stock, wrote to his son on his marriage: "I send you a pipe of wine for immediate use, 't is nearly your own age. By importing a pipe every year and storing in your garret, you will always have a bottle to offer your friends." They had port and claret too, especially when a French or Spanish prize ship was taken, and for suppers a delicious punch called "shrub," compounded of rum, pine-apples, lemons, etc., not to be commended by a temperance society.

The dinner over, the ladies withdrew, and before very long the scraping of the fiddlers would call the gentlemen to the dance — pretty graceful dances, the minuet, stately and gracious, which opened the ball; and the country

dance, forerunner of our Virginia Reel, in which every one old and young joined.

Gay, joyous old days, enjoyed alike by master and man, by mistress and maid, when the feast begun in the hall was continued in the servants' quarters, and the negroes without took up the dance, and footed gayly in the piazzas and the lawn. All are gone now, but the memory of the old tales survives.

It must have been after the distractions of an entertainment such as we have tried to reproduce, that Miss Lucas wrote to Mrs. Pinckney:—

"I am afraid to trust myself at that agreeable Spott [Belmont] and y^e^ Company I meet with there, lest it should make it too difficult for me to return at the time I ought to be at home. At my return hither every thing appeared gloomy and lonesome, I began to consider what attraction there was in this place that used so agreeably to soothe my pensive humour, and made me indifferent to every thing the gay world could boast; but I found the change not in the place but in myself, and it doubtless proceeded from that giddy gayety, and want of reflection which I contracted when in town; and I was forced to consult Mr Locke over and over, to see wherein personal Identity consisted, and if I was the very same Selfe."

Fortified by Mr. Locke she returns to her accustomed vocations, and writes to Miss Bartlett: —

"I have got no further than the first vol^{m} of Virgil, but was most agreably disapointed to find myself instructed in agriculture as well as entertained by his charming penn, for I am persuaded 'tho he wrote for Italy it will in many Instances suit Carolina. I had never perused those books before, and imagined I should immediately enter upon battles, storms and tempests, that put mee in a maze, and make mee shudder while I read. But the calm and pleasing diction of pastoral and gardening agreably presented themselves not unsuitably to this charming season of the year, with w^{ch} I am so much delighted that had I butt the fine soft Language of our Poet to paint it properly, I should give you but little respite 'till you came into the country, and attended to the beauties of pure Nature unassisted by Art."

Thoughtful and self-reliant by nature, the circumstances of this young lady's life and surroundings increased these characteristics, and we find her, when urgently pressed to do so, giving her opinion with modest firmness, on the pleasures of society, and again planning to help her poorer neighbors in their business, and keep them and their little property out of the clutches of the law. The letter gives a

curious picture of the ways of the uneducated class, even so near to a town : —

Dear Miss Bartlett, — After a pleasant passage of about an hour we arrived safe at home as I hope you and Mrs. Pinckney did at Belmont; but this place appeared much less agreable than when I left it, having lost the company that then enlivened it, the Scene is indeed much changed, for instead of the Easy and agreeable conversation of our Friends, I am engaged with the rudiments of the Law, to wch I am yett but a stranger, and what adds to my mortification I soon discovered that Doctr Wood [a law book] wants the consideration of yr good Uncle, who with a graceful ease and good nature peculiar to himself, is always ready to instruct the ignorant. But this rustic seems by no means to court my acquaintance for he often treats me with such cramp phrases, I am unable to understand him.

However I hope in a short time with the help of Dictionary's french and English, we shall be better friends; nor shall I grudge a little pains and application, if that will make me useful to any of my poor Neighbours, we have Some in this Neighbourhood, who have a little Land a few Slaves and Cattle to give their Children, that never think of making a will 'till they come upon a sick bed, and find it too Expensive to send to town for a Lawyer.

If you will not laugh too immoderately at mee I'll Trust you with a Secrett. I have made two

wills already! I know I have done no harm, for I con'd my lesson very perfect, and know how to convey by will, Estates, Real and Personal, and never forgett in its proper place, him and his heirs forever, nor that 'tis to be signed by three witnesses in presence of one another; but the most comfortable remembrance of all is that Doct^r. Wood says, the Law makes great allowance for Last Wills and Testaments, presuming the Testator could not have Council learned in the Law. But after all what can I do if a poor Creature lies a-dying, and their family takes it into their head that I can serve them. I can't refuse; butt when they are well, and able to employ a Lawyer, I always shall.

A widow hereabouts with a pretty little fortune, teazed me intolerable to draw her a marriage settlement, but it was out of my depth and I absolutely refused it, so she got an abler hand to do it, indeed she could afford it, but I could not gett off from being one of the Trustees to her Settlement, and an old gentleman the other.

I shall begin to think myself an old woman before I am well a young one, having these weighty affairs upon my hands.

After this very grave and practical epistle, it is amusing to find one, containing a long criticism of Richardson's sentimental novel Pamela, written with about as much comprehension, and as acute discrimination, as may be found in the letters of the nice girls of this day,

when they discuss The Heavenly Twins or The Yellow Aster.

The following letter, written to Miss Bartlett who had returned to England, describes one of the handsomest Colonial places "Crowfield," the seat of the Middleton family on Goose-creek, a branch of the Cooper River. This fine place has long been utterly destroyed. At the "Oaks," the other place mentioned, also belonging to the Middletons, the noble avenue, with double rows of stately trees, still remains; the house was burned many years ago.

To Miss Bartlett in London.

I am determin'd to extort a pardon from you for my breach of promise by accusing y^r^ good Uncle and Aunt as the cause. You already know how happy I am in their friendship, and how much they study to make my Papa's absence easy to me by a thousand obliging ways, in consequence of this obliging disposition they lately contrived a most agreable tour to Goose creek, S^t^ John's, etc, to show those parts of the country in which are several very handsome Gentleman's seats, at all w^ch^ we were entertain^d^ with the most friendly politeness. The first we arrived at was Mr Wm. Middletons, "Crowfield," where we spent a most agreeable week.

The house stands a mile from, but in sight of the road, and makes a very handsome appearance;

as you draw near it new beauties discover themselves ; first the fruitful vine mantleing the wall, loaded with delicious clusters. Next a spacious Basin in the midst of a large Green presents itself as you enter the gate that leads to the House w^{ch} is neatly finish^{d}, the rooms well contrived and Elegantly furnish^{d}.

From the back door is a spacious walk a thousand feet long ; each side of w^{ch} nearest the house is a grass plat ornamented in a Serpentine manner with Flowers ; next to that on the right hand is what imediately struck my rural taste, a thicket of young, tall live oaks where a variety of airey Chorristers pour forth their melody, and my darling the mocking bird joyn'd in the artless Concert and inchanted me with his harmony. Opposite on the left hand is a large square boling green, sunk a little below the level of the rest of the garden, with a walk quite round composed of a double row of fine, large flowering Laurel and Catalpas w^{ch} aford both shade and beauty.

My letter will be of an unreasonable length if I don't pass over the Mounts, wilderness, etc, and come to the bottom of this charming spott where is a large fish pond with a mount rising out of the middle the top of wh^{ch} is level with the dwelling House, and upon it is a roman temple, on each side of this are other large fish ponds properly disposed which form a fine Prospect of water from the house.

Beyond this are the smiling fields dressed in

Vivid green; here Ceres and Pomona joyn hand in hand to crown the hospitable board. . . . I am quite tired of writing as I sopose you are of reading and ca'nt say a word of the other seats I saw in this ramble, except the Counts large double row of Oaks, on each side the Avenue w^{ch} leads to the House, and seems design^{d} by Nature for pious meditation and friendly converse.

I won't say a word of the conquest I made of the old Gent^{m} the Owner of this Mansion, not because I imagine you will think me vain, but because I know y^{r} Uncle who is much pleased, will send you a full account.

Meanwhile Governor Lucas was thinking seriously of his daughter's "settlement in life." In those days marriage generally was a very practical affair; not quite so bad as in France; but still the phrase, "a marriage has been arranged," meant precisely what it said. So, in the formal fashion of the time, her father proposed to Miss Lucas *two* gentlemen, either of whom would have been agreeable to him. Not to Miss Lucas, however. Her letter on the subject is very amusing, — so respectful, so dutiful, and so full of the determination to have her own way: —

Honoured Sir, — Your letter by way of Philadelphia w^{ch} I duly received was an additional proof of that paternal tenderness w^{ch} I have always Ex-

perienced from the most Indulgent of Parents from my Cradle to the present time, and the subject of it is of the utmost importance to my peace and happiness.

As you propose Mr L. to me I am sorry I can't have Sentiments favourable enough to him to take time to think on the Subject, as your Indulgence to me will ever add weight to the duty that obliges me to consult what best pleases you, for so much Generosity on your part claims all my Obedience. But as I know 'tis my Happiness you consult, I must beg the favour of you to pay my compliments to the old Gentleman for his Generosity and favourable Sentiments of me, and let him know my thoughts on the affair in such civil terms as you know much better than any I can dictate; and beg leave to say to you that the riches of Chili and Peru put together if he had them, could not purchase a sufficient Esteem for him to make him my husband.

As to the other gentleman you mention, Mr W., you know Sir I have so slight a knowledge of him I can form no judgement, and a Case of such consiquence requires the nicest distinction of humours and Sentiments.

But give me leave to assure you my dear Sir that a single life is my only Choice; — and if it were not as I am yet but Eighteen hope you will put aside the thoughts of my marrying yet these two or three years at least.

You are so good as to say you have too great

an opinion of my prudence to think I would entertain an indiscreet passion for any one, and I hope Heaven will direct me that I may never disapoint you, and what indeed could induce me to make a Secret of my Inclination to my best friend, as I am well asured you would not disaprove it to make me a Sacrifice to wealth, and I am as certain I would indulge no passion that had not your aprobation, as I truely am

D.r Sir Your most dutiful & affect Daughter

E. Lucas.

We know not what answer the father made, but he was probably reasonable and kind, for the rejected suitors are not again alluded to, and the young lady was permitted her "Choice" at her own time.

IV

MARRIAGE

1742–1744

All this time the home duties and the English correspondence were being attended to. Polly indeed had been sent to school in Charles Town "at Mrs. Hick's at 140 pound per annum," but her sister found plenty to do.

There are frequent letters to Mrs. Boddicott about the ill boy; and about some of the "indentured servants," who generally seem to have given much trouble and often ran away, — one even enlisting to fight the Indians. There are letters of thanks to her father for presents: "The last box from England," "The twenty pistols." Very pleasant the English boxes seem to have been.

"Acknowledg^{d} the rec^{t}. of a piece of rich yellow Lutestring consisting of 19 y^{ds} for myself — do. of blue for my Mama, & thanked my Father for them, also for a piece of Hollands and Cambrick rec^{d} from London. Tell him we have had a moderate and healthy summer and are preparing for the King's birthday next day."

These English "boxes" must have been a general and very agreeable fashion. In the diary of another great-grandfather of the writer, he, being in England, recorded, "Sent my wife (in Carolina) a piece of blue brocade, also one of lutestring to make her gownds — item a piece of Hollands to shirts for mee, also 12 y^{ds} of Flanders lace, item, bookes — The Whole Duty of Married Life & y^{e} third Vol. of Clarissa Harlowe."

A husband worth having, with a very pretty theory of The Whole Duty, etc.!

There are many letters to her "cousen" Miss Fanny Fayrweather, who had recovered her health and her property, and was living happily with an uncle Fayrweather in Boston, and was "much delighted with that country."

"Wrote to my cousen in Boston by Mr Pelham recommending him as a Musick Master, & beging the favour of her that she would recommend him to all her acquaintance, that I had learn'd of him myself. Sent her some peach trees and our Country patatoes."

"Sent my Cousin by Cap.^{t} Broderick a bar.^{l} of Rice and patatoes. I informed her of my Papa's coming soon to us or sending for us to go to Him."

In return for these presents Miss Fayrweather sent apples, — a gift highly prized by the English-bred girl.

There are frequent references to this probable return to Antigua, their stay in Carolina apparently depending upon Governor Lucas being appointed to some command in that Province or in Georgia. A certain Colonel Heron would have been willing to change commissions with Colonel Lucas, but asked too large a bonus, "not knowing that my Papa's regiment had been Augmented." He is informed, but the exchange was not effected.

Then Miss Lucas had great hopes of her father being put in place of Oglethorpe whom she seems to have hated. She sends her father this, and many other notes to the same effect, apropos of the fruitless expedition against the Spaniards at St. Augustine, undertaken by the united forces of South Carolina and Georgia, the sole effect of which was some inglorious loss of life from disease, and a heavy debt: "Gen.l Oglethorpe greatly blamed; the Capt.s of the men of wars sent home their remonstrance and the people their grievance, sixty articles against him."

The Spaniards retaliated by making a descent upon Fort St. Simons, and the little island of Frederika on the coast of Georgia. The planters were alarmed lest their negroes should be carried off, as had been done before, to

St. Augustine. Garden Hill was exposed to this danger, and Miss Lucas says: —

"Wrote to my father . . . informed him that ye 30th of June an Express arrived from Georgia that 12 hundred Spainyards were landed at a small island near Frederika. Wrote to Murray upon the least alarm or apprehension of danger immediately to bring down the negroes. Informed him also of Capt. Frankland taking four vessels, one said to be worth 10 thousand pound sterling."

The Spaniards, however, were frightened away and the danger was soon passed. But the Carolinians were not satisfied, holding that the enemy should have been pursued and not allowed to escape so easily. Miss Lucas wrote: —

"Septr. 8th wrote my father a full and long acct. of 5000 Spainyards landing at St. Symons. We were greatly alarmed in Carolina; 80 prisoners now in Crs Town. They had a large fleet but were scattered by bad weather, our little fleet from Carolina commanded by Capt. Hardy could not get to yr. Generals assistance; the enemy were sailed to St. Wanns. 'Tis said Capt. Hardy instead of cruizing off St. Augustine barr, where 'twas probable he wd find them, returnd with all his men to Crs Town, wch has greatly disgusted the Govr. and Council, as well as the rest of ye Inhab

itance. There is sent now 3 men of Warr and 4 Provincial Vessells, under the command of Cap^{t}. Frankland."

Oglethorpe was tried on his return to England. Walpole, who knew a great deal of the inside history of things, speaks of this and other court-martials sneeringly; Oglethorpe he says "always was a bully, and is now tried for cowardice." He was acquitted of all charges. Had Miss Lucas been one of the court there would certainly have been a minority report. Her feelings, however, were not entirely inspired by prejudice or interest, for friendship (and she was a thorough-going friend) also spoke: —

To Gov^{r}. Lucas.

Col. Cook his son and two daughters call^{d}. upon us a fortnight since on their way from Georgia to C^{rs} Town. The ladies told me their papa had met with cruel Treatment from Gen^{l}. Oglethorpe; when he was so ill they dispair^{d} of his life, the Gen^{l}. would not give him leave persuant to the Doctor's advice to leave Frederika and stay a short time at Savanah for the change of air. He had all his letters intercepted and could neither send nor receive any, and when by Mrs Cook's going to England herself she procured leave for her husband's return to England, some of Mr Oglethorpe's creatures contrived to keep it in the Secretary of

Warr's office a month, and his son was obliged to come at last to fetch him. They sail from hence in about ten days for London. I hope Col. Cooks representation of his conduct, and this change of ministry, with the Enquiry about to be made, how the publick mony has been apply^{d} for some years past, among w^{ch} those large summs that has been given for Georgia must be accounted for, will produce some good effect. From the expected alterations in Georgia we draw some hopes of seeing my dear papa settled with us once again.

In order to end the story the following letter, although not written until 1745, is given at once : —

To George Lucas Jr.

We hear that Cap^{t} Utting has had his Tryal and honourably acquitted, and we shall in all probability have a forty-gun ship stationed at Port Royal.

Poor Col. Cook is broke on acc^{t} of his complaint against Mr Oglethorpe. The last mentioned carry^{d} many of his own Creatures home with him w^{ch} did the business ; and thus we find a man of Col. Cook's fair character ruind by this wretch who had a superiour Influence at Court.

The plan of a return to Antigua was never carried out, so far as Miss Lucas was concerned. Her letters in the early part of 1743 are chiefly filled with anxiety about the health of her younger brother, Tom. The child had never

recovered strength since having the small-pox, and more than once his life had been despaired of. There are pathetic little notices of his goodness and resignation, his "quick parts," his "pretty stile in writing," and so on; and "my Mama's grief" at his condition. Governor Lucas was very anxious for him to be sent either to Antigua or to Carolina. The friends and physicians in England thought him not fit for the voyage, and the doubt was harassing.

Troubles never come alone, and theirs were increased by the desperate illness of the elder son George, in Antigua. His sister (who seems to have had her seniority very much on her conscience) wrote him, about this time, a letter which, when considered as the familiar expression of the faith and piety of a gay young girl, taking her part in the society of her day, shows that the habits and manners of the world are not incompatible with a true sense of religion: —

I have been thinking my dear Brother how necessary it is for young people such as we are, to lay down betimes a plan for our conduct in life, in order to living not only agreeably in this early season of it, but with cheerfulness in maturity, comfort in old age and with happiness to eternity; and I can find but one scheme to attain all those desirable ends, and that the Xtian scheme. To

live agreeably to the dictates of reason and religion, to keep a strict guard over not only our actions, but our very thoughts before they ripen into action, to be active in every good word and work, must produce a peace and calmness of mind beyond expression. To be conscious we have an Almighty friend to bless our Endeavours, and to assist us in all Difficulties, gives rapture beyond all the boasted Enjoyments of the world, allowing them their utmost Extent & fulness of joy. Let us then, my dear Brother, set out right and keep the sacred page always in view.

You have entered into the Army and are not yet sixteen years of age, consider then to how many dangers you are exposed, (I don't now mean those of the field) but those that proceed from youth and youthful company, pleasure and dissipation. You are a Soldier, and Victory and conquest must fire your mind, remember then the greatest conquest is a Victory over your own irregular passions, consider this is the time for Improvement in Virtue as well as in everything else, and 'tis a dangerous weakness to put it off till age and infirmities incapacitates us to put our good designs in practice. . . .

Excuse my fears my much loved brother, and believe they are excited by the tenderest regard for your welfare, and then I will inform you that I am in some pain (notwithstanding your natural good sense, for the force of example is great) lest you should be infected with the fashionable but

shameful vice, too common among the young & gay of your sex. I mean pretending a disbelief of and a ridiculing of religion, to do w^{ch} they must first Enslave their reason, and then, Where is the rule of Life ?

However, it requires some fortitude to oppose numbers, but cherish this most necessary Virtue, 'tis so to all mankind, particularly to a Soldier, stand firm and unshaken then, in what is right, in spite of infidelity and ridicule; and you can't be at a loss to know what *is* right when the Divine Goodness has furnished you with reason w^{ch} is his natural revelation, and with his written word supernaturally revealed and delivered to the world of mankind by his son Jesus Christ.

Examine carefully and unprejudicedly and I am convinc'^{d} you will have no doubts as to the truth of revelation . . . God is Truth itself and can't reveal naturally or supernaturally contrarieties. The Christian religion is what the wisest men in all ages have assented to, (when I speak of religion I mean such as is delivered in the Scripture without any view to any particular party with exclusion of all the rest); it has been acknowledged by the wisest men of our nation and many others that revealed religion is consonant to the most exact reason, 'tho some things may appear at first sight contrary to it, but you must observe, there may be things above 'tho not contrary to reason; give me leave to show you how Mr. Boyle illustrates it by the following comparison. . . .

While I am inculcating this doctrine [of humility] before you, don't let me forget to practise it myself and ask your pardon for thus presuming, and hope you will receive it as a testimony of the tenderest regard from

Your most affectionate Sister,
E. Lucas.

The peculiar kind of infidelity against which this anxious sister thus warns her young brother, indicates the period. The sneering and jeering of Voltaire and the Encyclopaedists were already in the air. There is nothing eloquent or even original in her words, but they are an honest and thoughtful confession of faith and "scheme of life."

Tom, in the meanwhile grew worse, and it was at last decided, apparently as a desperate expedient, that he should attempt the voyage to the West Indies. At the same time Governor Lucas sent his son George to bring his mother and sisters home to meet him.

Another illness, however, Mrs. Pinckney's, to which for more than a year past there had been frequent allusion in the letters, had drawn to its close. She died only a few months before Miss Lucas was summoned to Antigua. The widower could not see his young friend depart

with equanimity. Mrs. Pinckney, the Family Legend says, had been so attached to her young friend, and so averse to her returning to Antigua, that she had more than once declared, that rather than have her lost to Carolina, she would herself "be willing to step down and let her take her place." Probably the poor lady had no idea that Fate — and her husband, would take this declaration so entirely *au pied de la lettre*, but so they did, and within a few months Miss Lucas became the second Mrs. Pinckney.

No one seems to have been at all scandalized, and when the circumstances of the case, length of voyage, dangers of the sea, probability of capture by a Spanish cruiser, etc., are considered, perhaps the haste may be forgiven. The proposal, we are told, was "very agreeable to my Mama;" Governor Lucas did his duty handsomely as to dower and trousseau, and on the 25th of May 1744, Governor Glen gave a marriage license "authorizing Charles Pinckney and Eliza Lucas to intermarry, and the said Charles Pinckney binds himself by a bond of 2000 pounds to the faithful performance of the contract."

The following letter is the last signed with Miss Lucas's maiden name: —

To Govr. Lucas.

WAPPOO, May 2nd

HONd SIR, — I received your indulgent letter of the 26th of March and take the earliest opportunity to express my Thanks for that and for the fortune you are pleased to promise me. I have had too many instances of your paternal affection and tenderness to doubt your doing all in your power to make me happy, and I beg leave here to acknowledge particularly my obligation to you for the pains and money you laid out in my Education, which I esteem a more valuable fortune than any you could now have given me, as I hope it will tend to make me happy in my future life, and those in whom I am most nearly concernd.

I shall always endeavour to deserve your favour by the strickest filial duty and obedience; Nature Sir, has bound you to a fatherly care of me, but nature, gratitude and every tender regard joyn to make my duty to you secure. Mr. P has told my mama that he is fully satisfied with what you intend him, and desires me to tell you so, and that if it will embarrass your affairs he will readily resign it. You seem a little displeased that my Mama and Brother did not communicate this affair to you; by which we perceive their letters have miscaryd for they certainly did write. My Brother and I have wrote three times since the first of January, and Duplicated those letters, if any opportunity has escaped us 'twas when we were on our Southern tour.

Mama tenders you her affections and my Brother and Polly joyn in duty with

Hon^{d} Sir

Your most dutiful Daughter

ELIZA LUCAS.

THE PINCKNEY FAMILY

SOMETHING must now be said of the Pinckney family into which Miss Lucas had married.

The first emigrant of the name to Carolina came from the North of England in 1692, and is called in a paper signed soon after his arrival, "Thomas Pinckney, Gentleman." This epithet applied to an Englishman of that time, implied a certain social standing, and seems to have been equally true of this particular Englishman, when used in our sense of the word. The emigration was not made without due thought, for in the preceding year Mr. Pinckney had made a voyage to the West Indies, and to Carolina, to spy out the land, before determining his choice of a home. On that voyage he had seen an attack upon a British merchantman by a Spanish cruiser, and so knew something personally of the first dangers of colonization.

When he came he brought his young wife, Mary Cotesworth, with him. She too was from Durham in the "bonnie North Countrie," and we do not know why they crossed the seas to

set up their household gods in Carolina. They were possessed of a fair property, but what goods and chattels they brought with them we do not know. A mourning ring of three small diamonds with an enamelled hoop, inscribed, "Ch^{s}. Cotesworth — Aetat 72 — ob. 1701," alone remains of all their possessions. Probably they were the plain necessary utensils of daily life, for plain and rough the life must have been; although coming as late as 1692, they escaped the terrible first years of the colony, those years which are always so interesting to read of, and so horrible to endure.

By 1692 Charles Town was a stirring little place with a good trade, chiefly with the West Indies, and not much trouble from the Indians. When this young couple arrived, they found a little hamlet, clinging close to the east water front of the swampy peninsula between the Ashley and the Cooper, which jutted out into the bay formed by the confluence of the two rivers. The land was low and intersected with creeks, which added greatly to the difficulties of the new settlement. On one of these, on the southern edge of the town, the landgrave Smith had a few years before planted one of the first patches of rice grown in the Province.

From this creek the houses ran northward along the Cooper River on the present East-

Bay. On the opposite side of the street was an embankment, or fortification with bastions. The whole line from Craven bastion at the south, to Granville at the north end, was not more than three of our squares in length. On the west, parallel with the Bay, was Church Street, with the little "French Meeting House" upon it; and west of that was Meeting Street, with the Independent (called from its color the White) Meeting House; and St. Philip's Church, on the site of the present Saint Michael's. The town walls ran down Meeting Street close in front of these, enclosing thus a small irregular parallelogram (if such a thing can be), bounded north and south by creeks, where Water Street and the market now are. Opposite to St. Philip's (just built, and the pride of the place), where the Court House now stands, was a "half moon" in the wall, with a drawbridge which gave egress to the country without.

The rest of the peninsula, the present city, was dotted with small houses and little farms where some persons lived without the walls. It was so thickly wooded that in this same year 1692, the Assembly passed a bill ordering it cleared of underwood, possibly for safety, as underwood might cover an Indian attacking party.

Thomas Pinckney bought land and settled a plantation to the southward on the Ashepoo River, and called it Auckland, in memory of the beautiful town of Bishop-Auckland in Durham, whence he and his wife came; but he was a merchant as well as a planter (as many were in those days), and he lived in Charles Town in a house which he built for himself at the southwest corner of Tradd and East-Bay Streets. It was a pleasant situation, open to the water with only the seawall in front of it, as the houses on East Battery stand to-day. Just across the street was Tradd's house; the street taking its name from "The first male child born in C^rs Town; Robert, son of Mr. Richard and Elizabeth Tradd. Of an agreeable person, noble mind, etc, etc, and died the 30^th of June 1731 in the 52^ond year of his age, and is interred within the walls of this church, to the support of the ministry whereof he bequeathed the profits of 1000 pounds forever, besides a considerable legacy to the Poor of the Province." All of which was duly set forth on a mural tablet in the "White Meeting."

This good looking and charitable gentleman must have been thirteen, when Mr. and Mrs. Pinckney came to live opposite to him and his parents, and it is to be hoped that they were pleasant neighbors.

Much must have depended on neighbors then. One would like very much to know how the young wife, Mary Cotesworth, managed, and what she did. How did she stand the change from the green hills and breezy moors of Durham, to the low swampy village and semi-tropical heat of her new home? The town was in those first years so sickly (and it had every right so to be) that the country around, higher, dryer, and more thickly covered with pines, was esteemed healthy in comparison, — as frequently appears in Miss Lucas's letters. Now the clearing of forests and laying bare of swamps have made the country deadly, while malarial fever is most rare in Charleston, so much have drainage, cistern water, and the smoke of many fires done for the city.

Besides the climate, there were other hard conditions. Did she have indentured servants? They were said to be either idle and worthless, or else to feel their own value so strongly as to be at best but lenient masters. Did she have negroes? There were not many at that early period, and they were savages, untaught and untrained. When her baby came four years afterwards, how she must have trembled and shrunk, poor little North Country girl, from the strange, uncouth creatures, if she had to

give her child to one of these to nurse. She could not have known that those dark beings, with their unintelligible speech, held the potentiality of the dear old "maumas" of later days, tenderest and most faithful of nurses.

The Colony had had its internal troubles, but they were not as great as in many others. There were quarrels of authority, of churches, etc., but in the main the government was fair, and although the Church of England had great prestige, and did after a while succeed in getting itself "established," the others were not interfered with, and it was only the French Huguenots who had much to complain of. They were called "aliens," and were, it must be said, badly treated until the year 1692, when laws were passed securing their personal and political rights.

The historian Ramsay dates the prosperity of Carolina from this very year 1692, when various other disputes were settled by wise legislation. It must have thriven to have deserved the following account of it given by Mr. John Lawson, an English government surveyor, who spent several years there. He says: —

"This Colony was at first planted by a genteel sort of people that were well acquainted with the trade, and had either money or parts to make good use of the advantages that offered, as most have

done by raising themselves to great estates. . . . Their inhabiting in a town has drawn to them ingenious persons of most sciences, whereby they have tutors among them that educate their youth *a la mode*. . . . The merchants of Carolina are fair frank traders The gentlemen seated in the country are very courteous, live very nobly in their houses, and give very genteel entertainments to all strangers and others that come to visit them."

This is rather a striking account (and there is much more of it) of a colony only thirty years old. By "well acquainted with the trade" Lawson probably means the West Indian trade, sufficiently described in the letters of Governor Lucas and his daughter. To England the colonists sent rice, already (in 1700) producing more than they could easily get freight for, and also skins. It seems strange to remember that ours was then a fur-producing state, as Alaska is now. The woods were then full of deer, bears, raccoons, otters, and other beasts. The Indians brought them down to the coast for rum and less iniquitous exchanges, and the pelts found ready sale.

The deadly "firewater" was furnished to these unhappy children of the forest without the least compunction, by the godly North and South. The Hon. William A. Courtenay in his centennial address, on the Incorporation of

the City of Charleston, quotes a gentleman, long resident in South Carolina (1731), who stated that "Charles Town traded with eight thousand Indians, and yet, nine hundred hogsheads of rum was the utmost they ever imported in one year for home consumption and for trade with those eight thousand Indians." Evidently the gentleman, like Lord Clive, "stood astonished at his own moderation."

The house on the Bay must have been a delightful point of vantage for the three bright-eyed little Pinckney boys, whose father was concerned in all this trade. From their own windows they could throw a stone into the broad river mouth before them, — the river mouth which only a hundred yards lower down became the bay. When a ship came in, sailing slowly up with broad bows and queerly shaped sails, laden deep with sugar, rum, molasses, and fruit, what an excitement if 't was for their "dear papa." The sailors fought and quarrelled in the streets, and were so unruly that a bell rang at seven o'clock every evening as a signal for them to go on board again. If they resisted, the patrol, the armed guard of citizens who were the police of the time, took them in custody, and sent them to their vessels, or to the Court of Guard, which was at the end of Broad Street, where the Post-office is now.

When the English ships came with all their varied freights,— their interest was even keener, for then came the home letters over which their mother laughed and cried. Half way across the river was the long shoal island almost covered at high water, on which the sailors beached their vessels, or fishermen drew their nets, as seen in an old print of the time.

Little Charles Pinckney, the second son, a laughing sweet-tempered, brown-eyed little boy, must have looked often from his windows at the busy workers on the shoal. It was called "Shute's Folly" then, but in after years was to bear the Fort, named in honor of his own son, "Castle Pinckney." When the storms and "hurricanes" came, the spray must have dashed above the roof, and the water risen high within their house.

This little boy was not old enough to remember the storm by which the White Meeting got a pastor, in surely the oddest way in which ever a pulpit was filled. The Rev. Mr. Stobo had gone down to that unlucky Scotch colony at Darien. When the calamitous failure there came, he set sail to return to Scotland. Off Charles Town bar they stopped for water and supplies. The people, hearing that the reverend gentleman was lying outside, sent down to invite him to come up and

preach for them the next day. He did so, and while on shore a terrible storm arose, in which the ship, with every soul on board, was lost.

So clear a "leading" could not be neglected. The congregation called him, and he proved (as the Historical Sketch by a recent pastor, the Rev. Mr. Misseldine, says) an acceptable and useful pastor, "living half a century, and founding a numerous family and several churches."

This was in 1700, and the little Charles Pinckney was too young to remember it, but when the French admiral, M. Le Féboure, made his famous attack on Carolina in 1707, coming to get back the Province for the King of Spain who claimed it as a part of Florida, what an excitement for the boys! The fortification (the embankment which was just across the street) was to be strengthened, and every man in the town was to be set to work on it, and to learn how to manage the guns. The governor, an old soldier, Sir Nathaniel Johnson, came and went among them, and we may be sure the boy went too.

Across the bay, within sight on James Island, a little fort was being built, Fort Johnson, which his own sons were to command in 1776; rebels to the King, but true to the country. Then the militia came in from the country round, a band of friendly Indians among them,

and at last, after days of watching, "five separate smokes" (says Ramsay) upon Sullivan's Island told that five French vessels were off the bar. This is not a military history, so it does not tell the skirmishes and fights which took place in the bay and on the islands around, in which the forefathers of men who have borne themselves bravely in many larger wars, showed the stuff they were made of. Providence and the stout English hearts fought for Carolina that day, and 't was a fair foundation for the love of country which was to be so strong in Charles Pinckney and his sons, that he should see that sight, and perhaps hear the answer (for it was given in Granville Bastion, not a stone's throw from his home) of Sir Nathaniel, when the French envoy demanded a surrender "allowing one hour for an answer." The stout Englishman replied: —

"There is no occasion for one minute to answer that message. I hold the town for the Queen of England [Anne] and I can depend upon my men who will sooner die than surrender. I am resolved to defend the place to the last drop of my blood."

All the surrendering, one vessel striking her flag without firing a shot, was done by the invaders. Three hundred officers and men, with a French general among them, were taken

prisoners and "offered as ransom ten thousand pieces of eight," — which has a delightful flavor of Robinson Crusoe about it.

Ramsay (the chief authority for the foregoing account) gives a stanza from some satirical verses made on this occasion, which shows how the Huguenot settlers had by this time become identified with their new home, and how bitter, as has been said, were their feelings towards France. The poet (probably one of the garrison) makes the governor say: —

> "Que s'ils attaquaient nôtre camp
> Ils y trouveraient bien mille hommes,
> Qui ne se battraient pas de pommes,
> Outre cinq cens Refugés
> Que la France a répudies,
> Et reduits presque a l'indigence
> Qui ne respiraient que vengeance,
> Ce qu'on leur ferait èprouver
> S'ils osaient nous venir trouver."

Quite as exciting must have been the war with the pirates, who were at this time the greatest hindrance to the trade. These freebooters held possession of the seas for years. It must be confessed that the distinction between privateers and pirates was extremely fine. When the sailors came on shore with their pockets full of gold, and rich pieces of silk and satin to bestow upon their friends, all

supposed to have been taken from the Spaniards, or the French, they were privateers and gallant fellows! If the governors, spurred on to do their duty by urgent orders from England, had them brought to trial, there were always lawyers clever enough to get them off. The Colony — it was not the only one — suffered much discredit by this winking at evil, which at last went to such lengths that the Proprietors themselves, to gratify the people, granted an indemnity to all pirates "except such as had committed depredations upon the dominions of the Great Mogul!"

This shameful proceeding met with its just reward. The rice ships were a tempting spoil, — the return vessels from Barbadoes or Jamaica, loaded with rum and sugar more tempting still, and were certainly not protected by belonging to the Great Mogul. In four years between thirty and forty vessels in the Carolina trade were taken on the coast. Some few pirates were caught and hanged; (they were pirates then, when they had touched British vessels), but with the island of Providence to the south, and the Cape Fear River in North Carolina, for places of refuge, they defied pursuit.

Two men, Steed Bonnett and Richard Worley, were especially dreaded. They had established themselves on the Cape Fear and might be

said to blockade Charles Town harbor. Luckily Governor Johnson, the son of Sir Nathaniel, was, like his father, a man of spirit and resolution. He fitted out "a ship of Force" and gave the command to Colonel William Rhett, who had been vice admiral in the Le Féboure war, and sent him to sea "to protect the Commerce." Rhett had hardly crossed the bar when Bonnett hove in sight. Rhett immediately made sail for him, and the pirate fled to his stronghold in the Cape Fear. Rhett pursued, captured Bonnett, his sloop of ten guns and all his men, and brought them triumphantly into Charles Town.

Thereupon the governor himself went to sea, in search of the consort of six guns, commanded by Worley. Worley made a desperate resistance, fighting his sloop until he himself and one other man, both severely wounded, were the only survivors. Governor Johnson brought the sloop and the wounded men home with him; and "to prevent their dying of their wounds" had them instantly tried, condemned, and executed! A savage proceeding, we should say nowadays, but there was then a strong objection to a malefactor "cheating the gallows" by any less disgraceful death.

Why a much longer and more formal shrift should have been granted to Bonnett and his

crew does not appear. They were tried, and all but one condemned to death. Bonnett, who was a man of some education and manners, had great hopes of a pardon; he contrived to make his escape from prison in female dress, but was captured and brought back.

He wrote a letter of appeal to Rhett, praying him to intercede for him with the House of Commons, and basing his claim to mercy on the ground that he had spared many lives by surrendering when he did. The letter is well expressed, but blasphemous considering the wretch from whom it came. He said that he was sure, "if I had the happiness of a longer life granted me in this world, that I shall always retain and bear in mind, and endeavour to follow those excellent precepts of our Holy Saviour to love my neighbour as myself," etc.

Rhett and Johnson were men of too stern a mould to believe in any such protests, and Bonnett and all his men — forty in all — were hanged, and were buried on White Point, below high-water mark. White Point is the extreme southern end of the peninsula of Charleston. The shoal has been filled up and now forms the Battery Garden. The ladies and children who assemble there on fine afternoons to walk or play, little think that the bones of forty pirates there "moulder deep below."

This happy despatch was an immense relief to the trade of the town, which henceforth flourished with only the legitimate drawbacks of the long wars so often referred to.

Thomas Pinckney did not live to enjoy this prosperity long. He made a fair fortune, but died while his sons were still children. The Family Legend has it, that, looking from his window one day, he saw a handsome, gaily dressed young man, landing from a West Indian vessel. Calling to his wife he said, "Mary, that young fellow will marry some poor fellow's widow, spend her money and break her heart." The first part of the prediction was fulfilled, for when he himself died soon after, his widow married the very man. The second was only partly true, for though he did squander much of her property, enough remained to educate and provide for her sons. The heart was too tough for even prophecy to effect it, for she lived to marry a third time, and survived to a great age, tenderly loved and tended by her children.

The boys were, by their father's desire, sent to England for their education. The eldest, Thomas, who had inherited a landed property, in Durham, entered the English army and died, as a mourning ring shows, in 1733, aged 37. The second, Charles, was bred to the bar,

and after being admitted, married the daughter of Captain Lamb, of Devonshire Square, London. She was the Mrs. Pinckney who was to make the match between her husband and Miss Lucas. The third son, William, held for years the position of Commissioner in Equity.

At the time of his first wife's death Colonel Pinckney was about forty-five years old. He had been married for many years, and was childless. He had accumulated a large fortune at the bar, was a lawyer and planter, Speaker of the House of Assembly, and a member of the Royal Council of the Province. He had a charming temper and disposition, gay and courteous manners, was well looking, well educated, and of high religious principles. He had in fact every qualification to make a young wife happy, and how well he succeeded in doing so her letters testify.

Perhaps, however, that which most influenced the future course of the family, and the lives of his sons, was the fact that he was a Carolinian born; that his childish eyes had first looked out on Charles Town bay, and that among the first recollections of his boyhood, must have been the defeat of Le Fœboure by the Provincials, and the proud words of the old governor, "I can trust my own men."

VI

EARLY MARRIED LIFE

1742–1747

In all this long correspondence there is not one single love-letter. That such there were we cannot doubt. The young lady was far too "fond of my penn" for it to be otherwise. Perhaps she thought them too sacred to be copied out; or perhaps they were in that "other book" which is sometimes alluded to, and which is as lost to us as is the Book of Jasher to the Israelites.

There are, however, a few notes, written while as a bride she was still in her mother's house (for she did not leave her mother while the poor lady remained in Carolina), which are so quaint in their formality that two are given here. The first relates to the illness of Colonel Pinckney's mother, to attend whom he had evidently gone to town, leaving his bride at Wappoo: —

Dear Sir, — I am sorry I had not the pleasure of your company yesterday; but I am still more

concern'd at the cause of my disapointment. I hope my mother is not in so weak a condition as you imagine, and that it is only the fears of a dutiful child, ever apprehensive of the worst makes you think her so ill. May heaven preserve her, and continue you longer an example of the strictest filial duty and regard; and give me an opportunity of extending the affection I have for you to y^r. good mother by using my best endeavours to soften those cares and infirmitys, which usually attend the decline of life and

> may the tender office long engage
> to rock the cradle of reposeing age,
> with lenient arts extend a parent's breath
> make languor smile, and smooth a bed of death,
> explore the thought, explain the asking eye
> and save awhile one parent from the sky.
>
> POPE

Instead of sending to know how my mother does I should have come myself but am so much disorderd with the head, I am not able to come down in the heat of the day; if she is not better please to lett me know and I will be down early in the morning, till when and ever

I am
Dear Sir
Your affectionate
ELIZA PINCKNEY.

The second is as follows: —

"I never give a loose to my ambition but when I write to you. Then I confess I sett no bounds to

my vanity, and desire not only to be the best scribe in this part of the world, but to equal even a Cicero or Demosthenes that I might gain your applause; but how wild is the desire, how fruitless the wish in my happiest intervals; what then can you expect when I have been just rideing six mile in the heat of the sun, and am not able to fill half a page with what my own triffling genius usually affords.

"I can indeed tell you I have the greatest esteem and affection imaginable for you; that next to Him that form'd it, my heart is intirely at your disposal, but this you knew the day I gave you my hand; and as for news, you were the last that gave me any intelligence of human affairs. Mr Gay has entertained us very agreeably on things of a divine nature, but you may not be inclined to hear three sermons a day."

It will be observed that Mrs. Pinckney takes it for granted that her husband has been to church twice already that day. Mr. Gay must have been preaching that hot Sunday morning at St. Andrew's, the parish church, on the river road. He was one of the first clergymen sent out by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, to supply the churches in South Carolina, after the "Establishment" in 1706. It is curious to think that a hundred and fifty years ago, churches in this country were maintained by this society, as

mission stations in New Zealand or South Africa are to-day.

It was after the "Establishment" that the ten country churches were built, — all of them within sixty miles of the coast, for the upper part of the Province was much in the condition of the Highlands in the "'45," when "Sunday seldom came abune the pass of Ballybrough."

Besides these notes to her husband, the new Mrs. Pinckney wrote to her different friends; she was, although troubled at parting with her family, beamingly happy, and she did not conceal her happiness. The first letter is of course to her father: —

"Hond Sir: — Since I last pay^{d} my duty to you, I have pursuant to your advice as well as my own inclination, enterd into a new state of Life; it gives me all imaginable satisfaction to know that I have the approbation of the tenderest of Parents, and that of all my friends and acquaintance of my choice. I do assure you Sir that tho I think Mr Pinckney's character and merrit are sufficient to engage the esteem of any lady acquainted with him the leaving you at such a distance was an objection I could not easily get over; but when I considered that Providence might by some means or other bring us together again, and that it must be a great satisfaction to you as well as to myself, to know that I have put myself into the hands of a

man of honour, whoes good sense and sweetness of disposition gives me a prospect of a happy life, I thought it prudent, as well as intirely agreeable to mee, to accept the offer; and I shall make it the whole Study of my Life to fix that esteem and affection Mr. Pinckney has professd for me, and consiquently be more worthily your daughter" . . .

Next is a letter to a young lady of whom Miss Lucas had been very fond as a girl in England. The friends had lost sight of each other, until, not long before the marriage, a message from the former Miss Martin had reached Miss Lucas through their governess Mrs. Pearson. Miss Martin was now the wife of Sir Nicholas Carew, of Beddington, Surrey, and there is a letter to her, begun as Miss Lucas and finished as Mrs. Pinckney. The postscript (the most important part) says: —

"P. S. Since the foregoing which has been wrote and laid by several months, for want of a proper opportunity, I have changed my condition in Life, which occations my continuing in Carolina.

"You will be apt to ask me, dear Lady Carew, how I could leave a tender and affectionate Father, Mother, Brother and Sister to live in a strange country, but I flatter myself if you knew the Character and Merrit of the Gentleman I have made Choice of, (he is a Gentleman of the Law,

and one of his Majesty's Council) you would think it less strange, especially as it was with the approbation of all my friends.

"Mr. Pinckney intends to bring me to England in a year or two, where one of the greatest pleasures I promise myself is telling you in person how much I am" etc., etc.

Henceforth the correspondence with this lady is frequent and confidential; but perhaps the prettiest of all these joyous notes is one to Miss Fayrweather: —

"I am sure you will pardon me my dear Cousin tho I have not acknowledg[d] the receipt of your letter by Mr Symons and thanked you for the barberrys (which were very good) when you consider I have had so weighty a matter upon my hands as that of matrimony. I see you smile and wonder, that difficult girl (that's y[r] phrase) ever married, that filled her own head, and was always preaching up to you the great Importance of a matter; of wch. the generality of people make so light. Nay, you did not scruple telling me I should never get a man to answer my plan, and must therefore dye an old maid.

"But you are mistaken. I am married and the gentleman I have made choice of comes up to my plan in every title. But jesting aside, 'tis my dear fanny, a nice affair, for if we happen to judge wrong and are unequally match'd there is

an end of all human felicity, for as Doc^{tr} Watts says

> As well may Heavenly concert spring
> from two old lutes without a string
> or none beside the bass.

"How careful then ought we to be, . . . when I tell you, tis Mr Pinckney I have married you will think I do him barely justice when I say his good Sence and Judgement, his extraordinary good nature and evenness of temper joynd to a most agreeable conversation and many valuable qualifications gives me the most agreeable prospect in the world. . . . Mr Pinckney desires to be remembered to you, and in case we have a peace we hope to see you here; he also desires me to tell you whenever you make a vizet to Carolina, he hopes you will make our house your home. Pray make my compliments" etc.

To the Bartletts, the sister and niece of the first Mrs Pinckney, "my predecessor," she is at first a little formal.

To Mrs Bartlett.

Mad^{m}, — As I have succeeded your good sister with whom I had the happiness of an intimate acquaintance of some years, and I flatter myself a very great degree of her affection and friendship, I take the liberty to pay my respects to you, though I have not the pleasure to be personally acquainted with you.

I am conscious Mad^{m} how unworthy I am to

supply the place of so good a wife as your sister was, but at the same time I must beg leave to assure you that however short of her I may come in other matters in one thing I shall equal her; viz^{t}, a due regard to her relations and a readiness to do everything in my power to serve them. I shall be very glad of a correspondence with one so nearly related to my deceased friend as Mrs Bartlett, and shall look upon it as a particular obligation done me if agreeable to you.

Mr P. thought he had sent home everything of value belonging to your Sister, but I find a very good suit of laced linning [linen] and a velvet scarf, was forgot wch. I now send; also a brown taffety gownd begun to be quilted, w^{ch} I shall endeavour to get finished, in time to send you with this by Cap.. White. Pray pay my compliments to Miss Bartlett and deliver her the inclosed. I am

Madam

Your most obedient Servant

ELIZA PINCKNEY.

An attack on her husband soon roused the young wife to animation. A malicious story had been told to Mrs. Bartlett by a person going from Charles Town to London, that her sister had been neglected in her last illness. It is pretty to see the indignant scorn with which her friend and successor repels the charge. She writes to Miss Bartlett: —

"I am a good deal surprized at the ridiculous story you mention from Mrs G., as it has so little the appearance of probability, indeed she was in the right if she had any view of telling such a story, to do it out of Carolina, and to people quite unacquainted with Mr Pinckney's character; had I not known him to have been the best of husbands, I had not been in the relation I now am to him."

Then follow some details of illness, and she adds:—

"I am sorry Mrs G. has given herself any unbecoming airs about you, but am more so to hear you express so much concern at it, for you can never think people of sence and penetration can ever regard what such a tatling woman says, that seems to study and love mischief for no other reason but to gratify an envious malicious temper or a tatling gossiping one, . . . I daresay you never in the least injured her, . . . and Mr P. has always been a friend to her; but I thank God his character is too well and too deservedly established, to receive any hurt from her, tho' she may show her good will towards it."

The Bartletts evidently paid no attention to the story, and the next letter shows the old custom of giving gloves at a wedding (or funeral). Their relations always continued kind and friendly.

To Miss Bartlett.

The compliment of a p.r of gloves on a wedding I should have beg.d your acceptance of in Season, had I had an opportunity, and therefore hope you will excuse it coming late ;

Mr. Garden will be so good as to deliver you a couple of guineas for a pair of gloves for you and Mrs Bartlett.

All this time (from May to July) Eliza's mother, Mrs. Lucas, was waiting for a vessel to take her to Antigua. The poor lady had not only to break up her establishment in Carolina, part with the daughter who had so long been head and hands to her, and endure the voyage, but there was cruel anxiety as to the condition in which her younger son would reach Antigua.

She was detained, the "brigg" (sad substitute for the man-of-war for which she had hoped) being kept until July. Mrs. Pinckney wrote by the same vessel to her father that his agent had withdrawn from business, and that —

"Mr. Pinckney desires me to tell you that notwithstanding his own affairs require so much of his attention as they do, he will with pleasure do anything in his power to serve you, and if you will send him a power, he will comply with your re-

quest, and manage your affairs in the best manner he can.

"An Embargo laid on the Shiping here, has detained my Mama and Brother these two days, but having no further account of an Invation, (which was talked of when the Embargo was laid on,) it was taken off yesterday. . . .

"I should now send you my Plantation accounts but my Mama going tomorrow, Mr Pinckney's mother being dangerously ill, and I but just come home obliges me to defer it. . . ."

Not for some months more did news of their arrival, after a "dismal passage," reach Carolina. The seas surrounding those summer isles of Eden are apt to be rough in August and September, and the party in the merchant brig had suffered terribly. Tom had arrived, but Governor Lucas wrote to his son-in-law: —

My son Tommy lately arrived here from London in a very low and weak Condition, & as he was given over by the Physitians, I have put him under a French Gentleman's direction, who has wrought surprizing things on some Persons here under the same Distemper, so I have from him still some hopes of a Cure. He tells me he wants Artichoak roots as an Ingredient in a Tysan He uses, I must therefore pray you will procure and send me ten or a Doz^{n} pounds of them, dryed out of the Sun, and send them by the first Vessell. . . .

My wife, Polly and poor Tommy joyn with Love and Blessing to you and my Dear Daughter & I am Dear Sir

Y.r most affectionate Father
& ob.dt Hum.ble Servant

GEO. LUCAS

P. S. Pray accept the Compliments of the Season
Antigua Decem.r 24.th 1744

To the Hon.ble Charles Pinckney.

Governor Lucas was evidently displeased that the boy had been kept so long in England, for his daughter writes to appease his wrath: —

"I am sorry you apprehend any unkindness in his being kept so long in England, for surely Sir, our friends there must have done it for the best, though they have mistaken it."

In the same letter she says: —

"I have according to your desire got all the drugs I could gett here, and may heaven give you success in the application and make them effectual.

"There is no such thing imported as fumaric or fumitory, but every thing else I have got; viz.t

"3 lbs Sarsparilla
1 " Aristolochia
3 " Roman Allom
½ Sweet Mercury
Artichoak roots dryd as directed."

One would hardly care to venture on a *tisane* of the above ingredients; but the French gentleman's remedies proved beneficial, for Tommy improved and lived for years, although — perhaps because — a thousand miles of storm-tossed ocean lay between him and his apothecary.

Governor Lucas must have had some misgivings lest his managing daughter should attempt to be also a managing wife, and must have given a hint to that effect, for there is an amusing touch of proud humility in her reply: —

"I am greatly obliged to you for your very good advice in my present happy relation. I think it entirely reasonable, and 'tis with great truth that I assure you t'is not more my duty than my inclination to follow it; for making it the business of my life to please a man of Mr Pinckney's merrit even in triffles, I esteem a pleasing task: and I am well asured the acting out of my proper province and invading his, would be an inexcusable breach of prudence; as his superiour understanding, (without any other consideration,) would point him to dictate, and leave me nothing but the easy task of obeying."

These be fine words; but luckily husband and wife seem to have had a thoroughly happy sense of each other's powers and intentions, and nothing approaching "dictation" or invasion of rights is anywhere perceptible.

By the same vessel she wrote to her mother:

"Two days after you sailed we came to Belmont, where we often wished to enjoy your Company in a state of tranquillity, a state we so long before had been almost strangers to. We have spent the summer here very agreably without being (what you seemed to apprehend) at all lonesome, for my dear Mr Pinckney (whose humanity none can be a stranger to that know him) has never left me but one day in the week since I have been here.

"Mrs Woodward went up with Mrs Hutson soon after you left us and has not been in town since," etc., etc.

At this place, Belmont, about five miles from Charles Town, a great deal of Mrs. Pinckney's future life was to be spent. It was a delightful residence, a large brick house, standing, as most of the country houses did, a few hundred yards from the water's edge, on a semicircular headland making out into a bold creek, a branch of the Cooper River. The view was remarkably extensive, almost to the harbor bar on the right, and far up the broad stream on the left, while in front the river at high water resembled a lake in its expanse; and in its wide sweep and low-lying shores, gave all the charm of wide horizons.

Here Mrs. Pinckney was perfectly happy, busy with congenial, interesting occupations, a

cultivated and sympathetic husband at her side, and friends within easy reach. Here she gave the rein to her taste for planting trees, for this she expected to be her home for life; at Wappoo there had always been the dread of a return to Antigua to discourage her. She planted not only the trees of the country, oak, magnolia, etc., but foreign species, trying which she could acclimatize; assisted and encouraged in her work by Dr. Garden, the earliest of Carolinian botanists, whose name comes down to us with a sweet savor, in the exquisite "Gardenia," named in his honor by his friend and correspondent Linnæus. She also continued to superintend her father's plantation affairs, in which Colonel Pinckney gave her great help.

Indigo, of which nothing has been said for some time (it being most convenient to give the whole story at once) was now being made in considerable quantities. The cultivation of this plant is an exceedingly nice one, requiring careful preparation of the soil, and much attention during its growth; and the preparation for market is long and critical. The leaves must be cut at just the right moment, not too early, for then the color will be poor, or too late, for that will injure both quality and quantity. The leaves when cut are soaked in vats until

they ferment, froth, and give up their coloring matter. The great art is to let this fermentation go on just long enough to get the right color. The liquid is then drawn off into a second vat clear of the leaves, where it is beaten with paddles until it begins to thicken; it is then led into a third vat and allowed to settle, when the clear water is drawn off. The sediment is formed into lumps or cakes, and after being carefully dried in the shade it is ready for sale.

It will be readily seen that all this required care and skill. While the fermentation is going on (a period of several days), it is watched night and day by relays of hands, and the head man, the "Indigo Maker," never leaves it. For this important position Governor Lucas sent out an overseer from the island of Montserrat, named Cromwell. He understood the processes, and built brick vats; but to Miss Lucas's horror, the "lumps" which he produced were of such inferior quality as to be almost worthless.

He asserted that this was due to the climate. She, by close watching and careful experiment, found that he was mistaken, and found also where the fault lay. She dismissed Cromwell, and put his brother in his place, who was at first more successful.

With true patriotism Miss Lucas devoted her whole crop of 1744 to making seed, for one great difficulty had been that she could not get the seed from the East Indies in time for the crop to ripen before a frost. This home-made seed she distributed as gifts to those planters who would undertake to try it. This was really liberal as the price of seed continued very high for years, as the following bill, fourteen years later, shows: —

Mr Jacob Motte Jr

1758	Dr to Robertson & Baillie	
May 10.	8 bushels Indigo Seed at £10	£80
	Received in full	
	Robertson & Baillie.	

By this gift many planters were induced to try the new plant. Some of the Huguenots who had seen the plant in France, and especially Mr. Deveaux, already mentioned, were very successful in the preparation. As early as 1744, a few months after her marriage, Mrs. Pinckney wrote to her father: —

"We hear they have at Garden Hill the prospect of a very good crop; we gave particular orders to Murray about the seed which I am still in hopes will prove a valuable commodity.

"Out of a small patch of Indigo growing at

Wappoo, (which Mama made a present to Mr P:) the Brother of Nicholass Cromwell besides saving a quantity of Seed, made us 17 pounds of very good Indigo, so different from N-C's, that we are convinced he was a mere bungler at it. Mr Deveaux has made some likewise, and the people in gen^{l} very sanguine about it. Mr P. sent to England by the last man of warr 6 pounds to try how t'is aproved of there. If it is I hope we shall have a bounty from home, we have already a bounty of 5^{s} currancy from this province upon it. We please ourselves with the prospect of exporting in a few years a good quantity from hence, and supplying our Mother Country with a manifacture for w^{ch} she has so great a demand, and which she is now supplyd with from the French Collonys, and many thousand pounds per annum thereby lost to the nation, when she might as well be supplyd here, if the matter was applyd to in earnest."

There are several letters from Governor Lucas on the subject; in some he suggests that the brick vats may be the cause of trouble, and that wood had better be tried. The truth was that the Cromwells were traitors. They purposely spoiled the "lumps," not choosing that the Carolina product should interfere with that of their native island of Montserrat. Governor Lucas then sent out a negro from one of the French islands, and soon the battle was won.

In 1747 enough was made to make it worth while to export it to England for sale. Great Britain immediately offered a bounty of sixpence a pound, in order to exclude the French indigo from her markets. It is said that while this was paid the planters doubled their capital every three or four years.

The first free school in the Province, outside of Charles Town was established in 1753 by the planters of Georgetown, who, to commemorate the source of their wealth, formed themselves into a society called the "Winyah Indigo Society," at first merely a social club. The school, handsomely endowed and supported, survived the Revolution, and continued to 1865 in great activity and usefulness. Hundreds of children have had cause to bless the jolly indigo planters, whose descendants, shorn of their wealth, still keep the name Independent Charity School for the Poor, and, according to their means, still support the school.

Indigo continued the chief highland staple of the country for more than thirty years. After the Revolution it was again cultivated, but the loss of the British bounty, the rivalry of the East Indies with their cheaper labor, and the easier cultivation of cotton, all contributed to its abandonment about the end of the century. Just before the Revolution the

annual export amounted to the enormous quantity of one million, one hundred and seven thousand, six hundred and sixty pounds!

When will any "New Woman" do more for her country?

VII

MOTHERHOOD

1745–1748

Long before the happy solution of the indigo question, in February, 1745, a little son was born to Colonel and Mrs. Pinckney. There had been some talk of her going to her mother in Antigua, but it was thought inexpedient, and Governor Lucas wrote to his son-in-law: —

"I should have received great pleasure & happiness in yours & my Dear Daughter's company but as that at this time is Impracticable I must be content with my constant prayers for your Healths . . . neither Her Mama nor I have the least room to Doubt of y^r^ utmost care & tenderness of Her, but on the Contrary have great Reason to Rejoyce at her situation, & I assure you Sir, I have a just sence of the Blessing Providence has bestowed on me in your Alliance.

"The hopes you have of Mrs Woodward's Company is a great addition to our satisfaction, & I pray you will make mine, & all My Family's best acknowledgements and Respects acceptable to her & her Family, My wife always expresses the

warmest sentiments of her Friendship and duely retains the memory of her agreable neighbourhood. . . . I send you a kegg of green sweetmeats, & my wife sends my dear Child a pott of Ginger, a few pines & Cains, [sugar cane ?] &, if I can gett it on board in time, a b! or two bottled Sweet wine & Perry & Cyder. . . .

"My wife writes to you by this conveyance. We are both now under great anxiety and pain for our Dear Daughter's welfare, but hope before this reaches you our Prayers will be heard, & she in Safety, than which nothing this side the Grave, can be more Joyfull to hear."

The prayers were heard, and the young mother wrote joyfully to Miss Bartlett: —

"Since my last Heaven has blessed us with a fine little boy, and would you think it ? I could flatter myself so much as to believe I can discover all his Papa's virtues already dawning in him or would you imagine I could really be so fond a Mama so soon of a little babe of three months old, that I could go on to describe his fine black Eyes with a thousand beauties more till I filled my paper & tired you. . . . I thank God I have no disorder but weakness, and I hope the Country air into w^{ch} I am going will be a remedy for that. We have been threatened with an Indian warr, but I hope 'tis blown over.

"Mr P. joyns me in love to Mrs. B. in w^{ch} I should joyn our little Charles could he but lisp it."

The little boy had been born, not at Belmont but in the house which his father had built some years before, and which he always called his "Mansion House." It stood (until the great fire of 1862) upon East Bay, half a square above Market Street. Colonel Pinckney owned much land in that neighborhood, and indeed the present market stands upon ground granted by his granddaughters to the city, "for that purpose only;" but in 1745 Market Street was still a swampy creek.

This house may be described here as having been a fine example of Colonial architecture. Only one such still exists in Charleston; that built a few years later, in the lower part of King Street, by Miles Brewton, which now belongs to his collateral descendant, Miss Pringle. That is known to have cost £8000; from which we can judge the cost of Colonel Pinckney's, for they were much alike. Forty thousand dollars was a great sum in those modest days.

The lot occupied the whole square from Market to Guignard Streets, on the western side of East Bay. The house stood in the centre, facing east to the water, and the ground across the street, down to the water's edge, also belonging to the family, was never built upon, but kept open for air and for the view. It was of small, dark, English brick, with stone copings,

and stood on a basement containing kitchens and offices. It had, besides the basement, two stories, with high slated roof, in which were wine and lumber rooms. From the front to the back door was a wide flagged hall, into which four large rooms opened; dining-room and bedroom to the south, library and housekeeper's room to the north. These two last were not as large as the southern rooms, for the staircase, partly accommodated by a projection on the north side of the house, came down into a kind of side hall between them. The window on this staircase (one of the most remarkable features of the house) was very beautiful, of three arches with heavily carved frames, and a deep window-seat extending the whole length of the landing-place. On the second story were five rooms; the large and small drawing-rooms occupying the whole east front of the house, the large one a very handsome room, over thirty feet long, with high coved ceiling and heavy cornice, beautifully proportioned. At the back were bedrooms, and the staircase went on to the garrets above.

The whole house was wainscoted in the heaviest panelling, the windows and doors with deep projecting pediments and mouldings in the style of Chamberlayne. The mantel-pieces were very high and narrow, with fronts carved

in processions of shepherds and shepherdesses, cupids, etc., and had square frames in the panelling above, to be filled with pictures.

This house differed from those of later date in Carolina, by having the kitchen and offices in the basement, — an almost unknown thing there in after years, — and in the absence of extensive piazzas. In front there was only a high flight of stone steps with a small canopied porch, at the back a small piazza on the first floor only. A little way off, along the northern edge of the lot, was a long row of buildings, servants' rooms in great number, stables, coach-house, etc. A vegetable garden was at the back, and grass plats with flower beds filled the southern part of the lot, one of the largest in the town.

Of the plenishing of this handsome and convenient residence we know little. Mrs. Pinckney's mind does not seem to have dwelt on furniture or bric-a-brac. We know that Colonel Pinckney had what was then esteemed a fine library, a few books of which remain. There are one or two pieces of plate, solid and plain, a little India china, — tiny cups, and high-shouldered vases, — and a very few old-fashioned pieces of jewelry. Very few things escaped the Revolution, but we may suppose that the furnishing was comformable to the house

itself, and now and then there are hints of some article of comfort or elegance, as "rec^d a Marcels [Marseilles] bed and canopy cost 20 guineas."

Mrs. Pinckney's real passions were gardening and reading, and one can but smile at the haste to educate the new baby:—

To Mrs. Bartlett.

DEAR MADAM,—It would be unpardonable to omit paying my duty to you by so good an opportunity as Mr Commissary Garden, a Gen^m who has been Rector of C^hrs Town twenty-six years, and whose conduct has gained him universal Esteem. He comes to Europe for his Health, and I am sure will deliver you this if 'tis in his power [that is, if Mr. Commissary were not captured on the voyage] and I flatter myself will return me one by Xmas next from you. Since Mr P's last to Mr B. Heaven has blest us with a son, and a fine boy it is! May he inherit all his father's virtues, his good Sence, his sincere and generous mind, with all his sweetness of disposition. Shall I give you the trouble my dear Mad^m to buy him the new toy (a discription of w^ch I inclose) to teach him according to Mr Lock's method (w^ch I have carefully studied) to play himself into learning. Mr Pinckney himself has been contriving a sett of toys to teach him his letters by the time he can speak, you perceive we begin by times for he is not yet four months old.

Mr Pinckney desires his compliments etc etc

May 20^th 1745.

The toy seems to have been a success, for next year she writes to her sister Polly, then at school in England,—

‘ Your little nephew not yet two and twenty months old prattles very intelligibly, he gives his duty to you and thanks for the toys and desires me to tell his aunt Polly if she don't take care and a great deal of pains in her learning, he will soon be the best scholar, for he can tell all his letters in any book without hesitation, and begins to spell before he is two year old. He begs you will accept of a moidore and a dollar out of his own mony to buy you some fruit at school, w^{ch} I now send by Mr Pringle who will deliver you this. Mr Pinckney is gone to his Estate at the Southward or I know he would have made an addition to his son's present. Use all your diligence my dear Polly in improving yourself, which will be a singular pleasure to all your friends and particularly to . . .”

It is a comfort to know that this precocious infant took no harm; but the Family Legend which duly records his cleverness, says that in after life (he became General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney) he always declared this early teaching to have been sad stuff, and that by haste to make him a clever fellow he had nearly become a very stupid one. Also, it says that he never allowed his own

children to be taught until they had attained a reasonable age.

Motherhood brings graver thoughts than even spelling blocks and primers; and to this period belong a series of "Resolutions," found only very lately, in a little roll of sadly tattered papers, marked, "papers belonging to myself onely," and "if there is any mony with this when I dye 'tis to be given to the poor distressed." In the same roll are a number of private prayers; some written upon many successive birthdays from youth to age, each renewing the solemn vows of devotion and submission made in the first; others offered upon especial occasions of joy or sorrow; never failing to "thank God in *her* weal or seek him in *her* woe;" all breathing the same spirit of religion, truly but privately lifting her soul to God.

Such outpourings of the spirit are not for the public eye, but the "Resolutions," which belong to the sphere of practical piety, are given, to show the faith and views of duty of the southern woman of the day. They begin abruptly:

I am resolved by the Grace of God asisting me to keep these resolutions which I have frequently made, and do now again renew.

I am resolved to believe in God; that he is, and

is a rewarder of all that diligently seek him. To believe firmly and constantly in all his attributes etc. etc. I am resolved to believe in him, to fear him and love him with all the powers and faculties of my soul. To keep a steady eye to his commands, and to govern myself in every circumstance of life by the rules of the Gospel of Christ, whose disciple I profess myself, and as such will live and dye.

I am resolved by the Divine will, not to be anxious or doubtful, not to be fearful of any accident or misfortune that may happen to me or mine, not to regard the frowns of the world, but to keep a steady upright conduct before my God, and before man, doing my duty and contented to leave the event to God's Providence.

I am resolved by the same Grace to govern my passions, to endeavour constantly to subdue every vice and improve in every virtue, and in order to this I will not give way to any the least notions of pride, haughtiness, ambition, ostentation, or contempt of others. I will not give way to Envy, Ill will, Evil speaking, ingratitude, or uncharitableness in word, in thought, or in deed, or to passion or peavishness, nor to Sloath or Idleness, but to endeavour after all the contrary Virtues, humility, charity, etc, etc, and to be always usefully or innocently imploy'd.

I am resolved not to be luxurious or extravagant in the management of my table and family on the one hand, nor niggardly and covetous, or too anxiously concern'd about it on the other, but to

endeavour after a due medium; to manage with hospitality and Generosity as much as is in our power, to have always plenty with frugality and good Economy.

To be decent but frugal in my own Expences.

To be charitably disposed to all mankind.

I am resolved by the Divine Assistance to fill the several Stations wherein Providence has placed me to the best advantage.

To make a good wife to my dear Husband in all its several branches; to make all my actions Corrispond with that sincere love and Duty I bear him. To pray for him, to contribute all in my power to the good of his Soul and to the peace and satisfaction of his mind, to be careful of his Health, of his Interests, of his children, and of his Reputation; to do him all the good in my power; and next to my God, to make it my Study to please him.

I am resolved to make a good child to my Mother; to do all I am able to give her comfort and make her happy.

I am resolved to be a good Mother to my children, to pray for them, to set them good examples, to give them good advice, to be careful both of their souls and bodys, to watch over their tender minds, to carefully root out the first appearing and budings of vice, aud to instill piety, Virtue and true religion into them; to spair no paines or trouble to do them good; to correct their Errors whatever uneasiness it may give myself; and never omit to encourage every Virtue I may see dawning in them.

I am resolved to make a good Sister both to my own and my Husband's brothers and sisters, to do them all the good I can, to treat them with affection, kindness, and good-manners, to do them all the good I can etc, etc.

I am resolved to make a good Mistress to my Servants, to treat them with humanity and good nature; to give them sufficient and comfortable clothing and Provisions, and all things necessary for them. To be careful and tender of them in their sickness, to reprove them for their faults, to Encourage them when they do well, and pass over small faults; not to be tyrannical peavish or impatient towards them, but to make their lives as comfortable as I can.

I am resolved to be a sincere and faithful friend wherever I profess'd it, and as much as in me lies an agreable and innocent companion, and a universal lover of all mankind.

All these resolutions by God's assistance I will keep to my life's end.

So help me O My God! AMEN.

Mem^{dum}

Read over this dayly to assist my memory as to every particular contained in this paper. *Mem.* Before I leave my Chamber recolect in Gen^{l}. the business to be done that day.

No human being probably ever succeeded in being and doing all this; but the "dayly"

conning over of such purposes must at least have prevented many of those faults of thoughtlessness and self-indulgence, which make so much of the misery of life. The Scotch proverb says, "Aim at a gown of gold and you'll get a sleeve of it," and the story of Mrs. Pinckney's life shows that her sleeve was a large one.

At this time there is a correspondence between Governor Lucas and Colonel Pinckney, illustrating some of the difficulties with which the Colonists had to contend. One of these was the depreciation of their money.

The Province had gone to war largely at its own cost, and Indians, Florida expeditions, etc., had made that cost heavy. To meet these expenses it had issued paper money; thence came the usual train of evils. Sterling was of course the standard in all British dominions but English coins were scarce, and the Spanish and French were of varying values in the different provinces.

Queen Anne had issued a proclamation, fixing the value of the pistoles, doubloons, etc., at the same rate in all the colonies. The tormented people had to keep constantly in mind whether they were buying and selling by sterling, proclamation money, or currency. Currency, the paper of the Colony itself, was some-

times as low as ten pounds of the bills for one pound sterling, but the average value was seven for one. Proclamation money, used for inter-colonial traffic, fines, etc., was at the rate of one for five.

It seems remarkable that business went on at all. The trouble entered into every detail of life; hardly a letter or note of Miss Lucas to her father failed to mention "our exchange is now seven to one;" "there is now a fall in bills of exchange," etc. At this time, 1745, things seem to have been particularly bad; the war kept the rates of freight very high, and as the exports of Carolina were bulky articles the planters suffered. Mrs. Pinckney wrote that "linning" and things of that sort were "excessive dear," and that "Mr. Murray has sent down 50^{bl} rice and 100^{bl} tarr w^{ch} is applyd to pay off part of the plantation expences and delivered to Messrs Shubrick. Tis a melon-choly time with the poor planters, those that are in debt have no hopes of extricating them-selves, for rice was never so low as now, tis at 15^{s} ready money and 20^{s} hhd, the pay-ment of debts." In one letter Governor Lucas actually says that the cultivation of rice will probably be abandoned, it had become so unprofitable.

One letter shows a scheme for owning a ves-

sel to be freighted each way with the products of their own plantations; the rice, lumber, etc., of Carolina, to be exchanged for the rum, sugar, and coffee of the West Indies. Colonel Pinckney had proposed this plan and Governor Lucas answers. These letters, it may be observed, are written in the most beautiful flowing hand, upon heavy gilt-edged paper, and the only word very peculiarly spelled is "Ruff-Rice!"

Govr. Lucas to Col. Pinckney

I observe the uncertainty of getting the Rice to market, & I approve of the method you propose in storing it for a Conveniency of Shipping, which ere now I hope you have mett with in the schooner Charming Nancy mention'd in my last.

I take notice you say the Ruff rice is at 2^{s} per bushell & if the Clean was but at [illegible] Proclamation Money per Ton, the whole would amount but to £ 59–6–8. whereas the Bill of Lading mentions £ 61. The Extravagance of Freight takes up a great part of the Produce, and inclines me to Pursue the Scheme you mention of my being concern'd in a Vessell, but I have not yett had an opportunity to consult Cap^{t} Grant, thereon, & if he would hold a part, & you will hold a third, I will take the first opportunity of purchasing one of the burthen you recommend. My own Experience convinces me of the Unprofitableness of Vessells in common; but as we are both planters & Freight is now in Time of Warr at so high a

rate, it must turn out advantageous in a certain conveniency of exporting our heavy produce, & what will be beneficial to me, must be so to you, as you will not be in merch^ts hands and liable to the delays and expences incident to Trade. Besides from my Interests and Friendships here, I can be instrumental in Freight from this Island, w^ch is not commonly mett with. . . . I have computed the amount of the Clean rice at 15 per c^t, & the Ruff at 5^s per bushel & find I shall gain upon the whole above a hundred pounds Carolina Currency besides paying freight & insurance, w^ch is considerable upon about a hundred & eighty odd pounds, your money.

If I purchase a Vessell it will be necessary to have boards and staves and shingles, ready to give her despatch when grain is not to be had, & in order thereto you will please to order such Lumber to be sett about shortly.

In another letter Governor Lucas refers to a mortgage on his Carolina property which he hopes soon to pay off, and also directs frames for negro houses and planks to be got out at Garden Hill to be sent to Antigua, and a "pettiauger" or canoe, all showing the scarcity of wood in the islands. He continues: —

"We have been greatly Allarmed for about Two Months past at the arrival of Mons. Caylus, with a large squadron of Men of Warr, & some regular

Troops, Intended to invade us from Martinique, during w^ch^ time Gen^l^ Mathew remained at S^t^ Christophers & left me the Defence of this Island, in providing for w^ch^ I have spared no Pains, & I think we may now say, we have Sanguine hopes of Repulsing any attempt they can make. His Ex^cy^ arrived some days ago and we have now a Reinforcement of Men of Warr, which I hope will enable our little Squadron to look abroad. They have been for some time shut up in English Harbour, The Fleet arrived but yesterday, so I am not yet particularly Informed of their Strength. . . The Assembly has made no Settlement on me, nor can I Expect it, when I consider they gave my Predecessor Gov^r^ Byam no Settlement, whose Superior Merit seemed more to claim it, Tho' I have the pleasure to say the People have generally Approved my Conduct, since I have had the Honour of being their Governour, & particularly of my late Endeavours for the publick Safety.

"I send by Cap^t^ Cooper a Hhd of Clarett & a Hhd of Porter, & hope they will both prove good and worth y^r^ Acceptance.

"Antigua May 22^nd^ 1745.—"

The little boy had been born in February, and the grandparents had not yet heard of their "Dear Betsey's" safety.

To this Colonel Pinckney answers, but not until August: —

Honourable Sir

Tho I have hardly half an hour's notice of this Vessells sailing, I cannot omit the opportunity of acknowledgeing the receipt of and returning you my thanks for your favours of the 22nd of May & 12th of July last — which were the more agreable as we had been in great pain for you upon the account of the ffrench Squadron at Martinico.

He gives a poor account of the sale of the West Indian produce, and does not encourage further ventures. Thus this amateur trading does not seem to have been very profitable. Governor Lucas did better as a planter and experimentalist. His daughter evidently got her taste from him. He writes: —

"As I am pretty well assured Land may be found with you to produce Flax and Hemp I shall order Seed by the first Vessell from Philadelphia, and request you will order ground to be prepared for it, in hopes it may be arrived before Spring is over.

"I send by this Sloop two Irishe servants, vizt, a Weaver & a Spinner, Indentured here at £10 Sterling pr Annum, & as I am informed Mr Cattle has produced both Flax & Hemp I pray you will purchase some of the latter & order a loom and spinning wheel to be made for them, & sett them to worke, but lest it should not be to be had in Carolina I shall order Flax to be sent from

Philadelphia with the seed, that they may not be Idle. I pray you will alsoe purchase wool and Sett them to making negroes Cloathing w^{ch} may be sufficient for my own People & the overplus to be sold. I have also agreed with two more women Spinners and a man Labourer (who I found inclined to go to Carolina) to pay their Passages w^{ch} is four pounds four shil. this Currency each, they to serve any master or mistress inclin'd to employ Them & out of their Wages to repay you the said sums, or to serve me a year unless they can otherwise raise money to pay their Passages — . . .

"As I am afraid one Spinner can't keep a loom at Worke I pray you will order a Sensible negro woman or two if necessary to learn to spin & wheels to be made for them, the man Servant will direct a Carpenter in making the loom, and the woman will direct the wheel."

Flax and hemp were never grown to any extent in the low country of Carolina, but the experiments must have interested many. They certainly increased the varied labors of the plantation and added to the affairs of which Mrs. Pinckney was the head, and the hard-working Mr. Murray the guiding hand. Some of Mr. Murray's letters are given here, to show how varied these labors were. It must be remembered that he was the overseer of Colonel Lucas's plantation, and had long been in consultation with Mrs. Pinckney. The letters were

sent by the "boat;" viz. the sloop or schooner which, coasting along through inlets and creeks, conveyed the rice and other crops to market at Charles Town. They are sometimes addressed to Colonel Pinckney, and sometimes to "Madam Pinckney, at her House in Charlestown."

"Having an opportunity of a boat have sent Barbuda [probably a West Indian negro] for we are entirely out of salt and physick, the last two Vials were not good it took two Dozes to make one.

"Please send some Turpintine and two pair cotten cards, we shall have Cotten to make a good part of the cloaths but a grate deal of trouble for want of a gine. The indigo is not dry cannot give an account of how much there is the rice suffers much for want of raine. There are fourteen Stears fit for market. Please let me knowe what you would have done with them, for there are so many hunters about they drive them out of the range and I shall lose them. . . . .

"We are now at work upon ye Roads. I went to Mr John Hunt last January to know where we should pay y^e^ worke we oed —; he told me I must not work when I pleased, when he thought convenient heed lett me know, Sent me word by Mr Metear about y^e^ 16^th^ of April to come pay ye work, but being about planting could not goe. Last week they gave the constable an Execution, but before it was served we paid the work. We have

sent 21 docks & 12 young fouls, there are so many wild cats and foxes we cannot keep any stock for want of good dogs. Please send some hand saw files — August 1744."

The latter part of this letter refers to an annoyance still complained of, wherever, as in most of the southern states, the road commissioners have authority to call out the whole able-bodied population to work the roads, quite regardless of agricultural crises.

"June comes for thread, for the negroes are in want of their Cloaths. Please send a Cooper's broad ax for Sogo. it must be turned for the left hand, Smith Dick knows how to doe it, and a Cross Iron. Mr Greene came for ye Indigo Seed, he said he will deliver ye bow-Sprit and the ring for the mast and £18 cash upon delivery of ye Seed. I have got 60 bushels of Indigo Seed Ready, hopes to have 20 bushels more but have not time to get it out, for I have Some Rice in the feild, Pompey has been very bad Twise with the Plurisy & I could not get the new barn finished being obleeged to take Sogo to make barrells. Oct^r 1745."

"Sogo" (probably, from the name, a native African) was the plantation cooper, Dick and Pompey blacksmith and carpenter, June the "patroon" or captain of the boat, — all these and other trades were carried on, on all well ordered places.

The next letter evidently refers to the Irish spinner and the weaver who had been sent from Antigua by Governor Lucas.

April, 1746.

I have inquired for wool but can find none in our parts, the woman has spun what wool She brought up, has nothing to doe.

Sogo made a loom for the man but he wants takle. Mr Gomans has got a quill wheel by him, the price three pound, he can make any thing that is wanting. If you please to Send two pound of Shoemakers' thread I will endevour to make harniss for him. Please let me know what provisions you will alow them

We have been in great confusion about the Indians, the negroes were in such dread of them I could not make them mind their work.

I can find no account of any particular Indian troubles in 1746, but the Yamassees and other tribes hung like a cloud on the outskirts of the southern settlements, and doubtless there were many alarms.

Janʏ. 1747

The boat came here ye 16th in ye morning brought two half hides, two Iron Ladles, one I have Returned it is too short, & no Socket for a Handel. They sett out next morning, carries 50 bls. Rice, two dear, I would have sent some Torkies but find ye man a Stranger to ye Southard parts. There are 100 bls Tarr at ye landing since Christmass

week in Expectation of Col. Blake's boat & 50 more ready to roll. . . . The kiln of 40 foot is finishd but cannot burn it for want of blls.

The hides were for the plantation shoe and harness market, the iron ladles for the indigo vats; the kiln must have been for burning oyster-shell lime, such as was made all along the coast, the shells being sometimes taken from old heaps, said to be the relics of Indian feasts. This must have been a strange boat, whose patroon, unknown to "the Suthard," could not be trusted with such tempting freight as "Torkies" at Christmas time.

Janʏ. 27th 1747

The boat brings 30 blls Rice 5 lb Benné 4 Gesse [geese]. Please send 18 broad hoes, a grindstone, 10 fathom rope, old rope for ocum, some Salt, 2 pair of grains for to Straike Sturgeon to make oil for the Indigo, etc., etc.

June 1747

This comes by the man that wove the negro Cloath, he wove 142 yards and James Watt wove 44 for him. If you have any wool please send it up before the cotton is ripe.

Thus we see that the weaving had made good progress, but it is wool and cotton, not flax and hemp, that are used. The "sensible negro women" learned the art very well, and

excellent cloth continued to be woven on the plantations in the low country (as it still is in some of the upper districts), until comparatively recent times.

Besides attending to all this business, Mrs. Pinckney had, at this busy period of her life, her new domestic cares, and the social duties which her husband's position demanded of her, to occupy her; and moreover she had undertaken at Belmont the cultivation of silk.

Silk had been one of the earliest things proposed for the new Colony. Wine and silk Charles II. had expected from the Huguenots, and why no wine seems ever to have been made, until within the last thirty or forty years, is strange. Of silk great things had been hoped. Sir Nathaniel Johnson had called his place "Silk Hope;" and "Mulberry," the name of the beautiful home of the Broughtons, indicates the same idea. Mulberry-trees had been planted, silkworm eggs imported, and a good deal of silk is said to have been produced.

The truth was that other industries paid better. It had fallen out of fashion and was neglected when Mrs. Pinckney took it up. She sent for eggs, paid great attention to the proper drying of the cocoons, and continued it for many years as an occupation for those of her people who could do no other work. The negro

children gathered the mulberry leaves and fed the worms; she and her maids wound or "reeled" the silk. She got so much of the raw silk at this time, that on going to England some years later she had three beautiful dresses woven of it.

One of these she presented to the Princess Dowager of Wales (mother of George III.), one to Lord Chesterfield who had befriended the Colony, and the third, a lustrous gold-colored brocade, owned by her granddaughter in the fourth degree, is still greatly admired when produced for exhibition.

Colonel Lucas did not give up his idea easily. "If the Flax & Hemp" (he writes again in December, 1746) "is found to answer very well, I will write to England to procure a Dutch family or two to be sent to Carolina for that manifacture — In the mean time I think Rice not to be neglected, as I imagine it will be dropped by many, w^{ch} must lessen the quantity and perhaps increase the Value, Especially if it should Please God to send us a Peace soon."

There were hopes of peace, for the English had had some signal successes, and all parties were known to be tired of the war. Governor Lucas writes: —

"Admiral Townsend mett off Martinique a Fleet of forty two Saile of Merchantmen under Con-

voy of a 74 & a 64 Gun Shipp. He took, burnt and destroyed thirty saile of the Merchantmen & run the two Men of Warr on Shoar, but they are since got off — & we hear they are Joyn.d by 6 more men of War from old France, but our Squadron is now so strong as to give us no apprehensions from them."

A month later he writes: —

"Admiral Townsend's Success did not prove so advantageous as Expected; he took 15 Saile, some of them Small Merchantmen, four or nve of them sold here but I could not find a Drinkable Caske of Claret among them. He was so farr from making further pursuit after the Ships bound to S.t Domingo (w.ch indeed was not in his power) that he lay Supinely at Barba.s a long time & wholy neglected our Trade & all other The King's Service.

"He left us here two days ago with all the Ships he brought with him, & if the Commadore remaining takes no more care to keep Cruisers out for the Protection of the Merchantmen great Losses must happen; a French Flagg of Truce a month ago, and an English one w.ch returned yesterday from Martinique, have between them bro.t near a hundred prisoners taken out of trading vessels."

Governor Lucas's letters at this time relate to war matters and to his hopes for the success of flax and hemp in Carolina. Peace did not come for two years more, and before it did

Governor Lucas was dead. The poor gentleman never realized his wish, often expressed, of "ending his days in Carolina when his time of service should have expired," for he died very suddenly in 1747, the very year in which the success of the indigo (in which he had had "so many disappointments,") was assured. It is to be hoped that he had heard that good news before he passed away!

Governor Lucas's death was a great shock to his daughter; "they kept it from me," she says, "and I discovered it by accident." The result was a severe illness, and the loss of her second child. There are a few lines of pathetic lament for father and babe, and then no more letters for several years; only a memorandum.

"Wrote to Mrs Allen concerning the Rebellion," — this, the only notice of "the '45," and the loss of the last hope of the House of Stuart.

VIII

VISIT TO ENGLAND

1752–1758

EVENTS now occurring in the Province had considerable influence upon Mrs. Pinckney's life. Throughout the Colonial history of South Carolina, there were frequent conflicts of authority; sometimes between the people and their governors, sometimes between the governors and the "boards" or "councils" in England, by whom they were controlled. Jobs are by no means a growth of this present age, and Colonel Pinckney now became the victim of one. The account of this transaction, given in the Life of General Thomas Pinckney, is substantially as follows:

Colonel Pinckney was at this time the most prominent lawyer in the Province, and greatly respected and beloved by his fellow-citizens. Chief Justice Graeme dying, Governor Glenn appointed Mr. Pinckney to succeed him. The appointment was generally approved, and no doubt was entertained of its confirmation by the King, George II. But in the meanwhile it

became necessary for the English Ministers to provide a place for one of their adherents, Peter Leigh, and they began to look around for a good position for him. Mr. Pinckney had, at this moment, held the office and performed the duties of Chief Justice of the Colony for about a year, but by some oversight his commission had not yet received the royal assent. The Ministers took advantage of the omission, superseded Mr. Pinckney, and conferred the position upon Leigh, setting aside the governor's nomination.

Much indignation was felt; well grounded, because Leigh, although a man of family and fashion, does not appear to have been Mr. Pinckney's equal in legal acquirement; and his character did not commend itself to honorable minds. It was an early instance of that "Ministerial Tyranny" (by no means to be charged upon his blameless Majesty) which was to work such woe in after years.

Mr. Pinckney's fellow-citizens now offered him the position of Commissioner of the Colony in London; the medium of communication between the royal governor and the House of Assembly of the Province, and the "boards" and "Lords of Trade and of Plantations" in London. The salary attached to this office was small, only two hundred pounds a year, but

it was esteemed a dignified position, almost a ministerial one, and Chief Justice Pinckney's fortune was sufficiently ample to enable him to accept it without inconvenience. I may observe here that, notwithstanding the absence of the royal assent, Mr. Pinckney is always spoken of as "Chief Justice Pinckney," in all subsequent publications.

He accepted the commission willingly, for he had long wished to revisit England. His elder brother, dying some years before, had left him a small landed estate near Durham, which required his attention, and, young as his sons were, he wished to place them at English schools.

There were by this time (1753) another son, "Tomm," and a little girl, Harriott, (named, the family tradition says, after "Miss Harriott Byron," the fashionable heroine of the day), and we have already seen how early these good people believed that education might begin. The Colonies were now in a flourishing condition, for the peace of Aix la Chapelle, concluded in 1748, had set commerce free, and Carolina, with no hindrance to her exports, and with her large production of rice and indigo, was growing rich rapidly.

It was a convenient moment for the departure; and yet there seems to have been some regret

in Mr. Pinckney's mind. Subsequent letters show that he felt himself injured by the actions of some of his countrymen. There are never wanting those who will at all times support the appointee of a government, especially when, as in this case, he has novelty and fashion to recommend him. There must have been some bitterness in his adieus to his native country, to which he was ardently attached, and to whose service he intended to devote his sons. There are some pretty little stories in the Family Legend so often quoted, of his walking about the small town holding his eldest seven-year-old boy by the hand, pointing out to him the first heavily loaded, white-topped wagon that came down from the up-country, and saying, "Before you are a man, Charles, twenty wagons may come." His son, to the end of his long life, seldom saw any mark of progress or improvement in the place, without saying, "How much pleasure it would have given my Father!" Everything that we read of this gentleman (the Chief Justice) is honest, cordial, and kind; and we cannot help a feeling of regret that his long anticipated visit to England should have been dimmed by this vexation at parting.

Of this disagreeable business there is not one word in Mrs. Pinckney's letters. Was it that

she had thoroughly laid to heart her father's advice not to interfere in affairs which were her husband's; or did she think that in a matter of vexation and dispute among men, a woman's silence is more than golden? We cannot tell her reasons, for not a syllable escapes her on the subject, but she was delighted at going "Home," as she might well feel England to be; having spent so much of her youth there.

Before leaving Carolina, however, the Pinckneys were to undergo a frightful experience. They had, in preparation for departure, let their house on the Bay to Governor Glenn, and were living in another not very far from it in Ellory Street. On the morning of the 11th of September, 1752, a terrible hurricane, thought to have been the most severe that has ever visited Charleston, broke upon the town. The weather had been threatening for several days, and the people were apprehensive. At nine o'clock that morning, when the tide should have been at the lowest, the water stood higher than at most spring tides. Then the wind arose, lashing the waves to fury, and the whole town became a raging sea. The wharves were broken up, the wall of the bastions destroyed, and the platform with the guns floated seaward. There was terrible damage to the

shipping, the Hornet sloop-of-war alone riding out the gale; many houses fell, and many lives were lost. In one case, out of a family of twelve only two were saved, and those two drifted in opposite directions from their home in Church Street, one being "taken in at the window of a house in Broad Street," the other floating entirely across the harbor into a tree on the opposite shore. This is from the account of an eye-witness, Mr. Lamboll, published by Dr. Ramsay.

The Pinckneys' house, a wooden one, was thought to be in great danger, — the water being four feet deep in the rooms; and Mr. Pinckney determined to remove his family by boat. They were put into a yawl from one of the ships, and the short but perilous voyage was safely accomplished. They went to the house of a friend on the ridge that runs across the town nearly a mile from the point.

The house on the Bay bore the mark of this hurricane as long as it stood; for a pilot boat, borne on the waves, battered down the handsome flight of stone steps leading to the first floor, and made with her bowsprit a small breach in the southeast corner of the house. The damages were of course repaired, but Mr. Pinckney made the workmen omit three or four bricks from the outer layer to show the

spot where the blow had been received, and they were never replaced. The scar, if it may be so called, was just below the second story window, at least five and twenty feet from the ground, — a height probably accounted for not only by the depth of water and height of waves, but by the upward toss of the vessel and its slanting bowsprit.

This danger so impressed Mrs. Pinckney that she makes especial mention of it in one of those papers of private devotion already referred to. She writes: —

"Besides those apointed by the Church the following days are sett apart to be remembered with the utmost Gratitude and Thankfulness to Almighty God, by me, for great and particular mercies received, and to be spent in devotion and meditation on the Goodness of God to me and mine."

The days so commemorated are her wedding-day and the birthdays of her husband and children; the day on which one of the latter was "restored to life and health when he was in appearance dead or dying," etc.; also

"The 11th Sept^{r}, new stile, the day of the great Hurricane in 1752 when our whole family was mercifully preserved from the great danger we were then in."

In the March following they sailed for England, and arrived after a "short" passage of thirty days.

"'T is good to be in England now that April 's there,"

sings the poet rejoicing in the spring time; and we can fancy Mrs. Pinckney echoing the sentiment.

In those days of small ships and cramped cabins a long voyage must have been a dismal thing, and the Atlantic has its horrors even when no hurricane is blowing. Mrs. Pinckney was but a poor sailor, and in her first letter she says to her friend Mrs. Woodward: "We arrived in twenty five days after we left Charles Town Barr. Never poor wretch suffered more, that escaped with life than I did, notwithstanding we had so fine a passage."

They did not land at Portsmouth, however, but went round to the Thames, for on the very threshold of England that dread disease, the small-pox, met them. "Portsmouth, Gosport, and Southampton" were full of it, therefore they went immediately to London, and without loss of time hired a house at Richmond "for the innoculation."

How dreaded the small-pox was then, one must read the old memoirs to understand. They are full of the loathsome details; as when,

twenty years after this, Louis XV.'s courtiers fled from the horrid corpse to which they did not dare to do their duty! The remedy, inoculation, was still comparatively a new thing, for scarcely thirty years had passed, since pretty, witty Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, had dared the danger for her own son, and brought the secret from Turkey. It was opposed by the doctors as an added danger, and by the clergy as an interference with the will of Providence, as chloroform was opposed within the memory of persons now living.

It was not an unmixed blessing, for the patients were sometimes very sick, and some few died, — still, when successful it gave complete immunity, and saved innumerable lives.

When it became common in Carolina, the custom was for a party of young people, perhaps five or six girls together, to receive the virus at the same time, be shut up with the mothers of one or two of the party and attendant nurses, and go through all the stages in company; thus confining the risk of contagion to one house, and alleviating the tediousness of the necessary isolation. Often the sickness was only severe enough to keep them in bed for two or three days; the rest of the time (about six or eight weeks) they drank tea, gossiped, lounged about in "dishabille," and

kept each other merry; emerging sometimes with a scar or two, but safe, as they thought, for life. Somewhere in one of Miss Mitford's sketches there is an account of much the same thing in England. In 1753 it was still somewhat dreaded, and Mrs. Pinckney was very happy when she could announce a happy termination to her anxiety.

"*Mem.* Wrote to Lady Nesbit [her old schoolfriend, Miss Parry] from Richmond, as her Ladyship was so obliging as to make me promise I would do, to acquaint her how our children got through the Innoculation."

Also to her sister: —

D^r^ Polly, — I must write if but two lines, in hopes they will produce two more from you — w^ch^ I do asure you will be as acceptable and almost as great a rarity as a cake of ice w^d^ be from your regions of perpetual summer.

And to her mother and brothers also in Antigua, all by Colonel Talbott, "who was so considerate as to give me a months' notice of his sailing."

When this important business was over, Mrs. Pinckney desired, as a loyal subject, perhaps still more as an American woman, to see what there was of Royalty. At that time Caroline of Anspach, the Queen of George II. (or more

vividly, the Queen of Jeannie Deans), had been dead for some years. Her son, Frederick, Prince of Wales, had also died in 1751, and old George held a disreputable court, with many disreputable women. The widowed Princess of Wales lived privately with her large young family at Kew, and although, through the jealousy of the King, allowed but little state, represented all that there then was of decency in the Royalty of England. To her, therefore, Mrs. Pinckney desired to "pay her duty," and the following letter gives a curious and minute account of the visit. This letter is not in the "letter book," but on a few pages evidently torn from the lost one. There is no address, and one or two pieces are torn off. Thus it begins abruptly: —

We had the Honour not long since to carry our little girl, to present the Princess Augusta with some birds from Carolina. It was attended with great difficulty as the attendance about the Princess are extreamly cautious who they admit to her presence. We mentioned our desire to see the Royal family and to have our little girl present the birds . . . to a gentleman here [Richmond] who we know to be well acquainted with some about the Princess, he very readily undertook it, and next day went to Kew where the Princess of Wales and all her family reside during the Summer

Season; they gave the Princess a Prodigious Character, and said they would mention it to her Royal Highness; but let him know at the same time how great a favour they did him, by saying it was a thing very rarely permitted, especially to those they were not acquainted with, least they sh.d have anything to ask afterwards which might be troublesome to the Princess; but they depended upon him, that he would not introduce any persons but such as were proper to be presented to her Royal Highness.

The Gent.mn said his own Character was so much concernd in the case, that he should not presume to mention any but such as he knew to be persons of Character and Distinction in the Country from whence they came, as this Gent.mn was; that he was one of his Majesty's Council of So. Carolina, had nothing to ask, but was desirous to show the affection he had to his Majesty, and all his Royal House, and his inclination to see the Family; that his Majesty had himself taken partic.r notice of him, and honoured him with a Conference since his arrival; upon w.ch (this last especially) they said they would let the Princess know.

They returnd and said the Princess would see us, and we were desired to go at Eleven o'clock any day the next week, w.ch in a few days we did; we exceeded our time a little and we found the Princess gone a airing with the Princess Augusta, and it was uncertain when she would return. We carried the birds in the Coach with us, and wrote a card to

give the child in her hand, in case we should not go in with her. The card was this.

"Miss Harriott Pinckney, daughter of Charles Pinckney Esq$^{r.}$, one of His Majesty's Council of South Carolina, pays her duty to her Highness and humbly begs leave to present her with an Indigo bird, a Nonpareil, and a yellow bird, w^{ch} she has brought from Carolina for her Highness."

One of the attendance upon the Princess Augusta came to the coach, and said she was very sorry it happened so, but if we would come the next day a little earlier we should see the Princess, or if we did not chuse do that, or would rather leave the birds, the Princess would be sure to hear of us, and to have them; w^{ch} last we did, and left the Card alsoe, and returned home, lamenting as we went the uneasy situation of those who had favours to ask or are dependance on a Court!

At night we had a message, that the Princess Augusta would be glad to see Miss Pinckney at one o'clock the next day; [Miss Pinckney cannot have been more than seven years old]. We accordingly went in full dress, and were desired to sit in a parlour where we were rec$^{d.}$ by an old lady, a foreigner, till the Princess should know we were there. This Lady told us the Princess was very sorry she was out yesterday when we [illegible] the Princess was not quite dressed.

After we had sett some minuets a Gen^{tn} came in and desired we would follow him, we went through 3 or 4 grand rooms of the Princess of Wales

appartment till we arrived at her dressing room, where we were received in a manner that surprized us, for tho' we had heard how good a woman the Princess of Wales was, and how very affable and easy, her behaviour exceeded every thing I had heard or could imagine.

She came forward and received us at the door herself, with Princess Augusta, Princess Elizabeth, Prince William, and Prince Henry. She mett us with all the chearfulness and pleasure of a friend who was extreamly glad to see us; she gave us no time to consider how to introduce ourselves or to be at a loss what to say, for she with an air of benignity told us as soon as we entered she was very glad to see us, took Harriott by the hand and kissed her, asked her how she liked England, to w^{ch} she answered, not so well as Carolina, at w^{ch} the Princess laughd a good deal, and said it was very natural for such a little woman as she to love her own Country best. She thanked her for the birds, and said she was afraid one of them might be a favourite of hers; spoke very kindly sometimes to Mr Pinckney, sometimes to me, and then to the Child.

Mr Pinckney told her she had made us very happy in the honour she was pleased to bestow upon us, etc.

She introduced the Princes and Princesses that were with her to us, and told us we should see the rest presently; inquired how long we had been from Carolina, whether I was not frightened

with the voyage, how the Children bore it, how many we had, what their ages, sons or daughters, whether Carolina was a good country whether we had a good Governor, to w^{ch} we replied in the affirmative.

She said she was sure the King was allways pleased when his provinces had good governors; enquired the Governor's name, and said she had forgot it. She talked to us standing about half an hour, for w^{ch} I was in great pain. Mr Pinckney then told her he fear^{d} we intruded upon her Highness and was going to withdraw, she told us not at all, we should not go yet. She believed we would be glad to see the Prince of Wales, and she would send for him and Prince Edward; these two live in a house just opposite to the Princess; she then sett down in her chair. By this time my poor little girl who had been a good deal flurried and overjoyd at the thought of seeing the Princesses, began to cry tho' she smotherd it as well as she could. The Princess said she feard she was uneasy, calld her several times her little angel, stoopd upon her knee to her, and desired she would tell her what was the matter. I told the Princess she had raisd her spirrits to such a height, that she was not able to soport it any longer. The Princess then took her on her lap, and called again for the three youngest Princesses, as they came in she told them this was Miss Pinckney from Carolina was come to see them, and to go and kiss her. The little creature Princess Caroline is a most

charming little babe, speaks very plain, run to her, kissd her, and said to the Princess, Mamma this is my girl. I then asked her Royal Highness if she would permit me to kiss the little one, she reply^{d}, pray do, and ordered Prince Frederick but three years old, to come and ask me if he was not a good pretty little foot boy?

I should observe that as soon as we were introduced the attendance all withdrew, and the Princess shut the door, and when the Princess ordered the little ones in there was none of the attendance, nor when she sent for the Prince of Wales, but the Princess Augusta went out of the room herself on these Messages to some one without, w^{ch} was 4 times while we stayd. There was in the room a great deal of China upon two Cabinets; the Princess got up herself and reachd one of the figures to please Harriott, and another time desired the Princess Augusta to get one w^{ch} was out of her reach, so she got a chair and stood on it to reach it. She then calld for a little chair for one of the little ones, who I fancy was not well, for 'tis not usual for any one to sit in her presence, w^{ch} Princess Augusta brought herself.

This, you'll imagine must seem pretty extraordinary to an American.

The three youngest sett themselves down upon the carpet at her feet. I told her Highness, (for by this time I could converse with as much ease with her as with almost any of my acquaintance, such was her condescension and her affable en-

gaging manner,) I said Princess Caroline (the youngest of all) was very humble. She sayd she was a pretty good girl; then addressd her. Have you ever been in the Corner my Queen? No Ma'am, says the pretty creature, never in the corner. I 'm afraid you have, says the Princess, upon w^{ch} Prince Frederick says, No Ma'am she was never in the corner, but that Sister has; pointing to Harriott who he had seen crying; her Mamma puts her in the Corner sometimes. The Princess held up her finger at him, and told him 't was he should be put in the Corner. Then I 'll go to Carolina, says he. Well then, good by to you; replyd the Princess.

She then bid H. sit down before her in the chair Princess Emelia had just rose from. I told her I could not suffer her to sit in her presence. Puh-Puh, says the Princess, she knows nothing of all that; and sat her down and told her she had no pretty things here for her, but when she went to London she would get something that was pretty and send to her. By this time the little ones were called to dinner, I observed that tho they were quite easy in their behaviour and seemed to be under no restraint, yet young as they were they never spoke but one at a time, nor ever interrupted each other w^{ch} children . . . usually do When the 4 youngest were gone the Princess resumed her inquiries after Carolina.

Prince William had for sometime before taken Mr Pinckney at a little distance from his Mama,

and asked him sevral questions concerning Carolina, the slaves, etc.; how many sons he had and what he designed to bring them up to. He told him, the eldest he designed for the barr, w^{ch} he seemed to have capacity and inclination for, the other was too young to determine anything with relation to him, as he should consult his Genius. But, says he, have you not designd something in particular for him. Yes Sir, I believe the other gown, if 't is his inclination. And what, says he very quick, and none for the Sea? Mr. P. told him he hoped to have another for the Sea. The Princess had before introduced Harriott to him in this manner. William, this is Miss P. from S. Carolina, you are a sailour you know, may be you may go there yet if there should be another warr, w^{ch} I hope there will not for we have had enough of That. So I imagine he is designd for L^{d} High Admiral of England, if there ever should be another.

He asked what school Charles was at, and wondered Mr P. did not put him to Westminster, he told him he designd it, but at the present time he thought him too young. He said there was a . . . for little boys.

She asked me many little domestick questions as did Princess Augusta among w^{ch} if I suckled my children. I told her I had attempted it but my constitution would not bear it. She said she did not know but 'twas as well let alone, as the anxiety a mother was often in on a child's acc^{t} might do

hurt. I told her we had Nurses in our houses, that it appear[d] very strange to me to hear of people putting their children out to nurse, we had no such practises in Carolina, at which she seemed vastly pleased; she thought it was a very good thing, the other was unnatural. Princess Augusta was surprized at the suckling blacks; the Princess stroakd Harriott's cheek, said it made no alteration in the complexion and paid her the compliment of being very fair and pretty.

She then resumed her inquiries after Carolina, as to the Government and Constitution and whether the Laws were made by the Governors and Council, the particulars of w[ch] Mr. Pinckney informd — whether we had Earthquakes, askd us concerning the Hurricane, . . . concerning the Indians their colour, manners etc, how many of them we had in our Interest, of our houses, of what they were built, our wines and from whence we had them, our manner of eating and dressing turtle, one of w[ch] she was to have for dinner next day she told me, of the french settled among us, of the french corrupting our Indians, of our manifactures and concerning silk; how long the Province had been settled, how far it extended back, and many other questions, to all w[ch] we answered her Royal Highness in the clearest manner we could; and when the Prince would engage Mr P. at a little distance, and she wanted to ask him a question she would call in a familiar obliging manner, Mr Pinckney is such a thing so and so ?

[A piece is lost here] who live in a house opposite to her, so that we saw all nine children together, and the Princess in the midst, and a most lovely family it is.

After we had been there two hours, we kissed her Royal Higness's hand and withdrew, and she ordered Prince Edward to see us to the door.

I hope you will pardon my thus intruding on y^r^ time. I know there are many Chit-chat, Negligent things w^ch^ have a tolerable air in conversation, that make but a poor appearance when one comes to write them down and subscribe to them in a formal manner. But when I begin to write to my friends in Carolina I don't know how to conclude and this desire of conversing with them may make me a very troublesome corrispondant, tho' I hope it will at the same time show, how much I am dear madam,

Yr affectionate and ob^dt^ sv^t^

E. Pinckney.

I have given this very long letter in full, not remembering ever to have seen such an account of a semi-royal audience before. It is a pretty and pleasant picture of the widowed Princess and her little ones, with no shadow of Lord Bute upon the canvas. The lost piece must, from the context, have told the arrival of the Prince of Wales, as he and Prince Edward were the two "who lived opposite;" it is a

pity that we have not an account of the future George III.

Princess Augusta, the eldest daughter, married a duke of Brunswick, and was the mother of that duke, immortalized by Byron's Waterloo, — who "rushed into the field and, foremost fighting, fell."

In spite of all the graciousness and the loyal enthusiasm, however, it is remarkable that this is the first time that Mrs. Pinckney has ever alluded to herself and her family as "Americans."

Another long letter, written apparently, from the contents, (for there are no dates), about a year later, is to Mrs. Manigault, the wife of that distinguished patriot Gabriel Manigault, who in the Revolution placed his whole hard-earned fortune at the service of his State; and having lost his son, offered himself and his grandson — seventy-five and fifteen — for duty in the trenches at the siege of Charles Town.

To this lady Mrs. Pinckney writes the warmest commendations and congratulations upon that very deserving young gentleman her son, "whose polite and obliging behaviour we have experienced," and who, having finished his education, is now to "make glad his Mamma's heart" by returning to her. "I dare assert, not only from mine but from better Judgements,

he will make her amends for all her cares and answer all her hopes." The prediction was realized, the young man's early death having been lamented as a loss to the country in whose service he was engaged.

All young gentlemen from Carolina were not so excellent. She goes on pathetically about the son of one "venerable friend" whose deserts seem to have been just what he got, "a sponging house." It reads like an old-fashioned novel. The youth has run away from "his master, an eminent attorney," hired a country house and is enjoying himself extremely, "giving up all thoughts of the Law of wh^ch he seems to have a contemptable oppinion," when bailiffs descend and carry him off to prison.

Mr. Pinckney, filled with sympathy for the "venerable parent" at home, goes to the rescue and tries to induce the youth's master and English relations to help bail him out. None, however, "although professing great esteem for his Father," will do so. "People here take great care of their money," Mrs. Pinckney indignantly exclaims, and when Mr. Pinckney and Mr. Corbett (another American living in London) go to arrange matters, they find so many "taylours and other creditors in possession," that it is all they can do to prevent his being

taken to Newgate. "A fine school for the reformation of youth!" the Colonial lady exclaims, in horror at the heartlessness of the Londoners, "to be a companion to the wickedest and vilest of wretches, in a loathsome and infectious jail! Surely these people want feeling hearts, but how can fathers want bowels?" This was before the time of Howard and Mrs. Fry, when the debtors' prisons were a disgrace to humanity.

"If you hear nothing of this from other hands, I know you will be so good as to make it a secret," she continues, showing great confidence in her correspondent's discretion. She goes on more happily:—

"I am very glad that you have had so healthy a summer, as I share largely in every felicity that attends Carolina. I thank God we have all been perfectly well, and y^e^ winter is much more moderate that we expected.

"We have been chiefly at Richmond, since in England, where we vizet 10 or a dozen agreeable familys; the most disagreeable thing to me here is the perpetual card playing, it seems with many people here to be the business of life. We have traveld about seven hundred mile by land this summer, 't is a very pleasant but expensive way of spending time. We spent the last season at Bath, where we were so lucky as to meet with sev^n^ of

our acquaintances, we thought ourselves particularly so in meeting with Mr and Mrs Baker & Mr & Mrs. Wragg's Brother and Sister there [friends from Carolina] Was I to live at a distance from London I don't know any place so agreable as Bath. They have an exceeding good Markett every day, in ye greatest perfection and cheaper than any part of England that I have been in. We spent some time most agreably in Wiltshire, with one of Major Luttrell's relations, a very Antient and Rich family. They treated us with great friendship and politeness and show'd us everything y^{t} was curious and Elegant in that county of w^{ch} there is not a few.

"We go to London next week for good, we have been at a great loss for a house there, and, would you think it, have not been able to gett a tolerable unfurnishd house from Temple Barr to Charing Cross, so that we have been obliged to take a furnishd one; 't is however a very hansome one and gentilely furnishd, in a very good street, and in ye centre of everything. [In another letter she says "the house is ye last but one on ye left hand in Craven S^{t}."] With these conveniences, and with an extensive good acquaintance, I hope Mr P. will be quite reconciled to England, for ye time he proposes to stay here. At present he is not quite satisfied with it, and has many yearnings after his native land, tho' I believe never strangers had more reason to like a place, everything considered, than we have, but still I can't help applying a

verse in ye old song to him sometimes, 'Thus wretched Exiles as they roam, find favour everywhere but languish for their native home' etc. I have been particularly happy in renewing an old friendship with my Lady Carew; a friendship begun at a very early period of life, and now renewed with great affection and condescention on her part, (for she is greatly my superiour in every thing) and with great sincerity on mine — "

"*Mem.* not time to coppy fully!"

This after four pages of closely written foolscap!

Of the travels mentioned above there is the following memorandum: —

"*Mem.* Wrote to my Lady Carew upon our coming from Bath to put her in mind of her promise to pay us a vizet at our return. Beg she would bring Miss C. and Miss S. with her, and Sir Nicholass, tell her we have two spair beds, it will not putt us to ye least inconveniency. Told her of our vizet to Studley, Mr Hungerford's, our friendly and polite treatment there; our Peregrination from thence to see whatever was curious in Wiltshire; Stonehenge, old Sarum, Salsbury Cathedral, Lord Pembroke's at Wilton, & Lord Folkstone's at Longford, etc etc; returned again to Mr. Duke's near Lake, then to Studley again, then to Bath again, and then to Bristol."

This friendship with Lady Carew was very true and tender; it probably had much to do

with their choice of a permanent home, for they did not remain long in London. Mr. Pinckney sold his property in Durham, and bought a place near Ripley, in Surrey, intending to reside there until his sons should have finished their education. Mrs. Pinckney had enjoyed many things in London. The Family Legend says, "She always spoke with pleasure of the gayeties in w^{ch} she had participated during her second visit to England, of the celebrated actors & actresses whom she had seen, and that she had never missed a single play when Garrick was to act;" but the place in Surrey, the garden county of England, was a home after her own heart.

It was not more than twenty miles from London, so that Mr. Pinckney could attend to his duties there without difficulty, and although Lady Carew's beautiful house of Beddington was twelve miles off, it was still within reach, and there were near at hand several agreeable families. Admiral Broderick was an old friend; Colonel and Mrs. Onslow, Mr. and Mrs. Chatfield, and others were kind and friendly. Lord King's place of Ockham Court was also near, and with the family there, especially with Mrs. King, the wife of the fourth brother, who ultimately succeeded to the title, she became very intimate. On her return to America her cor-

respondence with these friends was continued for years. Mrs. King, it may be observed, was the great grandmother of that Lord King who married Lord Byron's daughter Ada, and became Earl of Lovelace.

The notes from Ripley show the usual routine of English country life; dining, visiting, etc., with sometimes a notice of a trip to Bath, or a proposed journey "into the North." Little Charles Cotesworth was at school, the two other children at home: their mother writes: —

To my Lady Carew at Beddington.

My Dear Ma[dam], — Be so good as to give me one line to let me know how you got home, you can't conceive the anxiety we have been under on y[r] going 12 mile (tho in a coach and six) on so dismal a night, it rained excessive hard and the wind blew a' perfect storm soon after you left us. A hundred whimsical, (I hope I may call them so,) apprehensions came into my head I try'd what the new books, Boadicea, and Sir Charles Grandison, just received, could do to putt you for ye night out, and bring my mind to a settled frame, nor could I gett to sleep till past one when I hoped you might be well at home." . . .

And again: —

"This [an illness of her youngest son] has prevented our indulging ourselves with ye long

intended gratification of our wishes to spend a few days with you at Beddington. . . . I most sincerely hope y^{r} afflictions will now have an end, and y^{e} Father of Mercies will restore your Daughter beyond y^{r} most sanguine expectations."

Poor Lady Carew was a sadly afflicted woman; all her children died before her, this last daughter three or four years later, and her own health was extremely precarious. Mrs. Pinckney concludes: —

"I now see you so seldom that this is almost the only way I have of conversing with you, and therefore should be glad I could make my letters consist of more than mere 'How doos,' but except y^{e} action done by ye New England forces under Gen^{l} Johnson —

"*Mem.* not time to coppy fully but wrote upon the Earthquake at Lisbon."

This reference fixes the date of this note as 1755, by which time one would suppose there was plenty of news for any one connected with America. The following strikes the note of alarm:

"Instead of this we intended to have done ourselves the pleasure of Breakfasting with your Ladyship this week at Beddington, but Mr Pinckney's time has been wholly ingaged in preparing papers,

and attending on y^e^ Lords Commissioners for Trade and Plantations, on ye late alarming accounts of the strides the French are making on ye backs of our English Collonys in North America, and w^ch^ may too soon very materially affect that province to w^ch^ we are so nearly related."

This note must have been written in 1755 or 1756, and by that time the "backs of y^e^ collonys" were indeed in an alarming condition. Braddock was defeated near Fort Duquesne in '55, and the French were exciting the Indians along the borders from Canada to Virginia. As yet, however, Carolina was comparatively tranquil, and it is a curious instance of the slight connection hitherto felt between the different colonies, that such an event should be entirely unmentioned in these letters. That same year, however, the common danger drew them together, and the governors of the different provinces met for the first time, to concert measures for common protection against the French and their Indian allies, — thus foreshadowing the brotherhood of banded colonies that was to defy the British empire.

In Europe itself an unusual tranquillity prevailed. The Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, hollow though it was, had hushed the guns in the western waters, and relieved the long sufferings of the maritime countries. In the French

and English possessions in the East Indies, however, and along the American frontiers, hostilities had never ceased, and Benjamin Franklin had already declared that the English colonies would never know rest, while the French were masters of Canada.

Aggressions on both sides now broke the peace, and war was formally proclaimed. The southern colonists heard the news with dismay, — to them peace and plenty were synonymous, and Carolina at least had not yet felt the provocations. To her, interference with commerce meant ruin, and years were again to pass before a letter could go from the new to the old world except in an armed vessel or a merchantman under convoy.

Mr. Pinckney's official position made the situation especially clear to him, as shown by entries in his books; and his wife wrote to her friend, apologizing for failing to meet her at Bath as they had promised to do.

"When the frequent opportunities I should have of conversing with my much valued friend Lady Carew was the principal pleasure I promised myself in being there.

"I delay[d] writing to you then till we had fixt the time for seting out, but before that was determind the bad acc[ts] we had from abroad and the many repeated ones afterwards turnd the tide of

pleasure we had in prospect to gloomy anxiety, and made me neglect all Epistolary intercourse with my friends, for upon our continual alarms from abroad, Mr. Pinckney came to a resolution to return to Carolina for two years, and wait an opportunity to dispose of the greatest part of what he has there, and fix it in a more secure tho' less improvable part of the world; and as I can by no means think of staying behind him, you can judge my dear Ma^{dm} what I have sufferd, and do still suffer in the expectation of parting with all my dear children for two or three years and considering the uncertainty of life perhaps for ever! These my dear friend are too interesting considerations not to be sensibly felt by us. A long sea voyage, besides the danger of being taken and what hardships we may suffer in an enemy's country at this time are apprehensions that also excite pain, but of a less affecting nature than leaving the dear creatures for whose advantage we are content to undergo all inconveniencies.

"How uncertain are human dependancies! four years ago we left a fine and flourishing Collony in profound peace; a Collony so valuable to this nation that it would have been lookd upon as absurd to have the least doubt of its being protected and taken care of in case of a Warr, tho' a Warr then seemed a very distant contingency, and indeed I lookd upon an Estate there as secure as in England, and upon some acc^{ts} more Valuable, especially to those who have a young family; but

how much reason we have had to change our sentiments since the beginning of this Warr, is too plain to every one ever so little acquainted with American Affairs.

"We first had thoughts of carrying our little girl with us, but considering the danger to wh^{ch} she must be exposed, have thought better of it, and shall leave her as well as her brothers.

"We think of letting our House at Ripley with the furniture standing till our return, and shall be in London before we Embark, as we intend to wait for a man of Warr if there should be any prospect of one in the summer or fall of the year, going that way. . . .

"Poor dear Miss Carew! I am very sorry her journey to Bath has been of so little effect, we have had dreadful weather for her complaints. I long much to see her, and we shall certainly wait on y^{r} Ladyship and Sir Nicholass before we leave England. . . .

"Adieu my dear Mad^{m} and be assurd what ever part of the world Providence allots me I shall ever retain the most affectionate regard for you. Your own merrit and the constancy of my disposition will make you ever dear to me, and I shall rejoyce and share in every felicity that attends you, be the distance between us ever so great. . . . Once more adieu and believe me etc.

"Ripley Feb^{ry} 7th 1757."

This sad farewell is the last English letter that we have; but they did not return to

America for another year, sailing in March 1758 and taking the little girl with them. Both the boys were left at school, — their mother little dreaming, poor lady! that she was not to see either again until they were men grown.

IX

DEATH OF CHIEF JUSTICE PINCKNEY

1758–1759

The Pinckneys had been absent from Carolina for five years, and on arriving Mr. Pinckney found his property in great need of attention, for his brother, whom he had left in charge, had been smitten with paralysis. The Chief Justice went into the country to visit his different plantations, was seized with fever, and died after an illness of three weeks, on the 13th of July, 1758.

We know but little of the circumstances, for it is to the credit of Mrs. Pinckney's taste and sense, that she spares her correspondents the details of illness and death, which mourners too frequently pour from their overflowing hearts into indifferent ears. They had not, upon arriving, returned to their own house, for that had been let upon a long lease to Governor Glen, and it continued to be occupied by successive governors until their son, Charles Cotesworth, attained his majority. They were

occupying the house in Ellory Street when Mr. Pinckney's illness began, but he died at Mt. Pleasant, a seashore village across the harbor, to which he had been removed for change of air. He was buried in the yard of St. Philip's Church, of which he had long been a faithful member.

It is to be regretted that the "Gazettes" for this particular year are missing from the valuable collection in the Charleston Library, so that we have no public mention of Chief Justice Pinckney's death. His granddaughter, Miss Maria Pinckney, in the often quoted Family Legend, says that his son had "the most exalted opinion of his father, not from recollection, as he [C. C. P.] was only twelve years old when he last saw him, but from the reflections and notes in his own handwriting, that he found dispersed through his books. These books are no longer in existence. At the commencement of the war between England and the colonies the greater part of the library, papers of consequence, and everything that was valuable in the family, were sent to Ashepoo, to a place belonging to General Thomas Pinckney, supposing it to be sufficiently remote to be out of danger; but the house was at length burned, with everything in it, except what had been plundered and carried off."

This was in Provost's baffled attack on Charles Town in 1779.

We have, consequently, only tradition, and the letters of his wife, from which to form an impression of Mr. Pinckney's character. For the terrible blow of his death Mrs. Pinckney was quite unprepared; the mistaken tenderness of her friends, and her own hopeful disposition had, she says, blinded her to the danger, and made the shock the greater.

She was sadly isolated as far as kindred went, for except her little daughter she had no relation of her own nearer than Antigua, Mr. Pinckney's only brother was helpless from paralysis, and the latter's son a young man just grown up. This youth had, before Mr. Pinckney's second marriage, been considered his uncle's heir. The birth of the little Charles Cotesworth had, of course, put an end to this arrangement, but not, the Family Legend says, to the bond between them. "It did not diminish his affection for his uncle, or his love for his young cousin. . . . Nor did his Uncle remit his care and attention to him, he continued to live with him, he educated him for the Law, sent him to England five years for the completion of his education. . . . He was the father of Charles Pinckney, one of the Framers of the Constitution."

Whenever in the following letters "My Nephew" or "Your Cousin" is spoken of, this young man is meant, although he had brothers and sisters. He assisted his aunt in the management of her affairs. She had also the kindest of friends, as her letters show, but she was naturally overwhelmed with grief, and it was not until August that she found strength to write to her children.

To my dear Children, Charles & Thomas Pinckney.

How shall I write to you, what shall I say to you my dear, my ever dear children? but if possible more so now than ever, for I have a tale to tell you that will pierce your tender infant hearts; you have mett my children with the greatest loss you could meet with upon earth your Dear Father the best and most valuable of Parents is no more. . . . Endeavour to submit to the will of God in the best manner that you can, and let it be a comfort to you my dear Babes that you had such a Father! He has set you a great and good example, may the Lord enable you both to follow it, and may God Almighty fulfill all your pius father's prayers upon both your heads; they were almost incessant for blessings both spiritual and temporal upon you both . . . His affection for you was as great as ever was upon Earth, and you were good Children and deserved it; he thought you so, he blessd and thankd God for you and had

most comfortable hopes of you — . . . His sick bed and dying moments were the natural conclusion of such a life as his was, for that God whom he had served enabled him to put the firmest trust and confidence in him; his patience was great and uncommon & he had the most perfect resignation to the Will of God that ever Man had. He mett the King of Terrors without the least terror or affright and without agony and went like a Lamb into eternity, where I have not the least doubt he will reap immortal Joy for Ever and Ever. . . . Adieu my dear children. God Almighty bless guide and protect you, make you his own children, and worthy such a father as yours was, and comfort you in this great affliction, is the fervent and constant prayer of

Your ever affectionate tho greatly afflicted mother,

E. PINCKNEY

who feels most exquisitely for what you must suffer upon the receit of this letter, God Almighty soport y^r. tender spirrits.

AMEN AMEN.

August, 1758.

This cry of anguish the bereaved woman encloses to Mr. Gerrard, the gentleman at whose school her sons were, with the most anxious prayers for tender treatment of the poor little fellows, that he will "brake it to

them," especially to poor little Tommy who, "early one morning as he lay abed, and I alone with him, without any discourse leading to it, told me he had a favour to beg of me; w^{ch} was, if we went to Carolina and his dear papa should dye there that he might never know it, and he would ask his papa the same favour if I dyed there."

She writes in the same strain to Mrs. Evance, the friend who is to be to her sons the same motherly guardian that Mrs. Boddicott (now dead) had been to her brothers and herself; and to their business manager in England, George Morley, Esq., telling the same tale of grief, but making scrupulously careful arrangements for meeting all expenses, etc.

To Mr. Gerrard.

I have beg^{d}. the favour of my friend Mrs. Evance to pay the children's bills punctually; but my debt of gratitude will always be due. My return to them is at present uncertain, but my heart is with them and as soon as I can consistent with their interest, they may be sure I shall with the Divine Permission see them. I have sent a large bar^{l}. of rice, w^{ch} their dear Father had orderd should be the best, and to be sent to you. The children love it boild dry to eat with their meat instead of bread, they should have had some patatoes of this country, but they are not yet come in.

To Mr. Morley.

[After repeating the account of her husband's illness and death] —

I know I need not beg of you good sir, to be kind to my dear fatherless children, and to supply Mrs. Evance with what she needs for them, w^{ch} shall be repay^{d} with speed and gratitude. I am not able to write to you now upon business, but my Nephew will do it by this convoy, and send you bills of Exchange (to what amount I can't yet tell,) but I shall remitt you for the future all the mony I can as fast as I receive it, and when y^{r} debt is payd and the children's expences defrayd pray be so good as to put what remains in the funds. . . .

Since the foregoing I have seen my Nephew and he tells me he has the promise of Bills of Ex^{chge} for 2 hundred pound sterling, w^{ch} he will send by these ships, and the Gov^{r} has promised he will write to his agent to pay you two hundred pound sterling, provided you have not received one hundred pound since we left England ; so I hope you will upon the arrival of these ships receive £400.

My dear Mr. Pinckney had provided some Turtle etc., for his friends in England w^{ch} are now sent, I think by Ball & Cheeseman, but as I am in the country and am not yett certain, I must beg the favour of you Sir to give the person that takes care of them, a crown for every Turtle you receive alive, and whatever you think reasonable for each bird

and Summer Duck, and send them free of expence to the persons they are designd for.

There are four large & one smaller Turtle, If they all, or any number of them come safe, the largest to be sent to Mrs King in Dover St. or at Ockham Court Surrey, and all the Summer Ducks and Drakes and 2 or 3 Nonpareils; but if only one Turtle come safe that to be sent to Mrs King, if more, one to Mr Edwards in Bedford Row, one to Sir Nicholas Carew at Beddington, and one to Mrs Peter Milman in New Broad St. buildings, and if all the large ones got safe the small one for Mr Chatfield, but the 4 first named must be first served, and I beg Mr Morley's acceptance of all the rest of the birds, how many I can't say, there was a great many when I left town.

All the persons here mentioned are their neighbors in Surrey. The scrupulous carrying out of her husband's wishes, and the attention to these details in the midst of her grief, are most characteristic of the woman. One wonders if the wild ducks reached England alive!

Not until October could she get an opportunity of writing to Antigua, and then, careful of her mother's health and nerves, she enclosed the letter to her in one to her sister, and sent both under cover to their friend Colonel Talbot; begging him to prepare them for the sad intelligence.

To Mrs Lucas — Antigua.

With a bleeding heart dear Madam I inform you that since you heard from me the greatest of Human Evils has befallen me. Oh! My Dear Mother my dear, dear Mr Pinckney the best of men and husbands is no more! Oh, dreadful reverse of what I was when I last wrote to you!

You were but a short time witness of my happiness. I was for more than 14 year the happiest mortal upon Earth! Heaven had blessed me beyond the lott of Mortals & left me nothing to wish for. The Almighty had given every blessing in that dear, that worthy, that valuable man, whose life was one continued course of active Virtue. I had not a desire beyond him, nor had I a petition to make to Heaven but for a continuance of the blessings I injoyd for I was truly bless'd! Think then what I now suffer for myself and for my dear fatherless children! Poor babes, how deplorable is their loss!

Their Example, the Protector and guide of their youth, the best and tenderest of parents is taken from them. God alone who has promisd to be the Father of the fatherless can make up this dreadful loss to them, and I trust he will keep them under his Almighty protection and fulfil all their pius Father's prayers upon their heads and will enable the helpless distressd parent they have left to do them good

Grant Great God that I may spend my whole

future life in their Service and show my affection and gratitude to their dear Father by my care of those precious remains of him, the pledges of the sincerest and tenderest affection that ever was upon earth.

It was principally for their advantage that we returnd again to this Province, my dear Mr Pinckney intending as soon as his affairs were disposed of in the manner he approvd to return to our Infant Sons. But how much anguish did the parting with his dear boys give that most affectionate and best of fathers! He parted with life with less pain than with them, for in that awful hour he showed the fruits of a well spent life; his had been the Life of a constant, steady, active Virtue, with an habitual Trust and Confidence in, as well as an intire Resignation to the Will of the Deity, w^{ch} made him happy and chearful thro life, and made all about him so, for his was true religion, free from sourness and superstition, and in his sickness & death the good man and the Christian shind forth in an uncommon resolution and patience humility and intire resignation to the Divine Will. My tears flow too fast — I must have done. Tis too much, too much to take a review of that distressful hour!

We left England in March, (and did not acquaint you with it least you should be uneasy from apprehensions of our being taken,) and arrived here the 19th of May, after being at sea ten weeks; one of my dear Mr Pinckney's first inquiries after his

arrival here, was for a Vessel to Antigua, in order to write to you and my brother ; we heard of one but she was stopd by an Embargo till after the 12th of July, the fatal day w^{ch} deprivd me of all my Soul holds dear & left me in a distress w^{ch} no language can paint, for his Virtues and aimiable qualities are deeply imprinted in my heart, his dear image is ever in my Eye, and the remembrance of his affection and tenderness to me, must remain to my latest day a remembrance mingled with pleasure and anguish. The remembrance of what he was soothes and comforts me for a time. With what pleasure I reflect on the clearness of his head, the goodness of his heart, the piety of his mind, the sweetness of his temper, the good Sence and vivacity of his conversation, his fine address, the aimiableness of his whole deportment, for I did not know a Virtue he did not possess; this pleases while it pains and may be called the Luxury of Grief. This *you* know is not a picture drawn by flattery or partiality, many will subscribe to the justice of it, all y^{t} really knew him must. But what anguish in the thought that these that were my great delights and blessings are taken from me for ever in this world, for in the next I hope there is a union of Virtuous souls, where there is no more death no more parting but virtuous love and friendship to endure to Eternity ! and this surely must be one of the greatest degrees of bliss a human Soul can injoy, except the injoyment of the Deity himself, and this hope is my comfort

for every thing below has lost its relish. Earth has no more charms for me, I have indeed had a large share of Blessings. How undeserving was I, how unexpected such a treasure, and yet Bounteous Heaven gave him to me.

O! had Heaven but added one blessing more, and spared him to see his dear children brought up, and let us have gone to the Grave hand in hand together, what a Heaven had I injoy'd upon Earth!

But why those great and uncommon blessings to me? those already injoyd were beyond desert; vastly beyond desert and expectation. Great God Almighty give me thy grace and enable me to drink this bitter cup w^{ch} Thou hast allotted me, and to submit to Thee however hard the task, with that resignation and submission w^{ch} becomes thy creature and servant, and one that has tasted so largely of Thy Bounty.

How long a letter have I wrote and all on one dismal subject; forgive me oh! My Mother for giving you so much pain while I have indulged myself thus, but my Soul is oppressd with bitter anguish and my thoughts intirely taken up with my own melancholy concerns.

I lately received a letter from good Col. Talbott to my poor dear Mr Pinckney, with one inclosed from you to me, informing me of my brother's being saild to England, it w^{d} have given us great pleasure had it been a year ago, we should then have mett with comfort & pleasure; but my

dear boys will rejoyce to see their Uncle, and I hope he will be there before the melancholy tidings reaches them. My heart is with them and I shall with the Divine Permission return as soon as I can. I shall write to you again soon if I am able. I hope you will allways command me in everything wherein I can serve you, and be assured 't is not more my duty than my inclination to show you in every instance in my power how much I am

Your Dutiful and affectionate tho
greatly afflicted Daughter
E. PINCKNEY.

So. Ca. Sept. 25th 1758 —
[Sent apparently early in October.]

It is difficult to make a selection from the letters of this time. They are many, but all naturally upon the same subject. Grief is monotonous, and a mind absorbed in its own sorrow repeats the phrases which alone convey its thoughts. A few paragraphs throwing light on different points are therefore taken, — the omitted portions being much the same in all.

In a letter to Mrs. Evance is one of the few allusions to the ill feeling in the matter of the Chief Justiceship. She writes in February, 1759, and is not sure that her letters of the August before have been received. Those which she

acknowledges were written in June! So much did the war interfere with communication. She continues: —

"Tho I take up my pen again I will not resume the distressful subject, but turn my thoughts where I trust the Almighty will in pity and mercy give me comfort where I most desire it. I will talk to you of my children pray let me hear as often as possible how they do, how they look, whether they grow, and say as much as you can about them, for the hearing of them, and that they are good & well is the greatest cordial to my distressd mind that can possibly be administerd.

"Accept for yourself dear Ma^{dm} and return to all our friends that show any countenance to our dear boys the sincere acknowledgements of a grateful heart, that will ever look upon itself as under the highest obligations to them for their goodness to my children, especially to good Mr & Mrs Middleton, Doct^{r} Kirkpatrick & Mr Morley. . . . I hope they are now with you in London, but they will be at school before this can reach you. I must beg the favour of you therefore to add to the many kindnesses w^{ch} I know you have indulged them with, that of spending a day with them at Camberwell when you receive this to let them know I and their dear little sister are well; won't the good Doct^{r} accompany you? I know he takes pleasure in being friendly and humain and won't think it too trifeling to chear the little hearts of innocent

children. I beg leave to insist you will sett down the expenses of dinner, coach hire etc, to my acct. I forget whether I mentioned to you before I left England, (I know I intended it,) that the children should make yr servants, some acknowledgement of their trouble at holiday times, what you think proper ; it was what they always did to our own, and at Whitsuntide they used to make Mrs Greene [the housekeeper at school] the present of a guinea for a pound of tea, besides the donations at Xmas at Camberwell, so that if Mrs Greene had it not last Whitsuntide, they must carry her two, the next. . . .

"I have not been in town since my great misfortune, but at my friend Mrs Golightly's in the country, from whom I have experienced the greatest tenderness, but I shall return in a fortnight to my own solitary habitation in Crs Town, where 'tis necessary I should be on acct of business."

In such careful ways as the above she never fails to train her children, in what she thinks the kindness due to others. She never forgets in writing to send her love to "the Masters Drayton," two little Carolinians, (one of whom became in after years the distinguished Chancellor, William Henry Drayton) who were at school with her sons, and when she sends "the present of a guinea" to her own boys, always sends one also for "Master Tomm Evance."

To Mrs. Chatfield at Ripley.

In this country he [Mr. Pinckney] had it in his power to do good various ways, and his life was a continual course of active virtue; his power to Exercise it in England was circumscribed within much narrower bounds, as his Estate was at a distance and so badly managed that he seldom rec^d^ more than a half of his income from hence. He had such an amiable sweetness & cheerfulness of disposition, that in above fourteen year that I was his happy wife, I never knew him pensive, till that Power was too much confind for his benevolent mind; then was I often witness to his secrete grief for troubles, that reachd neither him nor those most near to him. It would give you some idea of what he must have merited from mankind if you knew how much he was Lamented, for could Prayers or Tears have rescued him from the grave, he had never seen Death. Even his poor slaves (who are a people not generally esteemd the most tender) travel'd some thirty, some forty mile in the night, to see the last of a Master they almost adored, and several of them would willingly have given up their own lives, to have had his spared to their children, so strong did natural affection to their offspring work in these poor creatures, and so sensible were they of their great misfortune; & many of them now say they would rather serve his children than be free.

The August fleet had been scattered, the vessel with the bills of exchange captured, and the turtles and wild ducks probably lost, for in the next year, there is mention of "another attempt" to send them, but one vessel carrying one of the duplicate letters arrived in England, and the faithful Mr. Morley wrote, and many other friends. The boys were too much afflicted to write, but were well, and Mr. Gerrard sends "a character of them w^{ch} is the greatest comfort I can receive." Mr. Pinckney's will had been left in England. His widow did not receive it until the following summer; she acknowledges the receipt of it in September, 1759, and says: —

To Mr. Morley.

I have not yet proved the will and am advised not to do it, as it would be attended with much trouble in taking a particular Inventory of every thing even the most minute, w^{ch} must be return^{d} upon oath, and the proving of it is, t' is said, unnecessary, as there is but little due from the Estate, and nobody to call me to acc^{t}, and the will itself must remain good and in Force as 't is on Record.

However if you think it best I shall not mind the trouble, but will still do it, as I would perform the Sacred Trust to the utmost of my ability in every Tittle in the best way I can.

This will, almost the only composition of Mr. Pinckney's remaining, was highly prized by his sons, who esteemed it as a lesson of life bequeathed to them, by their honored father. In it he makes the most careful provision for their education, which, as better than house or lands, is, he says, to be completed in the thorough manner which he had planned, even if by the vicissitudes of the colonies it should be necessary to sacrifice real estate to meet the expense. Any of his property, he says, may be sold for the purpose, — "Always excepting his estate of Pinckney Island."

On his "Mansion house," bequeathed to his eldest son, he leaves a charge of ten guineas per annum, for the founding of a semi-annual lecture, to be delivered in St. Philip's Church, Charles Town, in May and October of every year, on the "Goodness and Greatness of God." This bequest was faithfully observed. Every year, until the house was destroyed in 1861, a clergyman, either chosen by the bishop, or by the representative of the family, preached the two sermons. During the lifetime of General Pinckney, the clergy were entertained at a dinner the same day; when he was succeeded by his daughters, an evening reception was substituted for the dinner and was attended by the bishop and all the clergy and many other

guests. Thus the "Pinckney Lectures" and the Pinckney "clerical teas," as they were called, perpetuated the memory of their pious founder, to "a period within the memory of men still living." In the Life of General Thomas Pinckney two clauses of this will are given, which are reprinted here, as such sentiments can hardly be read too often: —

"And to the end that my beloved son Charles Cotesworth may the better be enabled to become the head of his family, and prove not only of service and advantage to his country, but also an honour to his stock and kindred, my order and direction is that my said son be virtuously, religiously and liberally brought up, and educated in the study and practice of the Laws of England; and from my said son I hope, as he would have the blessing of Almighty God, and deserve the countenance and favour of all good men, and answer my expectations of him, that he will employ all his future abilities in the service of God and his country, in the cause of virtuous liberty, as well religious as civil, and in support of private right and justice between man and man; and that he by no means debase the dignity of human nature, nor the honour of his profession, by giving countenance to, or ever appearing in favour of, irreligion, injustice or wrong, oppression or tyranny of any kind, public or private; but that he will make the Glory of God and the good of mankind, the relief of the poor and

distressed, the widow and the fatherless, and such as have none else to help them, his principal aim and study.

"I do also direct that my beloved son Thomas Pinckney shall have the same virtuous, religious and liberal education out of my estate with his brother, and although I cannot yet direct, to what profession he shall be brought up, yet I have the same hopes and expectations of him as of my eldest son ; and I desire as soon as he is capable of reason and reflection, he be informed thereof ; and that a passion for the same virtuous and noble pursuits be inculcated in him as in his elder brother."

A life so pure and beneficent as Chief Justice Pinckney's could not well be ended by utterances wiser or nobler than these; and we cannot wonder that they came to his children as the voice of one "who being dead yet speaketh."

X

THE INDIAN WARS

1759–1761

Let grief be never so heavy, a woman who has on her heart and conscience the welfare of children and household must before very long rouse herself to her duties, and take up the burden of life; and when the first agony of parting was dulled by time, Mrs. Pinckney set herself to the work which lay before her. Happy is it for us mortals that our sight is even shorter than our lives! Had this tender mother known that the separation from her children was to endure for fourteen years, could she have borne it? Her letters are full of the hope of soon going to them, but circumstances made this unadvisable; and so she went on from day to day, "taking," as Sydney Smith would have advised, "short views," until the far distant time when they returned to her.

It was no easy task which the young widow of thirty-six had to assume. Her husband's property was chiefly in land and negroes in

various localities. "It is a very difficult thing to manage property in Carolina," she says in one place. Fortunately for her, her early experience and charge of her father's estate had given her unusual knowledge, and her natural taste for agriculture revived, doubtless to the benefit of health and spirits. In September, 1759, little more than a year after her husband's death, she returned to her own house, and soon after went again to Belmont.

She had here the comfort of congenial companionship, in the presence of Lady Ann Mackenzie, "a pious and sensible young woman, who is so kind as to stay some time with me." This lady was one of the daughters of that Earl of Cromartie who was nearly beheaded for his participation in the Jacobite rising of 1745.

By the extraordinary efforts of his wife, and the personal intercession of Frederick, Prince of Wales, the earl's life had been spared; but his title and estates were confiscated, and his large family scattered. Mr. Drayton of South Carolina had married one of the daughters (Lady Mary), while on a visit to England, and her sister, Lady Ann, accompanied her to America; she afterwards married the Hon. George Murray. Their tomb may be seen in the Scotch churchyard in Charleston. These sisters be-

came very intimate with Mrs. Pinckney, and there is frequent mention of them in her letters.

At Belmont she found everything suffering from absence and neglect. "It has gone back to woods again," she says. But much more important and more difficult was the care of the numerous dependants, whose attachment to her husband she has already mentioned. Even as a girl Mrs. Pinckney had devoted much care and attention to the improvement of her people, not only in the useful arts, but in moral and religious training. Some she had taught to read, in the hope that they might teach the others; she herself on Sundays read and explained the Bible to them, and taught them to pray. Her devices for encouraging them in neatness, morality, and industry she taught to her children and grandchildren, who were all honorably known as kind and well-beloved owners.

It must be remembered that at this time hardly any one entertained the least doubt of the propriety and necessity of slavery, and the planters of Virginia and Carolina went among their people much as their English cousins did among their peasantry,— a peasantry then not much more enlightened and in many respects much worse off than the southern negroes.

As there was no doubt and no irritation, so there were none of the restrictive laws which it was afterwards thought needful to place on education, etc., and conscientious people did their best to transform the cargoes of savages brought to their doors into the decent, capable servants whom we remember. Of their wonderful success it is needless now to tell. In 1861 the men of the Confederacy left their women and homes in safety under the care of the Christian people whom they and their forefathers had rescued from a barbarous heathenism.

The mistress of a plantation in those days arose early, like Solomon's virtuous woman, and her work was much the same. The plantation nurse had the first audience; advice and medicines were given, sympathy and personal visits later in the day. Then came the housekeeper, and portions were assigned to men and maids. The planning for the welfare and providing for the wants of two or three hundred people, is no light matter. Where the plantations were scattered, it involved an immense amount of correspondence on all sorts of minute points with the overseers. The domestic economy of the place (quite distinct from the planting operations) was under the direction of the mistress, and her presence and influence

trained and civilized the handmaids, to whom she taught their various trades. The spinning and weaving, the cutting and making of clothes, went on incessantly.

Miss Lucas's letters have shown what the country could supply her father with. Mrs. Pinckney continued the same industries. Meat (bacon) was cured, lard "tried," soap boiled and candles moulded, sheep shorn and wool carded. The larder must never be empty, the wood-pile never go down; the dairy must furnish butter and cream, the garden vegetables and fruit. The sick must be visited, the old people have soup and sugar, the piccaninnies molasses and "gungers." The writer has seen this work (with but few alterations) go on, on the plantation of Mrs. Pinckney's granddaughter, educated by her. Through three generations from 1740 to 1860 one system had prevailed, and the answer, "it was always so in my grandmother's time," settled every question.

Mr. Pinckney's family was what was called "well left," as his will shows; but the uncertainty of Colonial affairs was always present to the mind. In writing to an old friend in Surrey, "Vigorous Edwards Esq^r." Mrs. Pinckney says of her children, —

"As to fortune, he has left them enough, (if it please God to prosper it and keep this province

out of the hands of the French) to make them happy and useful men if they are wise and good ones, if otherwise, (wch God forbid,) the greatest fortunes wd not be sufficient."

She writes her arrangements fully to her agent, Mr. Morley: —

"The beginning of this year there was such a fine prospect on our plantations of a great crop yt I was hopeful of clearing all that was due upon the estate, but the great drought in most parts of ye Country, such as I never remember here, disapointed those expectations so much, yt all that we make from ye planting interest will hardly defray ye charges of ye plantations; and upon our arrival here we found they wanted but every thing, and every way in bad order, with ignorant and dishonest overseers.

"My Nephew had no management of ye planting interest, and my Brother who had it, by a stroke of the palsy had been long incapable of all business. I thank God there is now a prospect of things being differently conducted. I have prevailed upon a conspicuous good man (who by his industry and honesty has raised a fine fortune for two orphan children my dear Mr Pinckney was guardian to,) to undertake the direction and inspection of the overseers. He is an excellent planter, a dutchman, originally Servant and overseer to Mr Golightly, who has been much solicited to undertake for many Gentlemen, but as he has no family

but a wife, and is comfortable enough in his circumstances, refuses to do for any but women & children, who are not able to do for themselves. So if it please God to prosper us and send good Seasons I hope to Clear all next year. I find it requires great care and attention to attend to a Carolina Estate, tho' but a moderate one, and to do one's duty, and make all turn to acc^{t}. I have as much business of one kind & another as I can go through; perhaps 'tis better for me, and I believe it is, had there not been a necessity for it I might have sunk to the grave by this time, in that Lethargy of stupidity w^{ch} had seized me."

There are letters of the same tone to Lady Carew, Mrs. King, and others, generally too sad for publication.

In the mean while, while her own sorrows and duties had absorbed all of Mrs. Pinckney's attention, public affairs in the Colony were increasing in gravity. The Indians were threatening the back settlements, and there is occasionally a word or two of them, as, — "Our last accounts from ye Cherokees are more agreeable than we have had in a great while," etc.

At last the outbreak came. She writes:

To Mr Morley

Nov^{r} 3rd 1759

Dear Sir, — As I wrote you y^{e} 19th of Sept^{r} 't is not necessary to trouble you again so soon, but I

can't resist the temptation of writing to you by a Man of Warr that will sail immediately. . . . The papers will inform you of our publick transactions, and that the Governor with a body of men set out on fryday ye 26th Oct.r for the Cherokee nation in order to obtain satisfaction for the murders committed by them, and make a good peace at the head of an army, or take satisfaction by carrying the warr into their own Country; they have been very insolent and 't is high time they were chastised.

Be so good as to asure my dear boys we think ourselves very safe in C.rs Town, or they may be frightened on the rumour of an Indian Warr, My blessing attend them both, etc etc.

Be so good to forward the inclosed letters to Sir Richard Lyttelton and Miss Mackartney, as directed in the safest manner possible, and place any expence attending it to my account. I congratulate you on the taking of Quebec, but shall myself more on hearing you and my dear boys are well by this fleet, (w.ch Heaven grant I may, for there all my little remains of earthly happiness is fixt, when my dear Girl is joyn.d, who is I thank God a good child and well; she says she can't send her comp.nts to such an old gentleman & good friend as Mr Morley, and begs I would give her duty to you etc etc

Sent by the Trent Man of Warr Cap.t Lindsay.

That people on the coast should be in any personal danger from the Cherokee Indians,

who lived where Greenville and Pendleton are now, seems ludicrous enough; but events cast shadows behind as well as before, and it was not more than forty years since scalps had been taken within twenty miles of Charles Town, when Stono and Goosecreek were raided by the savages.

Mr. Pinckney had known Governor (afterwards Lord) Lyttelton officially in England; the acquaintance had become friendship in America; and Mrs. Pinckney, during the governor's absence in "ye Cherokees," seems to have undertaken to forward his private letters, as there are frequent notices of packages forwarded through the obliging Mr. Morley, or "Mems." like this: —

"Wrote to his Excellency Gov^{r}. Lyttelton at y^{e}. Cherokees, and informed him I had forwarded two of his letters to England, by y^{e} Brigantine Spy, Cap^{t} Lyford, to Bristol."

From which we must conclude, as Miss Mackartney was the young lady to whom the governor was engaged, that he did not wish to send his love-letters through the Colonial Office.

The anxiety did not at this time last very long, for in February, 1760, Mrs. Pinckney writes: —

The Hon^ble Mrs King —

Gov^r. Lyttelton with his army are safely returned from their Cherokee Expedition; the first army that ever attempted to go into that wild country. They had been very insolent & committed many murders and outrages in our back settlements, nor ever expected white men would have resolution enough to march up their mountains. Mr Lyttelton has acted with great spirit and conduct and gained much honour in the affair, & obtaind from them, what Indians never before granted, such of the murderers as they could then take, and Hostages for the rest till they could be taken. If you have any curiosity to know more particulars, Mr Morley to whom I enclose it, can furnish you with the Carolina Gazett.

To Vigorous Edwards Esq^r.

We should by this time have been engaged in an Indian Warr, (the most dreadful of all Warrs) had our Gov^r. acted with less judgment and resolution. He marched an army into their Country and demanded satisfaction at y^e. head of it for the murders they had committed, or would take it. They were much alarmed, pretended it was only some of their hot headed young men, and not aproved by the whole. Would have excused giving the criminals up by saying they could not be found, but after some time brought some of them in and gave Hostages for the rest.

A Treaty of Peace and Friendship was concluded

upon it, and I hope and we have great reason to believe, we are upon a better footing with those people than we have been for many years.

These pleasing hopes were fulfilled as little as such hopes have been but recently. When was "a Treaty of Peace and Friendship" with Indians ever observed, and oaths on either side unbroken? His contemporaries seem to have applauded Governor Lyttelton, but subsequent historians have said that he was high-handed and injudicious, and provoked rather than appeased the savages. He had not left the Province when the trouble was renewed; and the scourge of small-pox mentioned in the following letter was said to have been brought back by his troops from the Indian country where it was raging, — Nemesis in the most loathsome form: —

March 15 1760.

To Mrs Evance.

A great cloud seems at present to hang over this province, we are continually insulted by the Indians on our back settlements, and a violent kind of small pox that rages in C^rs^ Town almost puts a stop to all business. Sevral of those I have to transact business with are fled into the country, but by the Divine blessing I hope a month or two will change the prospect; we expect shortly troops from Gen^l^ Amherst w^ch^ I trust will be able

to manage these savage enemies; and y^e^ small-pox as it does not spread in y^e^ Country, must be soon over for want of subjects.

I am now at Belmont to keep my people out of ye way of ye violent distemper, for the poor blacks have died very fast even by inoculation; but y^e^ people in C^rs^ Town were inoculation mad, I think I may call it, and rush^d^ into it with such presipitation y^t^ I think it impossible they could have had either a proper preparation or attendance, had there been 10 Doctors in town to one. The Doctors could not help it the people would not be said nay. We lose with this fleet our good Governor Lyttelton, he goes home in the Trent Man of Warr, before he goes to his new Government at Jamaica.

Poor John Motte who was inoculated in England, is now very bad with yé small-pox, it could never have taken then to be sure. [John Motte recovered, so probably the imperfect inoculation helped.]

June 19^th^ 1760

I am just going out of town for a little air and Exercise, having I thank God finished my superintendancy over a little smallpox Hospital; a very small one indeed, as it did not contain more than 15 patients. I lost only one, who took it in y^e^ natural way.

Your brother Mr J. Raven who comes to England for his health, will deliver you this . . . he has been so good to take charge of my dear Mr

Pinckney's picture w^ch^ I send to his children that y^e^ idea of his person may not wear out of their Infant minds. I make no doubt they will venerate even his shadow, and I daresay you will be so good to give it a place in y^r^ parlour for y^e^ present if 't is not very inconvenient. I hope to send Mr Morley another bill this summer, and when 'tis received I beg ye favour of you to get a decent plain frame for it. When I am able I shall get it coppy^d^ by a better hand than could be got here.

Two copies of this picture of the Chief Justice, in a very négligé costume of dressing-gown and velvet cap, such as was held to indicate learned repose, are still in existence. They show a pleasant, bluff face, dark-eyed and cheery, with no beauty of feature but a happy, friendly expression. No likeness of Mrs. Pinckney is ever known to have been taken.

The troops sent from General Amherst were under the command of the gallant Colonel Montgomery, and much was expected from them. The disappointment was therefore sore.

BELMONT July 19^th^ 1760

To Mr Morley

Our Indian affairs are in a poor way, Col. Montgomerie at the head of sixteen hundred men — including rangers, marched into the middle Cherokee Country and destroyd five towns, w^ch^ raised the

spirrits of the People much; but while we imagind he was proceeding to Fort London he began his march towards C^rs^ Town, in order to return to Gen^l^ Amherst, in consequence of whose orders 't is said he returns. Ye Governor by order of ye Assembly, has sent to desire his continuing in ye Nation, we impatiently wait his answer, as we also do one to an Express sent to Gen^l^ Amherst. We have no doubt but the Creeks will soon joyn ye Cherokees.

Military necessity must be obeyed, and Montgomery went. The Carolinians not unnaturally thought themselves sacrificed to the Canadian campaign; and the following letter shows the jealousy with which the "old Colonies" looked upon the new conquests which England was then making to the north.

July —

To the Hon Mrs King —

I had the honour of yours of y^e^ 16^th^ Feb^y^ last with yours and the young ladies very gentile present to Harriott; 't is a mŏst compleat suit and universally admired. The fann I think a curiosity, and the pompon the prettiest we ever saw. The little girl is quite happy, and the more so as they are the first that have reach^d^ this part of the world; so she has the opportunity of seting the fashion, & I doubt whether she would part with them to purchase a peace with the Cherokees, who are become extreamly troublesome to us, nor have the highland

troops under Col. Montgomerie, (sent by Gen.l Amherst) done much more than exasperate the Indians to more cruel revenge, and they are now about to leave us to the mercy of these Barbarians, I hope the good people of England won't give all their superfluous mony away to French prisoners, or to build foreign Churches, but reserve some for their poor fellow subjects in America; for if they go on to make new Conquests in America, and neglect the protection of their old Colonys they may soon have importations of distressd people from the southwardmost part of North America to exercise their charity upon.

My respectful compliments wait on Mr King, he obliges me very much by imploying me to get him Seeds. If there is any kind we have that escapes me I hope he will be so good as to mention them. Our tallest trees are Oaks w^{ch} we have of various sorts, pines and Magnolias, w^{ch} in low moist land such as at Ockham Court, grows to a very great height, and is a most beautiful tree, as well as the tall Bay, w^{ch} grows to a prodigious height. Neither the acorns nor cones are yet ripe enough to gather or I would have sent them by this ship, but will certainly do so by the first when they are ripe. . . .

Soon after this letter was written, Mrs. Pinckney had a very severe illness which confined her to her room for four months. Her friends were alarmed, and in the kindly fashion

of the place offered their houses for change of air. One of them, Mrs. Shubrick, the ancestress of the many gallant sailors of that name, offers to "send my charriot to bring you in the morning or if you can venture in a chaise come to night." She does not seem to have accepted the invitations, however; and when the illness is over she writes to Lady Carew that she is, "thanks be to Heaven," better than for three years before, and from this time, February, 1761, there is perceptibly more cheerfulness in her tone.

The Indian troubles were not over; and on the horrible principle of fighting the devil with fire, the general sent them some "Mohocks" to help in the next campaign.

To Mrs King

As soon [after her illness] as I was able I inquired how my directions about the Seeds had been observed, and tho' I had sent positive orders to three places for diferent sorts they were observed but at one, poor Mr Drayton had also promised me a large quantity of Magnolia and Bay seed, but he was taken ill about the same time that I was and died. I am a good deal mortified at the disappointment as there will be a year lost by it, but please God I live this year I will not only send the seeds but plant a nursery and send you plants 2 year old, and I think I know a method that will

preserve the trees very well, by w^{ch} means you will save 2 if not 3 years growth for I believe a tree will grow as much in 2 years here as in 4 or 5 in England . . .

Our hopes and expectations are a good deal raised by the great fleet w^{ch} we are told is bound from England for America this Spring. We flatter ourselves they will take the Mississippi in their way, w^{ch} if they succeed in must put an end to all our Indian Warrs, as they could never molest us if ye french from thence did not supply them with arms and ammunition.

Our army has marchd for the Cherokee Nation. they consist of regular troops and Provincials, 't is a disagreable Service, but they have this to comfort them, whether they are successful or otherways they may be pretty sure of gathering Laurels from the bounty of the English news writers, for after y^{e} encomiums upon ye last Cherokee Expedition, there surely can nothing be done there that don't merrit praise!

If y^{e} 50 Mohocks arrive safe that we expect from Gen^{l} Amherst I hope we shall be able to quell those Barbarians, for the Mohocks are very fine men, (five of them are here now,) and they are lookd upon by y^{e} rest of y^{e} Indians with dread and respect, for they think them the greatest warriors in the world.

Many thanks to good Mr King for my beer, w^{ch} came in very good order, and is extreamly good, 'tho it had a very long voyage and went first

to Lisbon. My compⁿᵗˢ wait on my Lady & Lord King & the young Ladies. Harriott is out of town with Lady Mary Drayton, & don't know when the fleet sails or would do herself the honour to write to Miss Wilhelmina.

By the time that this last campaign (which was commanded by Colonel Grant) had begun, things had come to an evil pass. The governor then, however, was a native Carolinian, William Bull,— a man of spirit and energy ; at his call the Province, no longer relying upon the regular troops, gathered itself for a supreme effort and raised men and money to its utmost resources. The Provincials, mentioned by Mrs. Pinckney in a letter to Mrs. King, were formed into a regiment commanded by Colonel Thomas Middleton, of the distinguished family of the same name. In this "very disagreeable service" Moultrie, Marion, Pickens, and many other gentlemen who were to win reputation in the Revolution made their first campaign.

They had a very different experience from Lyttelton's bloodless expedition. The Indians fought with desperation ; it was said that French officers in disguise directed their movements. The troops suffered from the nature of the country, as well as from the enemy. Many were killed, and their bodies were sunk in the river, as, had they been buried, the Indians

would have dug up and scalped the corpses. The woods through which the pursuit went were thick and tangled. The writer has heard her grandmother say that her father described himself and his comrades as having their own and their horses' flesh mangled and torn, as they pressed through the thorny vines. In the end they were successful. The Indian towns and villages were laid waste; horrible cruelties were no doubt inflicted, for among the Provincials were the survivors of many Indian outrages; and at last the warriors sued for peace.

There were meetings and conferences. The leading chief, Attakullakulla, and Governor Bull, made speeches and smoked pipes, terms and boundaries were agreed upon, and the land had rest for fifteen years.

As generally happens when regular and irregular troops act together, there were dissensions. Grant accused the Provincials of insubordination; and Middleton, denying the charge, wrote a pamphlet in defence of the conduct of his men.

But whether the charge were just or unjust, a lesson had been taught — and learned. It was not subordination that the colonists needed, but independence and self-reliance. When Montgomery sailed away to new conquests, leaving

the " old Colonys " to keep their own bounds, and when the Provincials found that they could share the victory with Grant's hardy veterans, it was but one step more to keeping their bounds alone, and keeping them for themselves.

XI

LETTERS TO ENGLISH FRIENDS

1760–1762

The next few years passed uneventfully for Mrs. Pinckney and her family. She had some anxiety on account of the health of her younger boy, to whom there are loving messages; in writing to Mrs. Evance, she says, —

"It was very good in you to take my dear little creature to Bath, he gives a proof how well he knows his Mama, when he says he knows she will not be angry with you for giving him pleasure, but tell the dear saucy Boy one scrip of a penn from his hand, would have given his Mama more joy than all y^e^ pleasures of Bath could him."

And again: —

"My blessing attend my dear little man, and tell him how much pleasure it gives his Mama to see his little scrawl, if 't is but in writing his name."

The scrawl improved, for in a letter to the teacher, Mr. Gerrard, she says, —

"My blessings and prayers ever attend my dear Children. I am much pleased with their letters, Charles has long wrote well, but no one but myself will believe that Tomm wrote one of those signd with his name, the writing is so much beyond what they think a child of his age capable of, but I know his brother wrote as well at his age and tell my dear little boy I don't imagine he will come short of his brother or any body else, in anything that is good and laudable."

It is touching to see how early this good mother begins to impress on her eldest son that he must soon be the head of the family, and as such protect and cherish the younger children. "I will do all that I can," she says, "but on you all must soon depend;" and to the little boy, to whom she is very tender, it is always an exhortation to follow in his brother's footsteps, — to "do like him."

The mutual obligations so inculcated they never forgot; the closest friendship always united them, and their devotion to their sister was unbounded. The writer has heard that in discussing the abolition of the law of primogeniture, after the Revolution, General Thomas Pinckney said that the changed condition of things had evidently made it necessary to abolish the law, but that he himself (the younger son) had received much good from its moral

effect. "I never felt myself as fatherless as I should have done, had I not had my brother to look to as an authority, and he always felt a paternal responsibility towards me, when we were alone at school."

The brothers had been removed from Mr. Gerrard's to a school at Kensington, which it was hoped would agree better with the little boy's health; but the elder did not remain there more than a year, for as he would soon "be turned of fifteen," it was time for him to be at Westminster. His mother writes,—

To C. C. P. Feby 1761

'T is with the greatest satisfaction my dear Charles that I acknowledge the receipt of y^r^ letter by Mr Smith. You have my best thanks my dear boy for the comfort and pleasure that letter gave me, w^ch^ I do assure you was not a little. I, and some of our friends here that I have consulted think it high time you were fitted for the University; of all the Publick schools Westminster I think is to be preferred, and therefore should choose you should go there. Master Tomm Evance's going to Warrington would be a great inducement to y^r^ going there also, but I think the distance you must then be from your dear brother will be too great; besides I am informd the Business of that school is to fitt young Gent^n^ for the Ministry, and as you are not to be brought up to the Church, it

will not do so well for you. Harrow, I think can hardly be called a publick school, and as Doct^r. Thackeray is dead I don't think of that; others advise rather to a private Tutor than any publick school. There is indeed an objection to all publick schools, and a great one if 't is true that the Morrals of Youth are taken little care of; but I have so good an oppinion of your sobriety and modesty, and flatter myself you have rather a serious than wild turn of mind, that I hope I may venture to trust you to Westminster, without running any risk of what must be fatal to me as well as to yourself, viz^t. corrupt principles; for be asured my dear Child, I would not hesitate a moment were it in my choice whether I would have you a learned man with every accomplishment, or a good man, without any; but as I hope you will be both I commit you to the Divine Protection and guidance . . . it will require your utmost vigilance to watch over your passions as well as your constant attendance at the Throne of Grace; be particularly watchful against heat of temper, it makes constant work for repentance and chagrine, and is often productive of the greatest mischiefs and misfortunes. . . .

'T is with the utmost reluctance that I think of separating you from your dear Brother tho' the distance is so small I doubt not you will often see him.

In April of the same year she wrote again:

"I received your dutiful and affectionate letter by Ball, who alsoe brought me a very pretty one

from my dear little Tomm, for w^{ch} I thank you both most heartily. In your letter you mention going to the Charter House. I own I prefer, and most people I know do, Westminster, and in answer to what you say of being nearer to Mrs Evance's care at y^{e} Charter House, I think if a youth for his own sake will not be careful of his conduct, two or three mile distant from his guardians, I fear all the pains they may take a little nearer will be ineffectual.

"From you my dear Child I hope better things for tho' you are very young, you must know the welfair of a whole family depends in a great measure on the progress you make in morral Virtue, Religion and Learning, and I don't doubt but the Almighty will give you Grace to answer all our hopes. If you do your part, in order to which endeavour to fortifie yourself against those Errors into w^{ch} you are most easily led by propensity. What I most fear for you is heat of temper. . . ."

Charles Cotesworth accordingly went to Westminster; his brother followed him four years later; and both satisfied their mother's fondest hopes, becoming excellent scholars and receiving uniformly the highest praise for conduct and character from masters and tutors. "Little Tomm" became the "Grecian" of his year at Westminster, and therefore "Captain of the Town Boys," and is said to have

been the only American who ever held that position.

Satisfied about her sons, their mother could devote herself with an easy mind to her daughter, and to her favorite pursuits. Of her daughter she writes: —

[Address Wanting.]

"Your little fellow traveller, who is very much obliged for your kind remembrance of her, is I thank God, perfectly well, has her usual spirrits and grows tall; she will write to you herself and return you thanks for the books you were so good to send her. She is fond of learning, and I indulge her in it; it shall not be my fault if she roams abroad for amusement, as I believe 't is want of knowing how to imploy themselves agreeably, that makes many women too fond of going abroad."

In writing to Mrs. King, she says of her daughter, —

"Harriott writes to Miss Wilhemina by this opportunity, and I am greatly obliged to that young lady for the pretty manner in which she conveys advice to her, w^{ch} (especially to one of Harriotts lively disposition) will be more serviceable, than graver lectures might be from older people, besides her great fondness, (in which she is very constant,) to Miss W. K."

One of Miss King's letters has been preserved. Girls in those days grew up fright-

fully fast, marriages at fourteen being not uncommon (though Mrs. Pinckney did not approve them); but this strikes us at the present time as a curious letter to be addressed to a little damsel of twelve: —

From Miss King to Miss Pinckney.

OCKHAM COURT Oct^{r} 19 1760

My Sister desires her best Compts. to y^{r}self & Mrs Pinckney

MY DEAR MISS PINCKNEY, — I was made happy with the receipt of your last favour, dated y^{e} 25th of March, and am quite ashamed to find I must begin this with Condemning myself, in hopes you will upon that Consideration, deal more kindly with me. Indeed my dear Harriott must think me very remiss, but flatter myself you will forgive this once, when I declare it has not been in the least owing to Neglect or Forgettfullness, but have been absent from home four months this Summer, which I have had the pleasure of spending with my Friend Miss Upton, at her house Strood, in Sussex, a very pretty retired place; and could I have found time to have done myself this pleasure, I would have addressed myself out of the Wealds of Sussex, as my *Harry* did out of those remoter ones of America. But being upon rambling party's, and either only us two or a houseful of company, it made it impossible for me to give my friends that proof of my remembrance of them that they had a right to expect etc etc etc —

Mama writes by this opportunity to Mrs Pinckney, so take for granted She will mention all State News; as for any private, the World is so taken up with the Publick, that we hardly hear any of that Sort. We have lost the Celebrated Countess of Coventry, who 'tho so young a woman, lived to be Blind and Deaf, and so emmaciated that her Dearest friends looked upon it as a happy Deliverance when Death releaved her. Her sister the Duchess of Hamilton is going to france, to try if that will prevent her going the same way. She is very Bad. The deaths of Ladys Besborough, Granby, Lincoln and Anson, are great Warnings to the Gay part of the World, who saw them in a manner Dye before them their Illness was so short; but Gaity and Reflection seldom go together, at least in London Town. I make no doubt but they often meet in America, & imagine I see them in full force in Miss Pinckney. But my dear, I expect a long letter very soon, for in Mrs Pinckney's last she mentioned something of that Kind, and then in return will tell you that we are here pretty much the same as you left us excepting so much older.

Mrs Bonney has five fine children. Mrs Onslow having her Colonel taken from her to go to Germany, is gone with her daughter to old Mrs Onslow at Cookham. Mrs Chattfield & her family are in *statu-quo*, only being a Doctress, liked very lately to have killed herself, by taking a wrong medicine by mistake, but is now quite recovered, and I hope wiser by Experience.

Having now given you a true state of affairs round Rippley must, time being short, Conclude myself my dear Harriott's most Sincere and Constant Friend and Well Wisher

WILHELMINA KING

Pray make my best compliments acceptable to Mrs Pinckney, & my correspondent, who I fancy has outgrown me.

Public news soon became very interesting, for old King George II. died suddenly one morning when no one in the least expected it, and the young King — the first English king for three generations — reigned in his stead. People said that the once beautiful Countess of Coventry, had she known how soon the King would die, would have contrived to live a little longer, for she had been so maladroit as to tell the old man some time before "that the one sight she most wished to see was a Coronation." Old George only laughed: the lovely Gunning could say anything; but he lived long enough to disappoint her.

George III. soon gratified his enthusiastic subjects with a coronation and a royal wedding to boot, — news greeted joyously even in the "southwardest parts of America." Mrs. Pinckney wrote: —

Feby 1762

To Mrs King.

How my dear Madam could you think of this remote spott, in the midst of the splendour of royal Weddings, Coronations, Gay Courts, and all the chearfulness that follows in their trains ? You can't think how many people you have gratified by your obliging me with so particular a description of the Queen. We had no picture of her Majesty, nor description that could be depended upon, till I received your favour, and what was excessively provoking, the few friends that wrote to me, did not doubt but that I had had a description of the Queen and Coronation from others, and therefore was most mortifyingly silent. If Madam, you have ever been witness to the impatience of the people of England about a hundred mile from London, to be made acquainted with what passes there, you may guess a little at what an impatience is here, when I inform you that the curiosity increases with the distance from the Centre of affairs, and our impatience is not to be equal'd with any peoples within less than four thousand mile.

Lady Ann Atkin happen^{d} to be with me when I rec^{d} your favour. I told her as she was a lady of Quality she should be first treated with a description of her Majesty, but not a Plebeian out of my own family should hear a word of the matter that day. In half an hour after I was favoured with a vizet from our new Governor Mr Boone, lately arrived here from his former Government in the

Jerseys, who I found, (tho' he has an extensive good acquaintance in England,) knew as little of ye new Queen as we did here, I had the pleasure to read him also the description, and the next day numbers received the same sort of pleasure, all smiled at least at the new fashiond name for the colour of her hair, w^{ch} indeed I should not have guessed at, had you not been so obliging to tell me what it was; upon the whole I am a very loyal subject, and had my share of joy in ye agreable account of my Sovereign and his Consort. . . .

I hope the seeds I now send Mr King will arrive safe and in good order — The seed of the flowering shrub I now send Miss Kings I found wild in the woods, and have named it the Royal Purple, its colours are gold and purple, but if they chuse to alter it in honour of the Queen or any thing else, I have no objection.

I can't conceive how such an improbable story as my going to be married could be invented here, and promulgated to such a distance as Ripley, though very small appearances give rise to those things in this part of the world, and upon recollection I sopose it must arise from an offer I had about that time, w^{ch} in point of fortune must have been to my advantage, but as entering into a second marriage never once entered my head, and as little into my inclination, and I am persuaded never will, the affair took not a moment's hesitation to determine, and indeed I did not think it could have got air enough to have wafted it to England.

The obliging Manner in w^ch^ you mention my dear Charles is very flattering to me. He must disapoint my hopes of his Judgement greatly if he does not make use of every opportunity you are so good to allow him, of improving so valuable an acquaintance.

When my dear Mad^m^ shall we have Peace? Till then I have little prospect of seeing my Children and friends in England, and a Spanish warr we are now told is inevitable ; we are pretty quiet here just now but 't is much feared it will continue no longer than the winter. We never was so taxed in our lives, but what is our taxes to yours ! However we are but a young Colony and our Seas do not throw up sands of gold, as surely the British does to enable you to bear such prodigious Expenses.

These were certainly loyal hearts which the young sovereign was so soon to throw away. The poor little Queen — to be the most unhappy and sorely tried of devoted wives — could not by any powers of description be made lovely. "Very agreable" is the best that can be said, — even at the distance of four thousand miles.

Mrs. Pinckney also sent her friend two of the most distinctive Carolinian plants, — the sweet myrtle, which scents the woods throughout the coast regions, and bears the wax-pro-

ducing berries from which pale-green candles are made; and also one which she curiously miscalls.

"I thought the plants you received wd be a pretty ornament for my Lord's Greenhouse. 'Tis the Pimento Royal and bears the most noble bunch of flowers I ever saw. The main stem of the bunch is a foot and a half or two foot long, with some hundreds of white flowers hanging pendant upon it; 't is a native of this Country, but I doubt if it will do out of doors in England."

By this she evidently means the Palmetto Royal, the very appropriate local name of which is the "Spanish Bayonet," so called from the sharp, hard, dagger-like point formed by its terminal leaves. A spire of these ivory bells, rising from the encircling spikes and filling the air with heavy almond fragrance, is indeed a beautiful, picturesque object.

Sneers at female friendship are most common, but Mrs. Pinckney, like the lovely Madame Récamier, might be said to have "a genius for friendship": she was so fortunate as not only to feel, but to inspire it; in almost every letter that she writes to her English friends, she acknowledges the receipt of two or three from them, and evidently the correspondence was not more sought by her than by them.

This from English ladies and gentlemen, most of them of a rank superior to her own (and rank was a thing of value in those days), and to a person from whom they had nothing to gain, and in a remote part of the world, shows how much her own personal qualities must have influenced them.

The following letters show this side of her character. The first is to her old and trusted friend,

Mr Morley, Somerset House.

I received your favours of ye 27th Jany & 17th Feby with ye greatest possible pleasure, for 'tho many have reason, none can have more to rejoyce at your perfect recovery than myself, and I pray that the Almighty may long continue you in perfect health a blessing to me and mine and the rest of y^r friends. . . . If you knew the pleasure the sight of your handwriting gives to my whole family, I am sure you w^d never regret the trouble you are att in writing frequently to me. Some of the very Slaves know y^r hand and rejoyce to see a letter directed by you, they know it will put their Mistress in great good humour, and consiquently make everything around her as happy as she can.

Mr. Morley's letters, always bringing news of her sons, were of especial value to her. To her oldest English friend she writes of the same precious boys: —

To Lady Carew —

Why my dear Madam do you give yourself so much trouble with my rough school boys? They are indeed with their Sister the darlings of my heart, the subjects of my daily thoughts and nightly dreams, but a "how doo" now and then would give them and me sufficient honour and much pleasure ; but I can't think without blushing of your Ladyship troubling yourself with them at home, for we all know what children are, especially schoolboys — the best of them must be troublesome.

Lady Carew's daughter had died only about a year before this letter was written, so that it was doubly kind of her to have the boys at Beddington.

Other friends were the Onslows, important people in Surrey, the head of the family being for a long time Speaker of the House of Commons. Mrs Pinckney closes a letter to Mrs. Onslow as follows : —

"I am glad Colonel Onslow takes pleasure in his garden; I think it an innocent and delightful amusement. I have a little Hovel [Belmont!] about 5 mile from town, quite in a forest where I find much amusement 4 or 5 months in the year, and where I have room enough to exercise my Genius that way, if I had any; however I please myself and a few that are partial to me. I am

myself head gardener and I believe work much harder than most principal ones. We found it in ruins when we arrived from England, so that we have had a wood to clear, and indeed it was laid out in the old taste, so that I have been modernizing it w^ch^ has afforded me much imployment.

"Being a sort of enthusiast in my Veneration for fine trees, I look upon the destroyers of Pyrford Avenue as sacriligious Enemies to posterity, and upon an old oak with the reverencial Esteem of a Druid, it staggered my philosophy to bear with patience the Cuting down one remarkable fine tree, w^ch^ was directed by an old man by mistake, and I could not help being very angry with the old fellow tho' he had never offended me before. Indeed it was planted by my dear Mr Pinckney's own hand, w^ch^ made it doubly mortifying. What must Col^o^ Onslows vexation — or Philosophy, be, if he loves trees but half as well as I do, to see so many fallen, probably planted by some of his Ancestors."

Of all her correspondents there was no one whom Mrs. Pinckney valued more highly than Mr. Keate, a literary man, the author of several now forgotten books. He was then much esteemed, and The Pelew Islands and other works, bound in calf, occupied an honorable, — and untroubled — place on the plantation bookshelves until recent years. He was also a traveller, and a member of the friendly circle

in Surrey. This gentleman had been very kind in writing, in noticing the boys, and in sending books to the little Harriott. To him Mrs. Pinckney, after excusing her own silence, wrote, in February, 1762, the following letter: —

"Mr Morley informd me you were so kind to give him a letter for me, w^{ch} he inclosed with some others from my friends, and forwarded by the Britannia, but unluckily for me she was taken by the french, and I lost my packet. I regret the loss so much that I look upon myself as one of the greatest sufferers by the Capture, for those that had their wealth on board were insured, while I lie entirely at your mercy to make me amends.

"What great doings you have had in England since I left it! You people that live in the great world in the midst of Scenes of entertainment and pleasure abroad, of improving studies and polite amusement at home, must be very good to think of your friends in this remote Corner of the Globe. I really think it a great virtue in you, and if I could conceal the selfish principle by w^{ch} I am actuated I could with a better grace attempt to persuade you that there is so much merrit in seting down at home and writing now and then to an old woman in the Wilds of America, that I believe I should take you off an hour sometimes from attending [illegible] and the other gay scenes you frequent.

"How different is the life we live here! vizeting

is the great and almost the only amusement of late years; however as to my own particular, I live agreeable enough to my own taste, as much so as I can separated from my dear boys.

"I love a garden and a book, and they are all my amusement, except I include one of the greatest businesses of my life, (my attention to my dear little girl,) under that article. A pleasure it certainly is to cultivate the tender mind, to teach the young Idea how to shoot, etc especially to a mind so tractable, and a temper so sweet as hers; for I thank God I have an excellent soil to work upon, and by the Divine Grace hope the fruit will be answerable to my indeavours in y^e^ cultivation.

"I know not how to thank you sufficiently for your notice and your kindness to my poor boys, but if my prayers are pius enough to reach Heaven, you and yours are secure of every blessing, for I make none with more sincerity and devotion, than those that are offered for them and their friends.

"If you won't think me romantick I will communicate a scheme I have, if I live a few years longer; not merely for the pleasure of scribbling a long letter, but because I really want your opinion and advice upon it; as your residence in Geneva must make you more capable of judging of the matter, than those that never were there.

"Upon a Peace, (for I can't think of crossing the great Atlantic before that desirable time.) I intend to see England again, and after Charles has been two years at Oxford to go with my two boys to

finish their studies at Geneva. I must determine upon my plan before I leave this, be so good therefore, at your leasure to tell me what you think of it. Harriott pays her Compts; she is much engaged just now with Geography and Musick, and 'tis high time to disengage your attention from this tedious Epistle by assuring you," etc. etc.

XII

DOMESTIC AND SOCIAL DETAILS

1762–1769

With the words ending the last chapter the letter-book stops abruptly. Why, we do not know, for there are many blank pages. All the people of whom we have been reading — the Kings, Mr. Morley, Lady Carew, etc. — fade from sight. Their letters have not been preserved; probably they were burned with the Chief Justice's papers at Auckland by Provost.

Lady Carew died within the next few years, Sir Nicholas had no direct heir, and Beddington is now a female orphan asylum. The Revolution probably broke off many friendships, and loosened ties of blood itself; but while Mrs. Pinckney's sons remained in England, they continued to receive every mark of kindness and consideration from her friends.

Little has hitherto been said of society in Charles Town, and in truth there is hardly any mention of it in the letters: they are the reverse of gossiping, and the retired life natural

to the writer's widowed condition is frequently mentioned; but now that that lively young lady, Miss Harriott Pinckney, was growing up, things changed somewhat; and in such letters as we have, there is from this time forward more frequent mention of friends and neighbors.

Across all the years there come half a dozen little three-cornered notes, invitations to the country many of them, — "Governor Lyttelton will wait on the ladies at Belmont;" "Mrs. Drayton begs the pleasure of your company to spend a few days;" Lady Ann Atkin (wife of the Commissioner for Indian Affairs), invites them urgently to spend the day; "Lord and Lady Charles Montagu's Compts to Mrs and Miss Pinckney, and if it is agreable to them shall be glad of their Company at the Lodge;" "Mrs Glen presents her Compts to Mrs Pinckney and Mrs Hyrne, hopes they got no Cold, and begs Mrs Pinckney will detain Mrs Hyrne from going home till Monday, and that they (together with Miss Butler and the 3 young Lady's) will do her the favour to dine with her on Sunday," etc., etc., — all showing an easy social life.

We know that by this time, notwithstanding the drawbacks of the war and the new taxes left by the Indian campaigns, the Province was wealthy and the society gay and cultivated.

Mrs. Pinckney had many sympathizers in her love for plants and flowers; for besides the distinguished botanist, Dr. Garden, already mentioned, Mrs. Logan, the daughter of Governor Daniel (the last of the Proprietary Governors), was writing her Gardener's Calendar, and only two squares from her own house, the rich merchant, Henry Laurens (afterwards President of the first Continental Congress), was filling his extensive grounds with every rare plant and shrub which his numerous commercial connections enabled him to collect.

Literature received its share of attention. A club begun by the Rev. Dr. Clarke, Rector of St. Michael's, and the Rev. Dr. Hutson of the Independent Church (Mrs. Chardon's husband), stimulated the gentlemen to read and discuss the books with which they were supplied from the bookshop of Robert Wells, who for twenty-five years before the Revolution imported "regularly and early" the new publications.

This club met once a month at the houses of the different members, among whom were clergymen of three different denominations; it is an instance of the liberality of the religious feeling which prevailed that their meetings always began with a short prayer offered by one or other of these gentlemen, and that

religious or literary topics previously agreed upon were discussed "without loss of harmony."

The old Provincial Library, founded in 1700, was still in existence; and the Charles Town Library, founded in 1754, was described by Josiah Quincy, on his visit to Charles Town in 1773, as a "handsome, square, spacious room, containing a large collection of very valuable books, prints, globes etc."

It is curious that among such a gay and pleasure-loving people as the same acute observer declares the Carolinians to have been, there was no permanent theatre. Plays had been represented on especial occasions, and there is mention of one "in the Court Room" as early as 1734. Two years later, "the new theatre in Dock St." (now Queen Street) is mentioned, and a party of comedians from London play Cato, The Fair Penitent, etc. There were other attempts later, but they all fell through, and it was not until 1793 that, as the venerable artist, Charles Fraser, says, in his Reminiscences of Charleston, "all classes of the community were enchanted by the representations" which took place in the first permanent "Charleston Theatre," — a handsome building which stood for years at the corner of Broad and New Streets. This was yet far in

the future, and the failure is remarkable considering the character of the people.

Social associations were more successful. There is frequent mention of the "Dancing Assembly," which Quincy says had "bad music, good dancing, and elegantly disposed supper;" and the St. Cecilia Society began its long and joyous existence in 1762. It was originally a musical club, all the performers being amateurs, gentlemen of the town. Of it Quincy says:

"The music was good, the two bass-viols and French horns were grand. There were upwards of two hundred and fifty ladies present, and it was called no great number. In loftiness of headdress these ladies stoop to the daughters of the North; in richness of dress surpass them. . . . The gentlemen, many of them dressed with richness and elegance uncommon with us; many with swords on."

These concerts were gradually changed to the ball-giving society of the present time, the name preserving the memory of its origin.

Into this pleasant and lively society Mrs. Pinckney now introduced her daughter, who had been educated, as has been said, entirely at home under her own eye, strongly resembling her mother in character, and yet with those subtle differences which the generations bring.

The young lady was very pretty; her portrait, taken at eighteen, now, alas! destroyed, showed a slender, graceful figure, taller than her mother (who, indeed, was small), a lovely complexion, blue eyes, and soft, curling, fair hair. The only likeness remaining, a miniature by Malbone, taken in middle life, shows that she had retained her beauty; and family tradition adds that her voice was charming, and that her arms and hands were extremely fine.

Suitors naturally presented themselves before long, and the following letters from the young lady show the first indications of the preference which resulted in marriage. They are written to a friend, a connection of the gentleman in question, who was evidently something of a match-maker, and helped to fan the flame.

JANY. YE 14TH 1767

MY DEAR MISS R., — Tho' Wollaston has summon'd me to-day to put the finishing stroke to my Shadow which streightens me for time, I can't help sending a line (as Mr Tom Horry informs me there is an opportunity to Santee tomorrow,) to acknowledge your kind favour and very handsome present. The Pincushion is very pretty, and the Housewife a beauty, but the richness and elegance of it will make it useless to me.

Many thanks to you my good friend and to Mr Horry for y^e^ Justice you do me in contradicting so injurious an opinion as that of my being fonder of people of Quality, than of others of Merit. I have somehow, accidentally been flung in their way, Lady Charles [Lady Charles Montagu, the wife of the governor of the time] has show'd me every mark of condescending Tenderness and regard; her partiallity for me has been uncommon, but if people were to consider that it is not owing to any merit in me, but to accidental circumstances, such as being within a few years of her own age, the nearness of Neighbourhood, etc, I should attract less envy, and have an easier part to act than I at present have. . . .

I daresay if my Mamma knew that it would be (as you say) a pleasure to Mr —— to vizet her often, she would not be backward in asking him to do so.

You say very truly there is but one state of life I could be happier in, & I find you are for hurrying me into it as fast as you can by limiting me to a year! I am greatly obliged to you for your good wishes on that head. Am I not an honest girl for allowing I may be happier, and thanking you for wishing me so; but how can you fill a poor girl's head with conquests she has never made, and flatter her with notions merely ideal? With much greater certainty I can asure you of Mama's and my best wishes for many happy returns of this season, etc., etc.

Again she writes to the same person: —

"Tho' I little deserve it as I have a most kind and friendly letter from dear Miss R—— unanswered, I had some faint hopes of a line from her by Mrs Motte. I should be more punctual in my Corrispondence did I know of more opportunities to Santee, but Mr Horry is the only one I can depend upon.

"I should be sorry to behave with any particular reserve to Mr Horry. If I have done so I can't account for it, I never intended it, and am not conscious I ever did, however shall endeavour to rectifie it for the future. In answer to y^r^ question which of ye gentlemen is likely to succeed with Miss Golightly; I believe it is past a doubt with every body that Mr Huger is ye object of her affections; but her friends are so averse to it at present, I can't say whether he will succeed or not. The world says before he offered Mr Horry had good reason to believe he should succeed, but this *I* know nothing of, for as the Town complimented me with being the object of his attachment was I to ask questions, it would be taken notice of, & animadverted upon. . . . I am glad you like the Books, I own I admire them & think a young woman of his forming a fine model to coppy after, and tho' I can never hope to arrive at the perfection recommended in those Books, I shall read them frequently with pleasure, happy if I can catch in any great degree some of the many Virtues he recommends."

There is no clew to the name of the books or of their author, but they can hardly have been by any other than "the great Mr Richardson."

The next letter is to the young lady spoken of above, — Miss Golightly, the belle of the moment. She was the daughter of an English family now extinct in Carolina, who had long been friends of Mrs. Pinckney. It may be remembered that it was in their hospitable home that Mrs. Pinckney and her daughter had spent some months after the Chief Justice's death.

It was one of the romantic stories that used to be told, as an instance of how even in that formal age "love would find out the way," that, her family being averse to the man of her heart, Miss Golightly at a ball one night picked up a straw hat which chanced to be lying on a bench, and, with no more preparation, stepped out of the long window into the garden and ran away to be married with Mr. Huger.

Why her family had objected is not clear, for Mr. Huger, although not rich, was a man of position and character. The adventurous bride did not live very long, poor thing! but died, leaving one son. A lovely picture of her, with the straw hat hanging from her arm, is still in the possession of her descendants. Her husband married again, and it was at his planta-

tion, at the mouth of the Santee, that Lafayette landed on his first coming to America. In the Revolution he was killed by mistake by his own men, before the lines of Charles Town; and it was his son (by his second marriage), afterwards Colonel Francis Kinloch Huger, who risked death and imprisonment to rescue Lafayette from the dungeons of Olmutz.

The long intimacy between the families warranted the following letter: —

My dear Dolly, — Mama sends you this piece of advice. Guard *well* your heart till you are sure you have ye favoured swain's in Possession. Let neither Comet nor blazing stars dazzle your Eyes; the Beauties that you are to seek are internal ones, therefore you are to penetrate deeper, look through ye glitter and ye glare till you find that inestimable jewel a virtuous human heart, that will glitter with undiminished rays when ye brightness of gold is tarnish'd, and ye lustre of the diamond shall fail; however, you know I am not such an enemy to a fine coat to persuade you ladies that grow towards marriageable, to dislike a pretty fellow the worse for wearing one, but I should wish it ye last attraction, if it were one at all, and indeed I think it is the least so in your darling.

Your wakening thoughts I know will help ye magical powers of ye Bride cake I send, to bring y^r. favourite object to your View in Sleep.

Your Commands to ye best of my power shall be punctually obeyed by

My dear friend
Yours affectionately
HARRIOTT PINCKNEY

To Miss Golightly.

The next letter is so gay and girlish that it is given as a specimen of light-hearted gossip. It is to Miss Izard, the daughter of Ralph Izard, Esq., of the distinguished Carolina family of that name. Among Miss Izard's sisters were Mrs. Blake of Newington (her husband a descendant of Governor Blake), Mrs. Miles Brewton, Mrs. Bull, and Lady William Campbell, the wife of the last royal governor of South Carolina. She herself married Colonel Colin Campbell of the British army.

Mrs. Blake was Miss Pinckney's most intimate friend; they exchanged portraits, as was the fashion of their time, and Mrs. Blake's, graceful in gray satin and pearls, still hangs in the house of Miss Pinckney's great-granddaughter. "The Barony," mentioned in the letter, was one of those granted to the Lords Proprietors. It was called the "Ashley Barony," and had been purchased by Mr. Wragg many years before the date of this letter.

Many thanks my dear Becky for your obliging favour of y^{e} 16th August. I waited its arrival

with impatience, and it gave me sincere pleasure to hear you were well and safely arrived. I received a letter from my Brother a few days ago mentioning your being at Oxford, but he says he could not prevail with you to favour him with your company to take a colledge Commons. I wish it could have suited you to stay, for I am sure it would have made ye poor young man extremely happy.

And so you really would not tell me who the Gentleman was that was left for you on your Journey to Oxford, pretending that he was an old beau and his name not worth mentioning, but tho' you were so sly we have found you out, and find it to be no other than the gay Colonel F —— and what a violent secret it is that Mr W —— has followed Miss Izard to England, and Capt. G —— could not leave her to come over with his vessel. Oh! my reserved friend if you don't treat me with more openness you shall be Prim, still; and yet who can be more charmingly affable and open when she pleases than my much loved friend?

Our friend, Sally Middleton, was married last week at Port Royal Church to Mr Gherard; a very private wedding, nobody at it but Mr & Mrs A. Middleton. Her father so ill there is no hope of his recovery. I am sorry I cannot comply with my promise of sending some of her Bride-cake, for nobody in Town has seen any of it. She came to Town two days ago, but is not yet gone to her own house.

Miss Wragg, who I suppose thought it better late than never, shook hands for Life last week with Jack Mathewes; they had a mighty jolly wedding of it up at y^e^ Barony. They are all to be in Town to-day, Miss Judith extreamly happy with her new brother.

We are much obliged for the smart man you have sent us, Mr Delancé; he is thought handsome here, and chose out Miss Golightly before he saw her for his flame!

I have told you of all the weddings, now sigh with me my dear Miss Izard, for I can't suppress mine when I think of poor unhappy Mrs X——'s fate. She died last month, 'tis said of a broken heart; how dearly has she paid for her imprudent choice, but she is at rest, may her indiscretions be buried with her and every foible be forgot. She left a daughter. Mama desires to be kindly remembered to you, and joins with me in compliments to Mrs Drayton and to Mr & Mrs Blake. If you should see a youth called Charles Pinckney, let him know that he has a mother and sister in this part of the world to whom he is very dear, that would be glad to hear from him often. . . . I am much obliged to you for the fan, 'tis very handsome. Lord Charles Montagu has seen your Picture. He likes it, and desires me to make his Compliments to the Original.

I was ill when Cap^t^ Wallace sail'd, or I should have wrote to you by him, for I should have been

glad of ye earliest opportunity of assureing you that I am

Unalterably

Your Affectionate

H. P.

Dec^{r} 10th 1766.

The times were certainly changing. Never did Miss Lucas pen, even to her most intimate friend, such a gossipy letter, and never did she fail to sign herself "Your ob^{dt} humble Servant." His visit to Charles Town was fatal to the Mr. Delancey mentioned above, for he was killed in a duel begun in a coffee-house brawl.

Miss Pinckney writes again to her friend at Santee: —

"The advancing Spring, especially the Mulberry trees in full bud, remind me of my promise to dear Miss R. to give her what information I could in regard to the raising of silk. I therefore send you my own Master, Pullien, who we follow as near as we can.

"I find Mr H. is the only opportunity I can rely upon to convey a line to you; have you at last got my travelling letter? I hear it went many a mile into the back settlements before it found its way to Santee. Mr H. told me at the Assembly he would call before he left town, but I really believe he is so Joked about me that it prevents his calling on us, least it should be thought that he had a serious attachment, and I am so much Joked that

I believe I look so simple when he is in Company, that he thinks me half an Idiot.

"These are y^e^. reasons I did not ask him to take a ride and see our little silk work."

Mr. Daniel Horry, the gentleman on whom Miss Pinckney's fancy thus rested, was of a Huguenot family which had been settled on the Santee River ever since the first emigration. That lower part of the river was known as "French Santee" from the number of Huguenots living on its banks. Mr. John Lawson, an English government surveyor, visited the settlement in 1700, and says: —

"There are about seventy families seated on this river, who live as decently and happily as any planters in these southward parts of America, The French being a temperate, industrious people, some of them bringing very little effects, yet by their endeavours and mutual assistance amongst themselves, (which is highly to be commended,) have outstripped our English. . . . We got that night to Mons. Euger's [Huger] which stands about fifteen miles up the river, . . . and were very courteously received by him and his wife. . . . — After we had refreshed ourselves we parted from a very kind, loving, and affable people who wished us a safe and prosperous voyage."

The planting of rice had made these worthy people rich, and this present Mr. Horry, who

was of the third generation in this country, was a very wealthy man, owning many plantations along the river, and living at a beautiful one called Hampton, about forty miles from Charles Town. He was an only child, had been educated at home, and sent afterwards to England; had made the Cherokee campaign, had married a Miss Serré, and had lost his wife and two children. He was now (in 1766) a childless widower; his portrait shows a very good-looking, olive-complexioned man, with handsome mouth and chin; and although he was older than his bride, there was no such discrepancy of years as there had been between her father and mother, he being then about thirty-five and she nineteen.

The affair was soon arranged, and the Family Bible says:—

"Daniel Horry was married to Miss Harriott Pinckney, daughter of the Hon^{ble} Charles Pinckney, this 15th day of Febuary 1768 by the Rev^{d} Mr Robert Smith, Rector for the Parish of S^{t} Philip Charles Town, South Carolina."

The tradition was that this was one of twelve weddings which took place in Charles Town that year, the grooms being all wealthy rice-planters. Furniture was then all imported from England, and the bedsteads brought out

for these bridals were lofty mahogany four-posters, with tester, canopy, curtains, and valance, complete. The posts, which might, from height and size, have been called pillars, were all carved with rice-stalks, with the heavy clustering ears forming the capitals. To climb into one of these beds one mounted a set of carpeted steps. Mrs. Horry's was still in existence thirty-five years ago.

What Mrs. Pinckney felt on parting with her only daughter we can easily imagine. The separation was a serious one, for forty-two miles of sandy road lay between Charles Town and Santee. There was, as the foregoing letters show, no mail, and the only means of communication was when some obliging neighbor sent word that he or his servants were going to or from "town." Heavy freights went by "the boat," — the rice schooner, which might be a week or more on the way. A more isolated life could hardly be imagined, but it was cheered by the friendliness of the neighbors, and by the busy, useful occupations of the ladies, which have been already described.

Mrs. Pinckney, however, did not mean her daughter to run any risks from rice-field fevers, such as were beginning to be dreaded, if she could help it; and only a few weeks after the marriage she writes to her son-in-law, who,

according to planters' wont, could see no danger from his own fields: —

Believe me My dear Sir, though I long impatiently to see you and my dear Girl, I would not for my own self gratification, wish you to come down a day before it is agreeable to you and will suit your affairs, but I must own I am very desirous you should come down this year by the last day of June, when I shall expect to see you both. I don't know that there has been any particular person censuring, or making remarks on your staying in the country, but people in general think it wrong, and as both your neighbours leave it in June, from apprehensions of sickness, I know, (from what was formerly said,) you would be blamed; and prudence dictates to us to defeat malice and envy as much as we can, by giving them as little room as possible to display their malevolence. . . .

I am glad your little Wife looks well to the ways of her household, I daresay she will not eat the bread of Idleness, while she is able to do otherwise. If she makes you happy I am content.

The management of a Dairy is an amusement she has been always fond of, and 'tis a very useful one. I will answer for it, hers is perfectly neat. I find, as you say, she sends her instructions far and near, besides the affairs of Murphy's Island [a place at the mouth of the Santee River] she has people out gathering simples, different kinds

of snake-root, and pink-root, and is distilling herbs and flowers.

I wrote to you and Harriott by Harry, and hope your horses will get up safe, they set off yesterday morning. . . .

Mrs Blake wrote to Harriott. The Doctr and Mrs Garden always desire to be remembered to you both

The town is very Empty, very dull, and not a word of news stirring. My love to Harriott and I am with the greatest truth, my dear Sir

Your most affectionate Mother

ELIZA PINCKNEY.

Crs TOWN Thursday
9th March 1768.

From this time the correspondence between mother and daughter was constant, but the topics are generally of domestic interest only. Mr. Horry had a large house and garden in Broad Street on the site of the present Roman Catholic Cathedral; and Mrs. Pinckney beguiled many lonely hours by directing the planting and preparation of this garden, until the sickly months should bring her daughter back to her. Some parts of these letters might serve as a gardener's calendar; and the way in which after returning from a visit to Hampton she arranges her household to suit the requirements of one person only, is strange to modern notions.

"Mary-Ann understands roasting poultry in the greatest perfection you ever saw, and old Ebba the fattening them to as great a nicety. Daphne makes me a loaf of very nice bread. You know I am no epicure, but I am pleased they can do things so well, when they are put to it, and as to the eating part I don't think I shall miss Onia at all. I shall keep young Ebba to do the drudgery part, fetch wood, and water, and scour, and learn as much as she is capable of Cooking and Washing. Mary-Ann Cooks, makes my bed, and makes my punch, Daphne works and makes the bread, old Ebba boils the cow's victuals, raises and fattens the poultry, Moses is imployed from breakfast until 12 o'clock without doors, after that in the house. Pegg washes and milks.

"Thus I have formed my household, nobody eats the bread of idleness when I am here, nor are any overworked, and I myself endeavour to make up the idle time I spend at Santee, where I am the only Idle person, where much industry goes on, and the Master and Mistress are remarkably so! . . . I intend Daphne shall take her turn sometimes to cook that she may not forget what she learnt at Santee. Mary-Ann has pickled me some oysters very good, so I have sent you a little pott by the boat. Moses gets them at low water without a boat."

Enough servants certainly for one old lady.

A great happiness was now near at hand. The return home of her eldest son, Charles

Cotesworth, who, having passed with credit through his Oxford course, with the Rev. Cyril Jackson, afterwards Dean of Christ Church, as his tutor, was now studying law at the Inner Temple, and hoped soon to be admitted to the bar.

The following extract from a letter preserved in the Family Legend is worth reading, if but for one sentence, — the last. Happy are the mothers who can say so much! She writes:

"I am alarmed my dear child at the account of your being extremely thin, it is said owing to intense study, and I apprehend your constitution may be hurt; which affects me very much, conscious as I am how much, and how often, I have urged you from your childhood to a close application to your studies; but how shortsighted are poor mortals! Should I by my over solicitude for your passing thro' life with every advantage, be a means of injuring your constitution, and depriving you of that invaluable blessing, health, how shall I answer to myself, the hurting a child so truly dear to me, and deservedly so; who has lived to near twenty-three years of age without once offending me."

The young man had overstudied himself, but a visit of some months to the continent restored him. He returned to the Temple, was admitted to the bar, rode one circuit for the

sake of seeing the English practice, and returned home in 1769. His mother desired him to choose a good ship, but not to let her know when he was to sail, as the anxiety would be too much for her.

Doubtless the poor lady looked forward to years of tranquil enjoyment in the society of her precious boys (for the other was to return soon also); but, although they did not know it, the Revolution storm was already muttering in the distance, and agitation was beginning. The Stamp Act had been passed four years before, and the young Americans then in England had shared in the indignation which it had excited in America. A likeness of C. C. Pinckney, painted just before his return home, as a present to his college friend, Sir Mathew Ridley, represents him in the act of declaiming vehemently against the measure, and his brother's enthusiasm was so great as to gain him the name of "The little Rebel" among his companions; so little had sixteen years of absence effaced the love of country in these young Carolinians!

In the same year 1769 Mrs. Pinckney welcomed her first grandchild, Daniel Horry, henceforth an important person in the family: and so the "eventful seventies" opened happily, none dreaming what they were to bring forth.

XIII

BEGINNING OF THE REVOLUTION

1773–1780

NOTHING can be farther from the wish of the present writer than to attempt even the slightest sketch of the Revolutionary War. That tale has been told by abler pens than hers. But as for the next few years the Revolution was the life of the people of the country, it is impossible to keep clear of it.

In Carolina it really took the people by surprise, and they were apparently very far from having any reason to desire it. The Colony was perfectly prosperous; the Peace of Paris, concluded in 1763, had given that freedom and safety to commerce which was the only thing necessary to its welfare. Its rice and indigo paid magnificently, aided by the British "bounty;" its staple commodities bought all it needed, and it bought chiefly from England. The agricultural daughter and commercial mother lived in mutual helpfulness.

This for practical, business reasoning. There was, besides, a personal loyalty to the

Crown, which partly came from the comfort and protection which the Province had experienced on the change from the proprietary to the royal government.

There are, however, principles and rights and sense of wrongs, which stir men's hearts and break old bonds, even when the pocket is untouched, and the attachment strong. The small tax imposed by the Stamp Act, or the imposts on glass, tea, etc., were really trifling, and the colonists had borne heavy burdens with only a few groans. But unhappily the logic was good. "If they can impose twopence, why not ten pounds? If ten pounds, why not ten thousand?" and Mr. Locke, whose works were studied by men and women, had declared suggestively that "no man has a right to that which another has the right to take from him."

The principle was clear, but the cause was but a small one to go to war about. The Carolinians sent the stamps back to England, and publicly, in broad daylight, threw the tea into the Cooper River in 1774. They also, to show their sympathy for Boston, then threatened with the Port Bill, sent money and provisions to the amount of £3,150. But although they cursed the Ministry, and wished that his Gracious Majesty could be better advised, they

little thought that in less than two years they would cut themselves loose from the old country.

At this time there were in England many young men sent there for education. It was no pleasure-trip of a rich man's son to see the world, but real hard work which these youths undertook. It might have been supposed that these years of absence would have weakened their attachment to their own country, but it was not so. They were learning not only law and logic, but English life and liberty, and seeing the happiness of a people living in its own house with no man to make it afraid.

Freedom in England had "broadened slowly down," but, learned by men of her own blood, in her own ancient schools, it was to spread widely but swiftly when given to the larger air of the great young continent.

It has already been said that the Pinckneys sympathized in the indignation provoked by the first arbitrary measures. Charles Cotesworth was now at home, ready for any call from his country; but his first thoughts were not of war, but love, and in 1773, Mrs. Pinckney had the happiness of seeing him married to Sarah, daughter of the Hon. Henry Middleton, — a descendant of one of the first royal governors of the Province, who was himself to

be president of the first Continental Congress, while his son, Arthur Middleton, was to sign the Declaration of Independence.

The marriage gave great pleasure to Mrs. Pinckney. Her intimacy with the family dated from her early days on Ashley River; and her sons, while in England, had received constant kindness and attention from Mr. Middleton's eldest brother and his wife, who had returned from Carolina, and lived at a beautiful place called "Crowfield" in Suffolk.

The young couple settled themselves in the house on the Bay, which had so long been occupied by successive governors, and their mother makes constant mention of visits from "your brother and Sally" in her letters to her daughter. She had also the delight of seeing her youngest child, Tom, the darling of her heart, who came out for a short time, and then returned to finish his law course.

The threatening aspect of affairs had had much effect, however, upon this young man. He spent some time at the Military Academy of Caen in Normandy, studying the art of war, and in a letter published in Johnson's Traditions of the Revolution, which is addressed to the son of his old companion-in-arms, Major James Ladson, he says of Mr. Ladson and himself: —

"We were together scholars at Reda's fencing academy, and at the riding school of Angelo, at which he was distinguished for vigor and activity. At this period American politics occupied much of the public mind in London, and the young Americans attended a meeting of their countrymen convened by Dr. Franklin, Mr Arthur Lee, Mr Ralph Izard, etc for the purpose of framing petitions to the Legislature and the King, deprecating the acts of Parliament, then passing, to coerce our country. . . . But the petitions not having the desired effect, and foreseeing that an appeal must probably be made to arms, we endeavoured to qualify ourselves for the event and hired a sergeant of the royal guards to drill us at your Father's lodgings. From him we obtained the knowledge in military service we could derive from a person of his rank."

Mrs. Pinckney, in writing to her daughter, says of the above-mentioned petition, "It was signed by twenty-nine Americans, fifteen of whom were Carolinians." Notwithstanding her knowledge of these affairs, there is no note of danger in the following tender, peaceful letter, written at this time to her daughter:

"That I love my children above all sublunary beings (myself not excepted) is most certain! Have I not given you a sufficient proof of it my

dear Harriott in refusing to take my sweet child with me, tho' you and Mr Horry were so good to offer him to me? I applaud your self denial and esteem myself your debtor, though I was disinterested enough to forego the pleasure; I wonder at my own resolution after the dear little creature's reply to somebody that asked him, if he was going to Belmont? 'that he would chuse to go but that Grandmama would not have him!'

"Tell my dear baby I have him in my heart and would always have him in my sight if I could, consistently with what is right. . . .

"Your sister [Mrs. C. C. Pinckney] did not go out of town till Monday, and your brother set out on the Circuit on Wednesday, he with Mr Rutledge dined at the quarter house and were to lie at Mr Middleton's at Goose-creek that night.

"Mr. Horry has sent me a little Cargo! I have just got it up; indeed my Children you are all very kind, and determined I shall live well, you, (in which I include Mr Horry) send me a quantity of eatables, and your good brother, of drinkables, Porter and Liquors, and would have forced more wine upon me than I have room for. I know you have Pine-apple Cheese, (for you would have had me take part,) or I would send you one he sent me. When shall I use it? . . .

"We have not been separated quite a fortnight yet and I long to see you already. How does good Mrs Motte do, and the rest of your good neighbours? Pray pay my Compts to them."

The "dear baby" was often left to comfort his grandmother. This chatty letter from a friend does not look as if danger was impending: —

I am sorry my dear Madam that you should think any apology necessary to me and am concern'd to think you have been unwell, with *all* your Comforts (except Dan!) away from you! I should certainly have called upon you but have been prevented these three days past by company. . . .

I hope for y^r excuse for keeping Pullien, [a treatise on silk culture] so long, and am much obliged for the loan of him, as also for the kind invitation you have given the girls to visit your silk manufacture, which they shall certainly do, as soon as possible, as well as myself, as the reeling off the silk puzzles me more than the rest.

I hope you will not hurry yourself with the books you have; your time shall be ours. I have returned you "The Earl of Salisbury" as y^e servant told me you had not yet finish'd it. When you are inclin'd for a very high diversion I will send you the "Female Quixote," which, tho' not quite so well wrote as the Don of that name, will afford you a good deal of entertainment from the absurdities she commits. When you have read it I shall be oblig'd for your opinion, whether it is not a very proper Book for young Folks, to shew them the consiquence of being too fond of those

books which all girls would rather read than things of more consequence.

I think I have trespassed too long already upon y^r^ patience, therefore beging your excuse assure you D^r^ Madam of my very great esteem.

ELIZA HUGER.

Amid this apparent tranquillity things grew steadily worse. The Continental Congress at Philadelphia, in 1774, and the Provincial Congress of South Carolina, in 1775, recognized the full gravity of the situation, although almost every man still hoped for a peaceful solution of the difficulties. This Continental Congress decreed that after the first day of February, 1775, no British goods should be imported, — a measure naturally very troublesome to those who had shopping on hand and country commissions to perform.

to Mrs Horry

Jones sent me word that the stores had been searched and he could not get a bit of fine washing Pavillion gauze [mosquito net] any where. I afterwards sent old Mary, with directions not to miss a store, and to let them know it was Cash. After two or three days search she got me some coarse stuff for w^ch^ I payed ready money. . . . A Providence vessel is just arrived, w^ch^ gives me an opportunity to beg y^r^ acceptance of a little Turtle in fine order, and some very fine limes. Ye

Bananas and Oranges are bad, or I should not forget my Boy. . . .

I send nine pieces of paper and border for your room, I wish you may like it, there is none in town like the pattern you sent, Blott [an upholsterer] says; he will take whatever is left again, I send what I think prettiest, there is very little choice in town. . . . I send a little barrel of Irish patatoes (Hartford's English patatoes I mean) and 16 Cake knots for my dear Boy, to whom remember me tenderly. . . . Mrs Prioleau t'is thought will dye of a pleurisy—

Mrs. Prioleau, wife of Samuel Prioleau, the grandson of the first Huguenot pastor of Carolina, died a few days afterwards, and her funeral is still remembered as the occasion of the first *visible* sign of resistance. The Congress had decreed that no mourning should be worn until the obnoxious acts were repealed, except a black band or bow on the arm, as mourning goods must all be imported.

When one remembers what affairs of solemn state funerals were then; how the kinsfolk came from far and near to attend them, and all walked in strict order of proximity swathed in black from top to toe,—"weepers" of crape hanging from the hat of every man, hoods shrouding the head of every woman; how the gay liveries were exchanged for black ones,

and the women servants (all of whom followed in the procession) were happy in black gowns, — one comprehends what an innovation this was, and how deep the resolve that inspired it. Mrs. Prioleau and an old Mr. Lamboll died about the same time, and were followed to the grave by their weeping families clad in many-colored garments. Mrs. Prioleau's children determined that as they had not worn mourning for their mother, they would never wear it for any other person, and rigidly adhered to the resolution. Her son was one of the citizens sent to St. Augustine after the fall of Charles Town, and bore his sufferings and losses with the fortitude becoming his name and race.

Mrs. Pinckney now had her second son with her once more, and wrote happily to her daughter after returning with him and Lady Mary Middleton from a short visit to Santee. The letter shows the manner of travelling in those days; "Harry" was Mr. Horry's servant, sent back with the horses which had brought them to town. "The Ferry" was that over Cooper River, a little farther up than the steamboat ferry is now; it was then crossed by passengers, in a row-boat. If horses and carriages were to be taken over, a cumbrous affair — a hulk worked by a wheel, turned by a horse, which walked

round and round, and called "a horse-boat" — was brought into requisition. The present writer remembers such a one well. "The Ferry" is over two miles of stormy water, and the crossing no joke.

CHARLESTOWN Feb^{y} 1775

Harry has no doubt informed my dear Child that we had a very pleasant journey to the Ferry. We dined under the Oaks at the Meeting House, upon your very fine Tongue and Turkey, we found some new Shingles for platters, and cups of white paper, contrived by Tomm, for glasses; if this was not a fête-champêtre it was at least a pretty rural meal.

The wind rose so much towards Evening, I debated with myself whether I should return as far as Snee [a place about fifteen miles from the Ferry, belonging to Mrs. Pinckney's nephew, Charles Pinckney] and proceed next morning, as Lady Mary and y^{r} brother left the matter to me, but at length we crossed the river in a stout boat with seven hands to navigate her, in a high wind and rough sea, & was very anxious till we were half way over. Had the boat overset Lady Mary and I would have drag^{d} poor Tomm down with us; but I thank God, we at last got over safe, to the great joy of ourselves and our fellowpassengers (3 gentlemen from the Northward). We went to your brother's [C. C. Pinckney's East Bay house] and found him expecting us. . . . Pray give

our compliments to Mr Horry, and thank him for the horses and all favours, they performed extremely well. . . . I could not match y^r carpeting. We had a little levy of Gen^t and Ladies to-day.

Later in the same month she writes :—

I am just come from Church where I heard from Mr Smith a very good, patriotic Xtian like sermon, attended to by the audience with great seriousness, there was a prayer suited to the occasion. The Assembly came in a body, with the Speaker at their head and the mace carried before him. . .

Lady Mary and I were invited to meet a few friends at Mr Fenwicke's next Tuesday, yours and the young folks cards are for a ball, many are invited. . . . Your brother Tomm is sworn in to this Court. Were he to Consult what became him he should wear no other dress but the Barr gownd —, it becomes him better than any thing he ever wore, he expects to open his mouth in Court tomorrow.

Feb^y 17^th —

He "opened his mouth" accordingly, and we can fancy his mother's anxiety, while she sits writing to keep herself quiet, until some friend shall come to tell how he has acquitted himself.

FEB^{Y} 18th 1775.

I this moment rec^{d} my dear Child's letter, and happy to hear you are all well —, am much obliged for the Turkey's, fowls and eggs — I hope you have not robd y^{r}self, as Sally sent me some since I came down, but my obligation is the same. . . . I send your two little panboxes with y^{r} suit of Point [lace]. It must be in Taste, for it has not been two months from France; There are two caps to it, the lappited head I think very handsome, I always liked it beyond all other caps. Your brother Tomm desires to be remembered to Mr Horry and begs his acceptance of a shaving box, it is square and I am obliged to sew it up in cloth, for it won't lie in the little portmanteau. I shall send "The Inflexible Captive" to amuse you and Miss Trapier if I can get it— . . . Your brother has just been here —, he stept in from Court to let me know Tomm has spoke for the first time they have gain'd the cause and (I forget the Client's name) presented Tomm with a couple of Joes as soon as he had done. I have seen nobody yet to know how he spoke but his brother, and he, you know is very partial to him. . . .

Was Mr Horry to see this, he would think I had nothing to do, but he is mistaken, I have been in a continual hurry since in town, yesterday (Sunday) excepted; but I am expecting Tomm every minuet from Court to eat his dinner, and can't sett about anything else. . . .

Tomm is come in from Court he don't seem

at all satisfied with himself; says he was confused. Mr Ned Rutledge [C. C. Pinckney's brother-in-law, and partner at the bar, was one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence] called in the evening; he is very friendly to Tomm, he wish'd me joy, I thank^{d} him but told him I was sorry T. seemed so dissatisfied with himself; he said, "he had no cause, he thought his being dash.. was in his favour the first time of speaking as it was owing to his modesty, and the argument was all his own. What he found fault with in himself would wear off in one Circuit." . . . Y^{r} Cousin Pinckney. [Mrs Charles Pinckney] has just been in. She has been speaking of y^{r} brother Tomm, says her husband was extremely pleased to hear him, said he acquitted himself extraordinary well, with great calmness and good sence —, not at all confused or fluttered, but that nothing pleased him more than the modesty of his countenance and deportment.

'Tis near two o'clock. I must conclude.

We must pardon this loving mother if, to her, "Tomm's" appearance in court was more momentous than the solemn day of fasting and prayer for guidance in their ways, which she mentions above. It had been appointed by the Congress of the Province in all seriousness and faith. Not lightly or unadvisedly did the men of Carolina turn from the old paths and set themselves to the untrodden ways.

This day is described by one of the chief among them, General Moultrie, in his Memoirs, thus: —

"Every place of worship in Charleston was crowded with the inhabitants; and Congress went in a body to S^{t}. Phillip's from the State House, agreeably to their resolve and most of them in their military array. On their entering the Church, the organ began a solemn piece of music, and continued playing until they were seated. It was an affecting scene as every one knew the occasion, and all joined in fervent prayer to the Lord to support and defend us in our great struggle in the cause of Liberty and our Country. The Rev^{d} D^{r}. Smith, at the request of the Provincial Congress, delivered an excellent and suitable discourse on the occasion, which very much animated the men; whilst the female part of the congregation, were affected in quite a different manner; floods of tears rolled down their cheeks, from the sad reflection of their nearest and dearest friends and relations entering into a dreadful civil war, the worst of wars, and what was most to be lamented, it could not be avoided."

Moultrie was clear-sighted; the women, as was natural, hoped still, although in the very next letter the ominous words, "the blank commissions have come," must have suggested the thought that the "becoming Barr gownd"

must soon be exchanged for a coat of a livelier color.

Only a few days later Mrs. Pinckney writes:

"A packet came in on Sunday night, it rained all day yesterday and I did not know it to inform you by Sam. Poor Lady Charles Montagu [their friend of happier days] is dead, She died at Exeter. I can't tell you much Publick news, but what I have heard is as follows, That y^e^ American affairs at home wear a more favourable aspect. The King has promised to receive the petition, Jamaica has petitioned, the rest of the Islands are about to do it, as well as the London Merchants, The Tradespeople clamour extremely; Mr Fox is not so violent as he used to be against us. Capt. Turner is also arrived and says there is a prospect of the acts being repeal^d^,

"Pray God grant it may prove true!"

And so, they hoped and prayed, would the heart of the King be softened! It was not until April that intercepted letters to the governors of the different provinces showed that the most oppressive counsels prevailed in London; and then the news of the battle of Lexington roused a more fiery spirit, and the men were called to arms.

The men in such times have the better part; the women must sit at home and watch the weary day. The following letter to Mrs. Horry

shows the feeling of the time. It is written in August, 1775, when already the tents were on the green, and is from a lady who, since Mrs. Horry's marriage, had become one of her dearest friends, — Miss Trapier, afterwards Mrs. Martin. The daughter of Mr. Horry's grandfather, the emigrant Elias Horry, had married a Trapier; the relationship and friendship between the families was close. She begins fancifully: —

"I don't know how it happens, but I seldom keep to my good resolutions. I determined yesterday to write to you my dear Cousin, & I can't find an excuse to myself but downright Idleness. O! this too loving Indolence which keeps me all to itself, whose bands tho' in appearance cobweb, are fetters strong as steel; leave me a little while, dear friend! while I apologize to a friend still dearer, for the very short answer I must give to *three* favours received from her.

"Now I have apostrophised Giant Indolence let me thank you for y^r^ letters, received by Mrs. Kinloch's Dick. I immediately sent up a Memorandum of the articles you wanted, and hope you have been in time. . . . I see by these preparations of tents etc, that our soldiers are making ready for the field. I hope there will be little occasion for them. Heaven interests itself in favor of those who have Virtue to assert the birthright of mankind, Divine Liberty! and Britain surely will be

shortly taught by our successes and continued unanimity, in spite of all their base arts to disunite us, that America determines to be free, and that it is beyond their force of arms to enslave so vast a Continent.

"What shall we think of those few base souls among us, who, leaving penury and want in their own country have lived luxuriously in our land, and raised themselves a name; who now spurn at their benefactors, and betray the place that has been their asylum. From the misrepresentation of such wretches, do we doubtless owe much of our present calamity.

"Tell Mr. Horry his friend G. threatened the Committee with an assault the other day, for which pretty performance the *Mobility*, whom I fancy he depended on as Associates (for he declared he intended raising a possé, or I should have thought his own Herculean arm was to do the whole,) could they have caught him, intended him a genteel souse in the River or perhaps a fashionable suit [of tar and feathers].

"I hear Mrs Kinloch in the next room, and must therefore finish as quick as possible, she comes for my assistance in laying out a quilt, — you know the excellence of my taste! but no excuse is sufficient. . . .

"My best respects and Compliments to your Mama and Brother Tom, does his soldier's dress become him as well as his lawyer's gown. Adieu my dear Cousin, I can't say another word but my

wishes for all the satisfaction the present times will permit. Yours most affectionately,

[signature torn off] —

I honour Mrs Motte's patriotism."

This letter was written from the neighborhood of Georgetown, S. C., a port which was still open. These hopes we know failed. Surely never since the days of Pharaoh had God so hardened the heart of a king to drive a reluctant and enduring people to their own good!

Both the Pinckneys received captains' commissions in the First Regiment of South Carolina troops, with Christopher Gadsden, who had served in the Cherokee campaign under Grant, as their colonel; and in June, 1775, the brothers left home to go into camp on James Island at Fort Johnson, — the fort built by Sir Nathaniel Johnson, in the time of Le Féboure's invasion.

All that summer two British sloops-of-war, the Tamar and the Cherokee, lay in "Rebellion Roads" off Sullivan's Island, and threatened to bombard the town, which lay at the mercy of their guns. At last, on November 9, William Henry Drayton, President of the Provincial Congress, gave the order, — "To the American officer commanding at Fort Johnson, by every military operation to endeavour to oppose the

passage of any British naval armament that might attempt to pass."

No wonder the people were alarmed; the town was practically still defenceless, and could easily have been destroyed. Mrs. Horry writes to Miss Trapier at Georgetown: —

"At about this Season of the year I used to flatter myself with the pleasure of seeing my dear Cousin, and enjoying that free & unreserved conversation so pleasing to the social mind. . . . But alas! How distant is the prospect of this felicity now! how uncertain 'tis when we shall meet again! My Mother Daniel and myself intend to go to a little Plantation House at Ashepoo in search of safety, when we can stay no longer here; but think with what reluctance I must leave the place of my nativity, this poor unhappy Town, devoted to the Flames, when I leave in it my Husband, Brothers, and every known male relation I have, (infants excepted,) exposed to every danger that can befall it; were their lives but safe I think I could bear with some degree of Fortitude, the Evils of Indigence that stare us in the face, however hard to human Nature, and to human Pride.

"Mr Trapier will inform you of affairs here, and of the Mortifying truth of the number of disaffected in our Province to ye. American cause. I really believe tho' the Gaiety and levity reported of our Sex in Town is very unjust. I have seen very little of the first, and nothing of the

last for many months, indeed I think rather an universal dejection appears at present, the heavy Cloud that hangs over us ready to burst upon our heads calls for all our Fortitude to meet the Awful Event with that decency and resignation becoming Xtians; the Scandalous conduct of many among us, leaves us not much to hope, a most humiliating Circumstance to all true lovers of their Country. Almost all the Women, and many hundred *Men* have left Town. In a few days I imagine we shall hardly have a female acquaintance to speak to. . . . I must again trouble you for a few articles not to be had in Charles Town [a list chiefly of medicines] Pray keep these things by you till you can meet with an opportunity to send them by Land, as we have already suffer^{d} by Water in having our Boat seized by y^{e} Man of Warr, in coming from Georgetown, All our Compliments etc etc . . . My Brother is at y^{e} Fort. Tom at present recruiting. Mr Horry goes to y^{e} Fort next Friday to stay a month.

"Adieu my dear Cousin, be assured of the most sincere attachment etc —

"28th Nov^{r} 1775."

Happily these fears were not realized. The British delayed their threatened attack; some hastily erected fortifications threw a few shells at the Tamar and the Cherokee, and they withdrew from the Roads.

Armed resistance was thus begun. Only

those who have known a like pang can know how keen is the pain inflicted by such sad necessity, — the rending of ties of country, the division of families!

This was most felt in the upper class, which had the closest connection with England. Miss Izard, for instance, a letter to whom has been given, was now the wife of Colonel Campbell of the British army. Her sister was the wife of Lord William Campbell, Governor of the Province. Her brother became General Izard in the American service; while Lord William, who had been joyously received in Charles Town only a few months before, was forced to take refuge on a man-of-war, and fell, serving gallantly as a volunteer in the attack on Fort Moultrie in June, 1776.

Mr. Henry Middleton and his son were, as has been said, ardent patriots. The head of their family was a country gentleman in Suffolk. Mrs. Pinckney's father and brother had been officers in his Majesty's army, — and so it went. Women suffer cruelly in such cases of divided allegiance, when love and duty beckon on either hand. No word of murmur or protest, however, escapes the remarkable woman whose life is here portrayed. She prayed for peace while peace was possible; then for a speedy end to the war; then for reconciliation

and forgiveness of injuries. But she never set herself against her sons, or against that sentence in her husband's will which had enjoined each of them to devote "all his future abilities in the service of God and his Country, and in the cause of virtuous liberty."

Her granddaughter, when asked what part Mrs. Pinckney had taken, and how she had influenced her children, said that she "had prayed to God to guide them aright, but that she had given no advice and attempted no influence; for that having done her best while they were boys to make them wise and good men, she now thankfully acknowledged that they surpassed her in wisdom as in stature."

Long before the close of the war, she found her reward for this early forbearance. Her sympathies centred themselves in the cause for which her sons were fighting, and their country became entirely her own.

The military history of the two Pinckneys has lately been written in the Life of General Thomas Pinckney, and forms no part of this work. They were forced to look on from across the Bay, most unwilling spectators, at the battle of Fort Moultrie in 1776. The letters from Thomas Pinckney to his mother and sister give a vivid picture of the scene. In the comparatively quiet time which followed that battle in

Carolina, Charles Cotesworth went on to General Washington, and had the honor of serving as his aide in the campaign of '77. The friendship then formed, continued all their lives, without shadow of turning, Washington never losing any opportunity of evincing his trust and confidence in the ardent Carolinian.

During this period things went on quietly enough in the South, — the ladies leading their accustomed lives, and the men "riding the circuit" and planting their crops, though always ready to resume their arms. In 1778, however, trouble arose from Florida. Florida had been acquired by Great Britain from Spain only a few years before, and she now used it as a point of vantage whence to harass Georgia and Carolina. Mrs. Pinckney says: —

"The Georgia deputies are come, and that is all I know about them; you know I don't love to be inquisitive and therefore I did not ask any of y^e^ committee folks, and those that did not belong to it knew nothing of the matter as they were shut out. . . . Y^r^ Brothers intend to set out for the Southward this week. . . . The Deputies above mentioned I find are not, from y^e^ Province of Georgia, but from S^t^ Johns in Georgia."

General Howe was to command this expedition; Charles Cotesworth, now Colonel, was

under him; and Thomas congratulates himself in after years on the recollection that "being a Major I was on horseback." Mrs. Pinckney had a lively horror of Florida campaigns, remembering well the sufferings of those of her youth. Sickness too now broke out, a sort of putrid fever appearing, especially among the negroes, and embarrassing operations. Drouth too threatened, and the summer of 1778 opened anxiously.

The Georgia expedition failed much as General Oglethorpe's Augustine expedition had done years before. The climate was too much for the men, and the enemy, by simply "falling back," wrought as much havoc as pitched battles could have done. Thomas Pinckney wrote that "before we reached Fort Tonyn which the British abandoned at our approach half of our troops were in their graves or in the hospitals." Mrs. Pinckney was thankful to receive her sons alive and free from the sickness which carried off many of their comrades. She says: "A soldier's life seems to agree with your brother, he generally looks better for undergoing fatigue." "Gen^{l} Lincoln is arrived. My account came in for altering my brocade. £60 including sewing silk, which alone is £5."

General Lincoln had come to resist the British, who had gained possession of Georgia

and even of Savannah. Mrs. Horry writes in great alarm from Santee. At such a distance from town, rumor of course ran riot, and anything might be believed.

"I have been so uneasy at not hearing a word from my dear Mama to inform me of the reason of her delay that I am determined to wait no longer. and tho' it is almost against the rule of this house to send to Town, I shall dispatch Ned immediately in hopes of being at a certainty; for tho' I have seen none of the neighbours, except the Col^os^ Family, [her husband's uncle, Colonel E. Horry] since Tuesday week, I have heard various reports; the last of which was that all the first regiment were gone to Georgia! I had heard before that there were an hundred sail of Vessels within the Bar, then that there were but forty, and that those had never been within forty leagues of it, and that the fleet had gone to Georgia, where also Generals Lincoln and Moultrie were gone, etc etc. and tho' there has been several opportunities from the camp at Seewee, ["Seewee," a part of Bull's Bay to the north of Charleston] I have not had a line to inform me of any thing that was going forward.

"I am now here entirely alone, not so much as the little weaver or Snyder here. [Snyder was the German overseer.] Part of the Colonel's Family have been with me since Xmas day till the last night, but Miss Roberts had business at home, and as yesterday was so fine a day, she, as

well as I, thought we should certainly see you. I should have been extreamly glad if April could have been sent up to put me a little out of the suspence I have been in for very near a week past. Ben Huger went to Georgetown some days ago, which made me immagine that the apprehension of the Enemy's coming here, could not be so great as to prevent my hearing from you, and therefore thought that you or my Brothers must be very ill I hope to hear by Ned that the last is not the case, and beg he may come up tomorrow.

"Dec^{r} 30th 1778."

These were for the time false alarms, but the loneliness must have been enough to excuse any amount of credulity. A young woman with one little boy and a baby (there was a little Harriott Pinckney Horry now) alone on a plantation with no white man, "not even the little weaver or Snyder," and listening to all the tales which the negroes gather and spread with amazing rapidity, must needs be apprehensive. And yet the women had to stay, the men all being in camp, or else the whole plantation machinery must stop.

In the midst of all this, Thomas Pinckney married Miss Elizabeth Motte. This also was a marriage which pleased his mother greatly. The Mottes had long been near and dear friends. The Chief Justice had been carried to

their nouse at Mount Pleasant for change of air, in his last illness, and had died there. They were among Mrs. Horry's nearest and best neighbors at Santee, and Mrs. Pinckney had a high opinion of them. From the beginning of the Revolution the Mottes had been among the patriots, but the most conspicuous proof of Mrs. Motte's devotion to the cause of American liberty was yet to come. It did not seem an auspicious moment for a marriage, for within a few months, Provost, marching from Savannah to besiege Charles Town, laid waste the whole country between the two cities. The plantation on the Ashepoo belonging to Thomas Pinckney (now Major), which had, as has been said, been chosen as the safest place at which to store the family valuables, lay directly in his way; it was plundered and burned to the ground. The following letters show the temper with which the mother and son bore their losses.

Hampton, as remote from the danger, sheltered many ladies flying from the enemy, but Belmont also suffered. We have not Major Pinckney's first letter. His mother wrote:

HAMPTON, SANTEE, May 1779.

MY DEAR TOMM, — I have just received your letter with the account of my losses, and your almost ruined fortunes by the enemy. A severe

blow! but I feel not for myself, but for you; 't is for your losses my greatly beloved child that I grieve; the loss of fortune could affect me little, but that it will deprive my dear Children of my assistance when they may stand most in need of it. . . . Your Brother's timely generous offer, to divide what little remains to him among us, is worthy of him. I am greatly affected, but not surprised at his Liberality.

I know his disinterestedness, his sensibility and affection. You say, I must be sensible you can't agree to this offer; indeed my dear Tomm I am very sensible of it, nor can I take a penny from his young helpless family. Independence is all I want and a little will make us that. Don't grieve for me my child as I asure you I do not for myself. While I have such children dare I think my lot hard? God forbid! I pray the Almighty disposer of events to preserve them and my grandchildren to me, and for all the rest I hope I shall be able to say not only contentedly but cheerfully, God's Sacred will be done!

On the same day the Major wrote to his mother: —

CAMP AT PARKER'S FERRY May 17th.

HON^d^ MADAM, — A North Carolina soldier was five days sick at my house at Ashepoo, and was there when the enemy came. He reports that they took with them nineteen Negroes, among whom were Betty, Prince, Chance, and all the hardy

Boys — They left the sick women, and the young children, and about five fellows who are now perfectly free and live on the best produce of the plantation. They took with them all the best Horses they could find, burnt the dwelling House and books, destroyed all the furniture, china, etc, killed the sheep and poultry and drank the liquors.

The Overseer concealed himself in the swamp and afterwards returned. I hope he will be able to keep the remaining property in some order, tho' the Negroes pay no attention to his orders. As however our Light Horse has scoured that Country, and we still have some small parties out I am hopeful all will not be lost. This account I thought might be satisfactory, and therefore snatch the moment of the Express setting out to transmit it to you.

My feelings on account of your situation at Santee, have been afflicting, for altho' you were out of immediate danger, I can easily conceive your anxiety for Charles Town, when in danger of being taken. Our present situation promises better times. Adieu my dearest Mother, remember me tenderly to Harriott and all Friends, and believe me your most dutiful

And affectionate Son

THOMAS PINCKNEY.

To her son Mrs. Pinckney wrote again: —

To Major Pinckney.

Harriott will write to you now if possible. She is happy in being able to assist her friends at

this time. She sent for Sally and the children upon the first appearance of Danger, and we were happy when we got them with us. Mrs Middleton, Lady Mary, Mrs Edward Rutledge, Mrs Charles Drayton, Mrs Ralph Izard and Mrs Mathewes are now here with all their little ones. Mrs D. Huger, Mrs W. H. Drayton and children with Miss Elliott and Miss Hyrne left us this morning to go to Peedee. [All these were ladies, most of them connections, whose homes lay in Provost's track, and were thus refugees at Hampton.]

Backlow [the overseer] wrote me he would keep the boat to bring the women and children from Ashepoo as soon as there was any danger. . . .

I sent Prince the taylour to order the Belmont people to cross Scott's Ferry and come to me at Santee, and I hear Mr Horry [Colonel First Regiment South Carolina dragoons] did the same. but they are not come. The enemy was at Belmont and distroyed every thing in the house, but took none of the negroes. Those at Beech Hill were thought safe and ordered to stay where they were. Quaco came to Goose Creek to Sally to know whether they should remove. . . . I wish you or your Brother were near enough to direct what should be done, but I dispair of y^r being able to do any thing, and as the Enemy are retreating to Ashley River, I think they are out of the way of being taken at present unless they choose to go to them, and in that case I fear we should not be able to prevent it.

It must not be supposed that the negroes were carried off by the British to be set free. They were, on the contrary, generally sent to the West Indies, and sold there by their captors. Ramsay says that twenty-five thousand were carried off during the war; eight hundred were said to have been sold by one English engineer officer, Colonel Moncrieff, alone.

Only two days after his letter was written, on the 20th of June, Major Pinckney had the satisfaction of aiding in the defeat of Provost (who had withdrawn from before Charles Town), at the battle of Stono, after which Provost retreated to Savannah. Both brothers and their brother-in-law took part in the siege of Savannah, by Lincoln and the Count d'Estaing, — Major Pinckney serving as aide to the count, who had sent a boat ashore when off Charles Town, requesting to have an aide sent him "who was fluent in French."

All also served in the defence of Charles Town when it was besieged by Sir Henry Clinton in 1780, Colonel C. C. Pinckney being in command of Fort Moultrie. Clinton, however, attacked "by the back door," as it was said, landing to the south and making his approaches by land. Washington afterwards declared that no defence should have been made, it being impossible to hold the place with the means at their command; and the general commanding,

Lincoln, despaired very soon. Moultrie, Laurens, Gadsden, and Pinckney, however, who were fighting for their homes, hoped and fought on. Perhaps they did *not* hope for success, but for a nobler aim; for Pinckney, opposing Lincoln's desire to surrender, said: —

"I will not say, if the enemy attempt to carry our lines by storm that we shall be able to resist them successfully; but I am convinced that we shall so cripple the army before us, that although we may not live to enjoy the benefits ourselves, yet to the United States they will be incalculably great. Considerations of self are out of the question; they cannot influence any member of this council. My voice is for rejecting all terms of capitulation and for continuing hostilities to the last extremity."

The gallant John Laurens supported this proposition, but it was not adopted. Still, they held out for a month, while the shells reached every part of the town, and shot down the women and children in the streets. When at last they piled their arms, the British, Moultrie says, "asked where the second division was. They were astonished [to see so few] and said we had made a gallant defence."

So fell Charles Town, and so began the darkest day of Carolina's history, — in the eighteenth century.

XIV

END OF THE REVOLUTION

1781–1782

Before Charles Town capitulated, General Lincoln had prevailed upon Governor Rutledge and some of his council to leave the town, in order that the *State* might not be surrendered in the person or by the signature of her governor, and that civil government might be carried on. With Governor Rutledge went Major Pinckney and some other officers, who thus escaped the captivity of their comrades.

By the articles of capitulation the officers were to be exchanged, as is usual in war; and the citizens, under a general parole, were to be unmolested in their homes and property. But in a very short time, and especially after Lord Cornwallis succeeded Sir Henry Clinton in command, these articles were totally disregarded, and all sorts of humiliations and wrongs were heaped upon the inhabitants.

Many of the officers, and among them Colonel C. C. Pinckney, were confined at "Snee Farm," a few miles from Charles Town in Christ

Church parish; there is a letter written thence by Colonel Pinckney with the words, "I hear that my wife and children have been turned out of my house! Be pleased to tell me now the meaning of this Manœuvre."

"The exigencies of the service" answered every remonstrance, and were found to apply particularly to the handsomest and most convenient houses. There are innumerable stories of these evictions. One lady, whose sister was dying upstairs, refused to illuminate according to order, and found herself on her doorstep with her infant in her arms. Others, for some sharp speech or angry words (natural enough, poor souls), had soldiers quartered in their best rooms, while they were sent to the garrets. Two sisters who remonstrated against some order were thrown into the dungeon under the old Post-office, with the worst felons of the town. It was no worse treatment than is met with in other wars; but these people had dwelt in peace for many years, and the cruelties were inflicted by men who but a short time before had been their friends and countrymen, — and it was hard.

Worse still were the overtures of friendship. Ladies were literally "bidden" to balls. If their refusal was too marked or persistent, ingenious ways of retaliation were found. Policy

compelled a certain (very carefully guarded) acceptance of civilities.

These sufferers were the "true Patriots." Then there were open British sympathizers, who for various reasons had remained in this country. Of them there was little to be said. Their side had won, and they had a right to rejoice. But there were also those weak souls who loved amusement, and could not resist a "pretty fellow," whether he wore a blue coat or a red one. The contemptuous scorn for these feeble folk lasted while they lived. One old lady who must have been near a hundred when she died (a very respectable woman), used to be pointed out to the young people: "*We* don't think much of Miss X—— Y——, my dear. *Quite* too fond of the British officers!"

In the country in the meanwhile the women had still worse times. The British set up the claim that as the capitulation of Charles Town had been signed by General Gadsden, Lieutenant-Governor of the State, the whole State had been included in the surrender, and that any man still in arms might be treated as a rebel and a traitor.

This pretence they used to justify their "domiciliary visits," — descents on the houses and plantations, in order to seize and arrest any of

these rebels and traitors who might have ventured home to see his wife and children; also to carry off any convenient goods and chattels that might belong to him.

Two of these visits were made to Hampton, but I cannot give the dates; they were about this time. Of the first story General Marion, the "Swamp-Fox," was the hero. Mrs. Horry was alone with her children at the time, for the women stayed courageously at home, encouraged to do so by Marion, who advised them to "take protection, make provisions, keep up communications, and send information to the men in camp;" in other words, to make themselves spies, — which they patriotically did.

The tradition is that late one evening, her children being asleep, Mrs. Horry heard the sound of horse-hoofs, and then a man's voice begging admission at the door. It was Marion, who, having made an unsuccessful attack on the British near Georgetown, was now in turn pursued by them. His men had gone on to where a bridge crossed the Wambaw Creek a few miles off, in order to make their way to the Santee swamp, which was their stronghold. Marion, worn out and exhausted, had come to ask a supper and a lodging, and would follow them in the morning. Supper was prepared as rapidly as might be, but while it was cooking

the weary man sank into a sleep in his chair. Suddenly came the tramp of horses, the clang of steel scabbards: the British were upon them!

Mrs. Horry waked the general, took him to the back door, pointed down the long garden-walk to the creek at its foot, and told him to swim to the island opposite, and lie there in the rushes until the English left, — she would meet the enemy! "He was off like a wild duck," as Mrs. Horry's daughter always said in telling the story, and like a duck swam the stream and lay hid in the reeds until daylight came, when he made his way up the river to rejoin his men.

The lady in the meanwhile opened the front door (carefully closing those behind her), and met Tarleton face to face. Search was made, Mrs. Horry not only offering no remonstrance, but prolonging it by every means in her power. The tracks of the main troop had in the meanwhile been found, and the soldiers hurried off, taking horses, etc., but not stopping to plunder much. Colonel Tarleton ate the supper prepared for Marion, "requesting" Mrs. Horry to act as hostess, and carried off himself (perhaps in order to prove the polish to which he pretended) a fine volume of Milton, of a beautiful Baskerville edition, bound in crimson and gold.

The second volume, and the chair in which Marion slept, are kept as relics of the story.

The other visitation was more serious in its results. It was the earliest recollection of Mrs. Pinckney's granddaughter, the little Harriott Pinckney Horry (who was afterwards to marry Governor Rutledge's son), then between four and five years old. She said that there were many people in the house, — her father, who had come home from camp, her uncle, Major Pinckney, and his wife, and others. She herself was sleeping in a little cot at the foot of her grandmother's bed (Mrs. Pinckney's), when she was awaked by a loud noise and screams. The door flew open, and a beautiful girl rushed into the room, crying, "Oh, Mrs. Pinckney, save me, save me! The British are coming after me." The old lady stepped from the bed (one can fancy her majestic in bed-gown and kerchief!), and, pushing the girl under her own bed-clothes, said, "Lie there and no man will dare to trouble you;" and "such was the power of her presence, my dear, that those ruffians shrank abashed before her and offered no further insult." The young girl was the sister of Mrs. Pinckney's daughter-in-law, the beautiful Mary Motte, afterwards Mrs. William Alston. Her portrait, which hangs in the old Miles Brewton house, still remains.

This surprise was effected by a strong party of the enemy, led by Major Fraser, one of the most hated of the Tories, who had received intelligence of the presence of the two gentlemen.

Major Pinckney made his escape; Colonel Horry was seized, and made to take the parole, to the no small distress of his family. This time the place was thoroughly plundered, but neither house nor outbuildings were burned, which was esteemed a mercy. It is curious to see how quietly the people bore it all. Mrs. Horry, writing to her dear friend, Mrs. Blake, soon afterwards, says: "We have lately been well plundered by the Enemy. They took your miniature, w^{ch} I always wore on my neck, and my repeating watch." That is the only mention of this exciting event.

This must have been soon after the fall of Charles Town, while Major Pinckney was on his way to Camden and thence northward to join General Washington. His wife went to her mother's, at a place called St. Joseph's, on the Congaree River, about eighty miles from Charles Town; his mother and her other daughter-in-law returned to town, endeavoring to protect their property there and in that neighborhood. The whole country was in the hands of the British, and it mattered little where they stayed. There are but few letters for these sad

months; probably there were no means of communication; the enemy patrolled the roads and intercepted all men and horses except such as carried the official "permit," and even those might, it was carefully stated, be "pressed if the exigencies of the service required." The forlornness of the time — I know no more appropriate expression — is shown in the following letters, the only ones for this summer; the first is from Mrs. Pinckney to Mrs. T. Pinckney at St. Joseph's: —

I am much obliged to you my dear Betsey for your favour by John; it gave us great concern to hear of the frights and hardships you underwent in your journey and the continuance of them since you have been up. The disappointment in the loss of your boat, [the boat carrying supplies from the Santee to the Congaree place,] must have rendered your situation most uncomfortable. But alas this is a time of suffering wch we must all severely feel, till the Almighty Power wch governs Events relieves us. My heart bleeds at the separation from my dearly beloved Son, . . . but heavy as my own distresses are I feel yours in a great degree, and write this chiefly to beg you will exert your utmost efforts to keep up your spirits, and imitate your husband's fortitude. . . . Harriott desires me to assure you of her affectionate regards and joyns with me in love and every friendly

wish to Mrs Motte and all her family ; she has been lately in town upon business, and consulted Dr. Garden upon innoculation, and sends Mrs Motte a copy of his directions, but I hope you will be able to keep out of the way of the small pox . . . We shall be anxious to hear from you, but if 'tis inconvenient to you to write, use no ceremony with me, but beg the favour of Mrs Motte or any of the ladies with you to write me a line to say how you do. Be assured that I am dear Betsey. Your most affectionate Mother

ELIZA PINCKNEY

P. S.

Since the foregoing I received a letter from my dearest Tom from Camden.

The daughter-in-law answers just a month later : —

MOUNT JOSEPH July 1780

HONOURED MADAM, — I return you many thanks for your favour by Sampson. It gave me pleasure to hear that you with Mrs Horry and all friends at Santee were well. I wish we could say the same, but the fevers have attacked our children and negroes early, Three of Aunt Dart's and Mary [her sister] have for this ten days past been very sick with fever, and we all expect to have it soon. I sincerely simpathize with you in the separation from our Dear and greatly beloved friend [her husband] which has lately left us,

God only knows when to meet again. However I do all in my power to keep up my spirits and hope for the best, as I hope something may yet turn up for us, such as to enable him to return with Honour and satisfaction to himself and Friends.

I have not yet heard from him since he left Camden, but hope ere now he is safe with Gen.l Washington, as it was his Intention to join him as soon as possible.

I am much obliged to you for your good wishes relative to the small-pox — It will be almost impossible for our family to escape as it is on every plantation within 15 Miles around us. A Doctor from the Northward innoculates up here with great success, upward of a Thousand Blacks and Whites, and not one died amongst the number. Mamma joyns me in affectionate love to Mrs. Horry, is sorry to inform her that some person has stole one of her mares altho' she did every thing in her power to save them. The other Three with one Horse she sends down by Sampson.

They are in very bad order, as the Army has taken all our provisions & it was not in our power to feed them. She is afraid if she does not send them away the rest may be taken, as They are continually calling to enquire for horses. Papa has been gone down a month to-day and we have never heard from him but once; he is on John's Island, but we hope he may be able soon to return to his family as we one and all long and wish to see him. . . .

The spirits of the people rose when in August they heard that General Gates, "the conqueror of Saratoga," was coming with a large army to their assistance. Especially did the two Mrs. Pinckneys rejoice at hearing that the beloved son and husband, serving as Gates's aide-de-camp, was coming with him.

The joy soon turned to mourning, however, when the disastrous defeat of the battle of Camden left the whole country at the mercy of Cornwallis. In this battle Major Pinckney's leg was shattered by a musket-ball, and he was made prisoner. Fortunately for him his old schoolfellow, Captain Charles Barrington McKenzie, whom he had befriended at the battle of Stono, was present now, and so interested the English surgeons in his behalf that the leg, which had been condemned to amputation, was saved; and even Tarleton, who is generally the demon of the piece in Revolutionary stories in Carolina, showed him much kindness.

He had been taken in, almost dead from loss of blood, by a kind lady, Mrs. Clay, who lived near the battlefield. His mother writes in great dismay:—

CHARLES TOWN, Aug. 1780.

After a thousand fears and apprehensions for my dear, my greatly beloved child I am at length

made acquainted this day by your letter to your brother of the 20th. of your leg being shattered and you yourself a Prisoner. Gracious God, support me in this hour of distress! You can more easily conceive my feelings on this occasion than I express them, alas my child, 'tis saying little at my age to tell you how readily I would part with life could that save your limb, but how little can I do for you. I am not allowed even to give you that attendance and pay you those tender attentions that might in some measure alleviate your distress. . . .

Major Mony to whose humanity and politeness we are already much indebted will be so good as to convey this to you with ten guineas. I send some necessaries by his waggon also.

Your brother is at Snee, he was well when I last heard from him, he has lately had a son, a fine child named Charles Cotesworth. I long to see your dear babe.

The baby born at so inopportune a moment made it impossible for its mother to go to her husband, and for some time he remained under Mrs. Clay's care. Mrs. Pinckney wrote: —

"I never heard my dear child that you were without your servant till Capt M. came to Town, I hope poor John is safe and well. Moses was then at Santee or he would have been with you before, he promises to behave well and I hope will be useful. Your letter of the 23d gave me

much pleasure. I have since seen one from Dr Hayes' to Dr Garden in which he says: — 'Major Pinckney is as well as we can expect though the cure will be tedious, that both bones of the left leg are broke and splintered.' Alas, my child what must you suffer! . . . Your sister's letter and mine designed to go by Capt King but left behind, were sent yesterday to Capt McMahon, which we beg the favor he would forward by the first opportunity. I hope you will have received the boxes sent you before this reaches you."

The boxes did not arrive, and the poor mother is anxious lest he should suffer for the want of them. She says: —

"I saw Capt McMahon last week, he told me he thought you must by that time have received the first box I sent; but the two last were gone but two days before. I beg you will make yourself easy with regard to any little matters I send you; 'tis not at all inconvenient to me, therefore don't imagine it will distress me, but let me know if there is anything in particular that will be agreeable to you and I will send it. . . . I wish you out of so sickly a place as Camden, yet I fear much your removing too soon. Heaven direct you. —

"Pray pay our respectful Compliments to Major Mony and Capt MacKenzie. . . . I shall inquire of Capt M. next time I see him what waggon your box went by if I don't hear from you before of its being received."

How small the power of sending comfort was, is seen in this extract from a letter to her daughter-in-law, in which, after congratulation upon the birth of her child, she says of her son: —

"Our anxiety however, has been greatly abated by hearing frequently since of his being in a good way. . . . I sent him a couple of suits of his linnen by a waggon, I now send you what remains by Sam, though the shirts are old, they may be of Service to him in his illness, there are two shirts, three stocks, three pair of stockings and two handkerchiefs. I heard from Snee lately, the Gen'l. and Mrs Moultrie are well. [Mrs. Moultrie had been a Miss Motte, Mrs. Tom Pinckney's aunt.] My poor son has had another attack of the fever, but is something better. . . .

"You no doubt are acquainted with the great attention and tenderness shown my son at Camden, by all the British officers that he has seen, and the Gentlemen of the Faculty, as well as the maternal kindness of Mrs. Clay."

The careful enumeration of these few half-worn things shows how the pinch of poverty began to be felt. These were not the days in which she could write: "Mr Horry has sent me a little cargo." Writing from a place on Goosecreek called "Harriott's Villa," Colonel Horry says, about this time: "I send you a

small shoat which I hope will be acceptable and prove good; a few eggs and potatoes sent some time ago, I hope you have received." For such small supplies they were now thankful.

At last the surgeons consented to Major Pinckney's removal, and Lord Cornwallis gave the permit. A courageous lady, Mrs. Brewton, his wife's cousin, went over to Camden for him. The horror of the journey in an open springless cart, his head resting on this lady's knees, the jolting and suffering, as they made their way across the two great swamps of the Wateree and Congaree, to Mrs. Motte's place on the latter river, has often been described to the writer. On his arrival, so far from being "in a good way," the leg was found in a shocking condition, and was with great difficulty kept from mortification. His wife exerted herself so much in her care of him as to bring on a violent illness, in which at one time she was supposed to be dead. His mother wrote, before hearing of this: —

"How much, my dearest child, must you have suffered. I have been flattered with your having everything comfortable, and your own manner of writing, led me into the same mistake; which made me the less lament the non-arrival of the things I sent. Capt M. is surprised they are not

yet received, as he thinks they must be safe, he was so good to direct them to the care of Major Mony, how they have missed you I can't imagine but greatly regret. I rejoyce at your being able to be removed to Mrs Motte's."

So the hardly gathered comforts were apparently intercepted.

The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel; and the kindness of the British officers on which Mrs. Pinckney dwells with such simple gratitude was by no means "pure unasking kindness." It was at this time their policy to try by every means in their power to induce the most prominent among the American officers to abandon their cause and enlist in his Majesty's service. They pointed out that they were prisoners, and might always remain so; that their country was subjugated, etc., and made liberal offers of pardon and favor from the King.

The former governor, Lord Charles Montagu, who had been on friendly terms with many of them, exerted himself particularly in this way. The admirable letter in which General Moultrie replied to his offers is well known. Similar advances were made both to Major Pinckney and to Colonel C. C. Pinckney, who had been, ever since the fall of Charles Town, eating his heart out in confinement at Snee.

The Family Legend preserves for us a few of the answers of the latter to such overtures. He wrote to Major Mony, mentioned before as assisting his brother : —

"I entered into this cause after reflection and through principle; my heart is altogether American, and neither severity, nor favour, nor poverty, nor affluence can ever induce me to swerve from it."

To Captain McMahon, another British officer, he says : —

"The freedom and independence of my Country are the Gods of my Idolatry. I mean to rejoin the American Army as soon after my exchange as I possibly can, I will exert my abilities to the utmost in the cause I am engaged in, and to obtain success, will attempt every measure that is not cruel or dishonourable."

His friend and brother-in-law, Edward Rutledge, wrote asking what he would do if set at liberty ; he answered : —

" You, My dear Ned, may be assured that I will not do anything, however I may be oppressed at which my friends may blush. If I had a vein that did not beat with love for my country, I myself would open it. If I had a drop of blood that could flow dishonourably, I myself would let it out. Whenever asked the question you mention, I will

give it such an answer as is becoming an American officer, a man of honour, and a devotee to the freedom and independence of his Country."

In the following January, Major Pinckney was sent down to Charles Town, still travelling in a wagon, and not able to bear more than twelve miles a day. After some time he was sent with his brother and other officers to the American headquarters at Philadelphia; but months more elapsed before they were exchanged, and assigned to duty with Washington's army, where they participated in the closing scenes of the war, — Yorktown, etc.

At this time, after the battle of Camden, the seaboard of Carolina was completely in the power of the British; but in the great swamps Marion and his men still lurked, darting out to strike a blow whenever opportunity offered; and in the upper districts, Sumter, Washington, Hampton, Pickens, and other bold riders were gathering strength. Governor Rutledge, indefatigable in raising money and supplies, went from point to point near the North Carolina border, organizing and encouraging the partisans; and Congress sent General Greene to take the chief command. With him came Harry Lee of Virginia and his legion of light-horse. It was in the May following Major Pinckney's departure that Mrs. Motte with her

two unmarried daughters and Mrs. Thomas Pinckney, who remained with her, were removed by order of the British colonel, McPherson, from her own house, a large new one, to an outbuilding, some distance off. The English occupied the large house as a sort of fort, having surrounded it by a high stockade, and keeping regular guard. It thus formed one of a semi-circle of fortified posts, extending from Charles Town to Augusta, and its name of "St. Joseph's" was changed to "Fort Motte."

The ladies, whose little dwelling was without the stockade, all being ardently patriotic, managed to keep up communication with Marion and Lee, who were hovering near. At last Colonel Lee reluctantly informed Mrs. Motte that the good of the cause required the destruction of her fine new house, as there was no way of dislodging the British but by burning it to the ground. Instead of remonstrating or lamenting, Mrs. Motte instantly agreed to the sacrifice, and said that she would herself provide the means of setting it on fire. She produced from "the top of an old wardrobe" a quiver of East Indian arrows, which, when they struck, burst into flame. They had been given, many years before, by the captain of an East Indiaman, to her brother, Miles Brewton, and had on his death come into her pos-

session. She explained their use to Colonel Lee, who, sending his sharp-shooters into the tall trees about, made them fire the arrows from their rifles to the shingle roof. The flames burst out, and the English soldiers flew to extinguish them; but the riflemen picked off every man as he appeared, and in a few moments the white flag of surrender was hung out. Then both parties joined in extinguishing the flames, and the body of the house was saved. More singular is it that the officers of both parties dined together that evening with Mrs. Motte, who received all with equal courtesy. Marion, Lee, and John Eager Howard were present.

The manuscript from which this account is taken is by the eldest grandson of Mrs. Motte, C. C. Pinckney, Esq. His cousin, Mrs. Rutledge (Mrs. Horry's daughter), adds some details, and concludes: —

"Mrs Motte always used the case which had held the arrows as a knitting needle case. [The long wooden needles on which the ladies of that day used to knit the wool from their own flocks, which they or their maids had spun.] I have played with it many a time by her side while she talked with my mother and uncle, General Thomas Pinckney, about the times of British oppression in this country."

The present writer remembers the case well; it was a long bamboo quiver, with figures in dark brown, carved upon the lighter brown beneath.

The sufferings of the people, and especially of the soldiers, at this time were severe. The men at Valley Forge suffered more because of the colder climate; but of hunger, nakedness, and want of every sort the accounts of the contemporary historians, Ramsay and Moultrie, tell a dreadful tale. The following letter, written by Mrs. Pinckney from her comparatively sheltered position in Charles Town, shows how little the guarantees of protection to property given at the surrender of the town had been observed. It is to an English friend, who had returned home, worn out by six years of war: —

"I am sorry I am under a necessity to send this unaccompanied with the amount of my account due to you. It may seem strange that a single woman, accused of no crime, who had a fortune to live Genteelly in any part of the world, that fortune too in different kinds of property, and in four or five different parts of the country, should in so short a time be so entirely deprived of it as not to be able to pay a debt under sixty pound sterling, but such is my singular case. After the many losses I have met with, for the last three or four desolating years

from fire and plunder, both in Country and Town, I still had something to subsist upon, but alas the hand of power has deprived me of the greatest part of that, and accident of the rest. Permit me to particularize in part, or you may possibly think me mistaken in what I have now asserted, as a strange concurrence of circumstances must happen before a person situated as I was, should become thus destitute of the means of paying a small debt.

"The labor of the slaves I had working at my son Charles' sequestrated Estate by Mr Crudens permission, [Mr. Cruden appears to have been in possession of Col. Pinckney's Estate, as he also occupied his house in town] has not produced one farthing since the fall of Charles Town. Between thirty and forty head of tame cattle, which I had on the same plantation, with the same permission, was taken last November by Major Yarborough and his party for the use of the army, for which I received nothing.

"My house in Ellory Street, which Capt McMahon put me in possession of soon after I came to Town, and which I immediately rented at one hundred per annum sterling, was in a short time after filled with Hessians, to the great detriment of the house and annoyance of the tenant, who would pay me no more for the time he was in it, than twelve guineas. I applied to a Board of Field Officers which was appointed to regulate those matters, they gave it as their opinion that I ought to be paid for the time it had been, and the time it

should be, in the Service of Government, which it is to this day. I applied as directed for payment, but received nothing. Even a little hovel, which I built to please one of my negroes and which in the late great demand for houses would have been of service to me, was taken from me, and all my endeavors to get it again proved fruitless.

"My plantation up the path, [namely, the old Indian path, the precursor of the present State Road, leading up the country] which I hired to Mr Simpson for fifty guineas the last year, and had agreed with him for eighty guineas for the present year, was taken out of his possession and I am told Major Fraiser now has it for the use of the Cavalry, and Mr Simpson does not seem inclined to pay me for the last half year of the year 1781. To my regret and to the great prejudice of the place, the wood has also been all cut down for the use of the Garrison, for which I have not got a penny. The negroes I had in town are sometimes impressed on the public works and make the fear of being so a pretence for doing nothing. Two men and two women bring me small wages but part of that I was robbed of before it reached me.

"I have a right to a third of the rent of two good houses in Town, each of which I could have rented at three hundred pounds per annum sterling, but the government allows but a hundred and fifty pounds sterling for each, so that about two hundred pounds which I received at different

times in the course of last year, from Mr Cruden or by his order, is all the money I have been possessed of except very trifling sums for two years past.

"Forgive good sir, this tedious recital and present my affectionate Compliments to Mrs G. 'Tis long since I saw my son Charles, and have no prospect of seeing him soon, but am very certain he would do every thing in his power to serve her.

". . . Since the above I have seen an advertisement in a Charles Town paper which gives me some hopes of getting something for my wood; Mr Johnston, before I left Charles Town was so good to offer to do me any service in his power, I am sure he has not been wanting in applying for it. I write to him at this time to put the first money of mine which he has in his hands in discharge of your account, should he not have received any I must, though reluctantly, beg your patience till I can raise as much."

This was in May, 1782; but "the day is darkest before the dawn," and slowly but surely the Americans were gaining ground, pushing the British back to the immediate vicinity of Charles Town. By August of the same year the people knew that deliverance had come, and that their oppressors were to go. In December, the British took to their ships and evacuated the town; and the "Ragged Continentals" marched proudly in.

The writer has often heard her grandmother tell how she stood, a little girl clinging to her mother's hand, to see the greeting, — the joy, the tears, the shouts, the sobs, as that war-worn band came down the streets. Perhaps the people at first hardly recognized all that came with it. Peace, — but peace with how many changes! The country, still torn and bleeding, was free. It was no longer a Province, but the State of South Carolina. The North American Colonies were the United States; and, the long struggle ended, the men who had fought to pull down, had now to build up, and to rear from the fragments of the old system the new edifice which was to amaze the world.

XV

OLD AGE AND DEATH

1783–1793

HENCEFORTH we have but few letters of Mrs. Pinckney's. Age was approaching, and her chief interests were near at hand. Fortunes were destroyed or impaired; and with the courage and hopefulness which are the best heritage of Carolinians, all, men and women alike, set themselves to the task of renewing their fallen State.

Colonel Horry died of country fever not long after the close of the war, and from that time forth Mrs. Pinckney shared her daughter's home. Colonel Horry had previously taken his only son, Daniel (the "dear babe" of thirteen years before), to England for his education. The boy was said to have "extraordinary quick parts," but to be idle and wilful. The country was still too troubled for quiet study, and his grandmother was anxious that he should tread in the footsteps of her own sons. Most of the remaining letters are to him.

Colonel Charles Cotesworth Pinckney lost his wife (Miss Middleton) about this time, and brought his three daughters to share his mother's and sister's care. The rest of Mrs. Pinckney's life was chiefly devoted to the training of these children, and of Mrs. Horry's only daughter, Harriott. The four grew up under her immediate influence; they lived to within the memory of the existing generation; and it is from their conversation that the present writer (grand-daughter and great-niece) has gathered the traditions here told. Mrs. Pinckney's sons were busily occupied with their own and with public affairs. Colonel C. C. Pinckney, as a member of the Constitutional Convention, helped to frame the Constitution of the United States, which his brother signed as Governor of his State. The letters to her grandson show touchingly their mother's perfect happiness in these beloved children, — that greatest happiness which age can know, a virtuous pride in virtuous sons.

She writes to the boy, urging a close attention to his studies, and exclaims, "An idle man is a burthen to society and to himself, how absurdly connected are the words — 'an illiterate gentleman.'" She continues: —

"With the most resigned acquiescence in the Divine Will, I submit to the loss of Fortune,

when I see my dear children, after being exposed to a variety of suffering, danger and Death, alive and well around me. And when I contemplate with what philosophick firmness and calmness they both of them supported pain, sickness and evils of various sorts, and withstood the utmost efforts of the ennemies' malice, and see with what greatness of mind they now generously conduct themselves to all; my heart overflows with gratitude to their great Preserver for continuing to me such children. Be assured, my dear Daniel, no pleasure can equal that which a mother feels when she knows her children have acted their part well through life, and when she sees them happy in the consciousness of having done so. May the Almighty in his infinite goodness and condescencion accept my prayer when I earnestly entreat that your dear and greatly beloved mother may enjoy the same comfort in seeing you and your sister answer her most sanguine hopes: for though I hope your Country will never want your aid in a Millitary capacity you may be guided by the same principles of true honour and real virtue that have always actuated them, and though not called exactly to the same exertion, your conduct in publick and private life may Emulate the Example they have set you, and give your mother a comfort which nothing else can. . . .

"When I take a retrospective view of our past sufferings, so recent too, and compare them with our present prospects, the change is so great and

sudden it appears like a dream, and I can hardly believe the pleasing reality, that peace, with all its train of blessings is returned, and that everyone may find Shelter under his own Vine and his own Fig-tree, and be happy. Blessed be God! the effusion of human blood is stopped. Truth may now also appear in its full force and native Lustre, without dread of the oppressive hand of power as heretofore, when the injured were not heard, or heard only to be treated with contempt and insult; when in justice to themselves they would disprove those horrid falsehoods and misrepresentations which natural malevolence or party rage inspired. How much has this unhappy land felt the insolence of power and wanton cruelty; there are but few here but can feelingly tell a tale of woe. Were I to enumerate the distresses that have come to my own knowledge I should distress you and myself beyond measure, for their sorrows were greater than mine, and I experienced a large share of the bitter portion dealt out at those evil times. Both my Sons, their wives and Infants were exiled. Wounded sick and emaciated with a very pittance to support them in a strange Land [Philadelphia] they imbarked. Their estates had been long before sequestrated and mine was shattered and ruined, which left me little power to assist them; nor had I in Country or Town a place to lay my head, all was taken out of my possession; my house I lived in, that in Colleton Square, and at Belmont, all was taken from me, nor was I able.

to hire a lodging. But let me forget as soon as I can their cruelties, I wish to forgive and will say no more on this subject, and hope our joy and gratitude for our great deliverance may equal our former anguish, and our contentment in mediocrity, and moderation in prosperity, equal the fortitude with which the greatest number even of our sex sustained the great reverse of fortune they experienced."

In a subsequent letter she adds of her sons:

"Those firm and undaunted men in danger and under suffering, are now among the most lenient and merciful, using all their influence in calming the violence of their fellow sufferers, who sore with their recent ill usage, are ready to retalliate those Injuries they have received, (at least in part,) now the power is in their hand; and this they can do with a good grace, and their reasoning sometimes moderates the violence."

This alludes to the measures of retaliation (chiefly by fines) now advocated against the Tories. As is usual in such cases, the men who had fought were, now that peace had come, the most willing to forgive and forget.

General Marion exerted his great influence in behalf of those against whom he had so persistently made war, and the Pinckneys and many other gallant soldiers took the same part. The penalties inflicted were comparatively few

and light; but years were to pass before people could generally believe, as was said by an eminent jurist, that "all the vices were not in a Tory camp, or all the virtues in a Rebel one."

The last public appearance of Mrs. Pinckney was one in which she must have taken great delight. It was when in 1791 General Washington, on his southern tour, stopped to breakfast at Hampton. We all have heard of his "Most Sacred Majesty's disjune at Tillietudlem," the abiding pride of Lady Margaret Bellenden. Even such was the pride and pleasure of Mrs. Pinckney and her family, in receiving the "Father of his Country." The general left Georgetown early, and, travelling with four horses, reached Hampton on the South Santee by eleven, having crossed three large rivers in the fifteen-mile drive. He was accompanied by Major Pinckney and several other gentlemen, and turned aside about a mile from the high-road to breakfast with the ladies. He was received by Mrs. Horry, with her mother on the one hand, her daughter on the other, and her nieces around her, under the handsome new portico with lofty columns which she had just added to the house.

The ladies were arrayed in sashes and bandeaux painted with the general's portrait and mottoes of welcome; and after a stately re-

ception he was led to the large ball-room, just built, where an elaborate breakfast awaited him, the gentlemen of his suite, and many of the neighbors, who had gathered to greet him. Before leaving, he observed a handsome young oak growing rather too near the house, which Mrs. Horry proposed to cut down, as it interfered with the view. The general advised that it should be kept, as an oak was a thing no man could make; and there it still stands, — "Washington's Oak" unto this day.

That grief of advancing years, the frequent loss of friends, was now Mrs. Pinckney's. She had to mourn the death of the lady with whom, ever since her return from England, she had been most intimate, — Lady Mary Mackenzie, who, having married, first, Mr. Drayton, and, secondly, Mr. Ainslie, became lastly the fourth wife of the Hon. Henry Middleton. This lady had long lived in the closest friendship with Mrs. Pinckney and Mrs. Horry, being godmother to the daughter of the latter. She died at sea on her return from a visit to England, and Mrs. Horry writes to her sister, Lady Augusta Murray, that her mother was overwhelmed with grief. Mrs. Pinckney probably had this in mind when she wrote the following to her friend Mr. Keate, — the last letter that we have from her pen: —

How good you were, my dear sir, to think of me again, the second of August, before I had answered your favor of the fifth of July, — I feel very sensibly the kindness, and be assured the satisfaction your letters give me is among the first pleasures I enjoy. How often do I congratulate myself that although my acquaintance in the early part of life was chiefly among those older than myself, I was so happy to have gained a few valuable friends among those that were younger, and of these none stands higher in my affection and esteem than my much valued friend Mr Keate. He, Heaven be praised, is still left to me; how conducive to the enjoyment of life are those we have long known! "A friend that has many years been ripening by our side" is a treasure indeed, and at a season too when time has robbed us of almost all the delights produced by an intercourse of amity with those with whom we have been early connected.

Outliving those we love is what gives the principal gloom to long protracted life. There was never anything very tremendous to me in the prospect of old age, the loss of friends excepted, but this loss I have keenly felt. This is all the terror that the Spectre with the Scythe and Hour-glass ever exhibited to my view, Nor since the arrival of this formidable period have I had anything else to deplore from it. I regret no pleasures that I can't enjoy, and I enjoy some that I could not have had at an early season. I now see my children grown up, and, blessed be God! see them such

as I hoped. What is there in youthful enjoyment preferable to this? What is there in youthful enjoyment preferable to passions subdued? what to the tranquility which the calm evening of life naturally produces? Sincere is my gratitude to Heaven for the advantages of this period of life, as well as for those that are passed.

Pray receive my best thanks for the Elegant Edition you sent me of your poetical works, those and most of your other works I had before though not in so rich a dress, and have often perused them with great pleasure, unconnected with the Idea of their being the production of your pen. Their literary merit others enjoy, as well as myself, but when I consider the virtues they inculcate as being all your own, and flowing from the Benevolent Heart of *my friend*, I then look upon myself as particularly interested in them. I think myself in company with you, I hear you speak, I recollect the happy hours we have passed together with my ever dear Mr Pinckney, whose virtues I still revere, whose memory I tenderly love, and whose uncommon affection and partiality to me will be gratefully remembered to my last hour. . . . A thousand, thousand thanks to you, for your goodness to my dear Daniel. You are no doubt acquainted with the loss of his poor father. All my children join in thanks for your kind remembrance of them and beg you and Mrs Keate will accept of their affectionate respect. Compliments is too cold a word, therefore pray give my *love* to Mrs

Keate, in that every good wish is expressed, and conclude me,

your affectionate and obliged friend,

E. PINCKNEY.

South Carolina,
Hampton April 2d. 1786.

The last sentence is a fitting end to the correspondence of this loving-hearted woman.

The end which comes to all came to her softened by "Honour, love, obedience, troops of friends," and, above all, by the cheerful, strong resignation which time and trouble had never shaken. Her granddaughter, in the Family Legend, dwells lovingly on this trait of her character, which she taught to the young people about her, and which served some of them well in far distant and troublous times. Her favorite hymn was Addison's, —

> "When all thy mercies, O my God,
> My rising soul surveys;"

and she dwelt particularly to them on the duty expressed in the lines: —

> "Nor is the least a cheerful heart
> That takes those gifts with joy."

Much physical pain and suffering were hers. Attacked by mortal disease, it was decided that she should go to Philadelphia, in the hope that superior surgical skill might give relief. She

embarked, accompanied by her daughter and three granddaughters on the 10th of April, 1793. A rough passage of ten days exhausted her, and on reaching Philadelphia she was very ill. Congress was sitting, and friends, old and new, met them.

Mrs. Horry records in her diary the kindness of many of these: "Mrs. Izard's coach met us at the landing and conveyed us to our lodging at the Corner of Spruce and Third Street, opposite Mr. Binghams gardens [Mrs. Izard was Miss DeLancey of New York, wife of Ralph Izard, Senator from South Carolina]. Many people called. During the week we were visited by several ladies and gentlemen, Mrs. Chew, Bingham, Powell, Burrows, Harrison, DeBrahm, Kean, Hamilton, Hyrne, Iredell and Cadwallader. The President, Mr. Bingham, Jackson, Logan, Burrows, Col. Hamilton, Gen'ls Stewart and Lincoln, Judge Iredell etc, etc. Gen Washington was extremely kind, and said, as Mrs. Washington was sick, he offered in her name as well as his own everything in their power to serve us, and begged we would use no ceremony."

It all pleased the sick woman, for she received it, as indeed it was, as respect shown to her sons; but she was really dying, although then they did not know it. For some time the

doctors gave them much encouragement, but she grew suddenly worse, and on May 26, after "several hours of great agony, it pleased Almighty God to take her to himself."

Her sons were absent in the last hour, — the elder in Carolina, not suspecting so rapid a termination to the illness; the younger in England as Minister to the Court of St. James; but love and honor were around her, and, gently supported by loving hands, she went to her rest. She was buried in St. Peter's churchyard, Philadelphia, May 27, 1793; General Washington himself, at his own request, acting as one of her pall-bearers.

No account of Mrs. Pinckney would be complete without some notice of the result of her life-work. She had spared no sacrifice or pain to train the young minds given to her care, and she was greatly rewarded. The services of her sons to their country continued with their lives. They were chosen by Washington himself for important offices, and performed them well, — Thomas Pinckney being sent as Minister to England and to Spain, where he negotiated the important Treaty of San Ildefonso, which secured to the United States the Florida boundary and the free navigation of the Mississippi.

Colonel C. C. Pinckney was sent by Mr. Jefferson on the more difficult mission to the

French Directory in 1797, — a mission which failed in its first effort (the securing of peace) because of the dishonorable terms proposed. It was in answer to these that the indignant Carolinian declared that his country would give "millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute," — an utterance which has never been forgotten.

Colonel Pinckney showed his unselfish patriotism in another instance, perhaps more remarkable, as touching a matter dear to a soldier's heart, — his military precedence. He found on his return from France that in preparation for the expected war, Colonel Hamilton had been appointed First Major-General in the new organization, he himself the second, and General Knox the third. Knox thought himself wronged, and refused the nomination; but Pinckney said that he was satisfied that Washington had good reasons for the appointment. "Let us first dispose of our enemies, we shall then have time to settle the question of rank." And he offered to let Knox have the second place, and take the third himself.

Both brothers were candidates for the presidency, and both were unsuccessful on account of party complications. Party spirit then ran high between Federalist and Democrat; but even Mr. Randall, the biographer of Jefferson, the

bitterest antagonist of the Federalists, makes an honorable exception of the "Rutledges and Pinckneys" in the accusations which he heaps upon most of their party.

To be the "friends of Washington" was ever the pride of the two brothers. Their loyalty to him never failed, and he regarded them with the utmost confidence. Perhaps no more remarkable letter ever was written than that addressed by General Washington to General C. C. Pinckney and his partner, Mr. Edward Rutledge, in which he offers the position of Associate Judge in the Supreme Court of the United States, left vacant by the resignation of Mr. John Rutledge, and says, "Will either of you gentlemen accept it, and if so, which?"

Almost equally remarkable are the answers of the two friends, in which, after the most respectful thanks, they decline the high preferment, because, in the existing condition of political feeling, they think they can be of most use to the country in the legislature of their native State.

In 1812, Thomas Pinckney was made Major-General commanding the Southern Division, but no very important service fell to his share. The latter years of the two brothers were devoted to their family, friends, and people. They

were the kindest and most humane of masters, and by their inherited love of agricultural experiment helped much to develop the resources of their State.

Of Mrs. Pinckney's daughter, Mrs. Horry, we have already seen much. She, too, inherited her mother's business talent, managed, as she had done, through years of widowhood, a large estate with ability and wisdom, and lived to a great old age, happy and beloved.

The descendants of these children were, of General C. C. Pinckney, three daughters only. Of these, the youngest, Eliza, married Mr. Ralph Izard, and left no children. The eldest, Miss Maria Henrietta Pinckney, was a woman of masculine intellect; she wrote the little paper so often referred to as the Family Legend; and a Political Catechism, embodying the southern doctrine of States' Rights, published by her in 1831 or 1832, is esteemed a wonderfully clear and forcible exposition of that faith. The second daughter, Miss Harriott Pinckney, long survived both her sisters, living to within the last thirty years, distinguished for benevolence and cheerful piety. While rich, she used her great wealth for others; reduced to poverty, she bore her trials and privations without a murmur, shaming by her sweetness and courage the fainter hearts of the younger generations, and

dying at the age of ninety-one, an exemplar of the virtues of earlier times.

General Thomas Pinckney left two sons,—Thomas, who married Miss Izard and left daughters only; and Charles Cotesworth, who married Miss Elliott. All the descendants of Chief Justice Pinckney who inherit his name come from this marriage, the Rev. C. C. Pinckney, Rector of Grace Church, Charleston, being the head of the family. General Thomas Pinckney left also two daughters: the elder married the Hon. William Lowndes; the younger, Colonel Francis Kinloch Huger.

Mrs. Horry had but two children: Daniel, who, having been sent to England very young, became so attached to European life that he never returned to America except on visits. He settled in France, where he married the niece of General La Fayette, Eléonore de Fay la Tour Maubourg, daughter of the Comte de la Tour Maubourg. They left no children. A lovely picture of this lady still exists. A portrait of her husband (who, dropping the name of Daniel, called himself Charles Lucas Pinckney Horry), a most beautiful painting by Romney, was unhappily destroyed in 1865. It was a full-length picture representing a handsome youth in college gown and buff satin breeches. He held his cap in his hand, and seemed step-

ping from the doorway (beautifully painted) of Trinity College, Cambridge. Mrs. Horry's only daughter married Frederick, son of Governor John Rutledge, and has numerous descendants.

In ending this account of the life and labors of this southern matron of the old time, I cannot refrain from saying one word in behalf of the bygone civilization and especially of the class which she exemplified. It was, as we are often told, indolent, ignorant, self-indulgent, cruel, overbearing. Does this life (and such were the lives of many) show these faults? Is it not, rather, active, useful, and merciful, accepting without hesitation the conditions it found, and doing its utmost to make those conditions good?

If I have succeeded in making this plain, then I have not written in vain. The women of all the colonies had committed to them a great though an unsuspected charge: to fit themselves and their sons to meet the coming change (self-government) in law and soberness; not in riot and anarchy, as did the unhappy women of the French Revolution.

Those of the southern states had more to do. They had to train and teach a race of savages, — a race which had never known even the rudiments of decency, civilization, or religion; a

race which, despite the labors of colonists and missionaries, remains in Africa to-day as it was a thousand years ago; but a race, which, influenced by these lives, taught by these southern people for six generations, proved in the day of trial the most faithful, the most devoted of servants, and was declared in 1863 by the northern people worthy to be its equal in civil and political rights.

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This
Volume of the
Journal and Letters
of Eliza Lucas: Edited by
Mrs. Harriott Pinckney Holbrook:
Hath been privately printed for George
Wymberley-Jones: Being the third
Wormsloe Quarto. The
impression is limit-
ed to nineteen
Copies.

JOURNAL AND LETTERS

OF

ELIZA LUCAS.

Now First Printed.

WORMSLOE.
MDCCCL.

MEMOIR.

The writer of the following letters was, like most of the English Colonist in Carolina, of respectable descent, being a daughter of Lt. Col. Lucas Governor of Antigua. Her parents had resided for many years in that island, when in 1739 *the health of her Mother requiring a change of climate, Col. Lucas removed his family to Carolina, where he had a landed estate of some value, with the intention of making it their home for the future; but the breaking out of war with Spain soon after his arrival, obliged him to return to Antigua, while his wife remained with her children in the province, for the benefit of as much winter as the year in this latitude affords.*

The state of Mrs. Lucas's health threw the whole care of the family and the superintendence of their affairs into the hands of the eldest daughter, then only eighteen – her youth, however, did not prevent her applying herself at once to endeavouring to increase the resources of the new country to which she had come, and to introduce the culture of those plants for which the climate appeared to her adapted. Tho' by birth a West Indian, she had been educated in England, and had brought with her to America the industry, the habits of observation, and the strong love of Nature for which well-educated English women have been always remarkable; but in no country would it have been common to find a woman at that early age, busied in plans for improving the condition of things around her, fulfilling her arduous duties with cheerfulness and fidelity, and preserving with rare skill the due proportion among those duties

duties. The judicious manager of her father's estates never degenerated into the mere manager.

The love of literature and science continued to characterize her to the last. It was her pleasure to assist by every means in her power – by collecting for him plants and animals, and by her ready and intelligent sympathy – one of our earliest botanists, Dr. Garden, the friend and correspondent of Linnœus.

The promise given by her early life was faithfully kept. Eliza Lucas became in 1744 *the wife of Mr. Charles Pinckney, Chief Justice of the Province: at whose house many of her happiest girlish days had been spent. This was an union of as perfect happiness as is ever permitted to humanity, each party having for the other the deepest reverence as well as love. It pleased Heaven to deprive her, after fourteen years of this happy married life, of a husband beloved with a devotion only the noblest minds can feel – a loss she bore with intense tho' unmurmuring sorrow. The education of her children now became Mrs. Pinckney's chief care, and to that she brought the piety and good sense that had always distinguished her conduct: for it required no small degree of self-denial and energy to support two sons at an English university when the property of these Colonies was so extremely unproductive of money.*

Mrs. Pinckney, however, struggled nobly thro' every difficulty, accomplished her aims, and reaped the richest reward. She lived to see her sons distinguished officers in the war of the Revolution, and better still to such a parent's heart, saw them among the most virtuous and religious citizens of the new republic. She died at an advanced age in* 1792, *with intellect unimpaired, and affections warm to the last.*

* *General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and General Thomas Pinckney.*

JOURNAL AND LETTERS

OF

ELIZA LUCAS.

July 1. 1739. Wrote my father a long letter on his plantation affairs. and on his change of commissions with Major Heron. on the Augustine Expedition. on the pains I had taken to bring the Indigo. Ginger, Cotton and Lucern and Casada to perfection and had greater hopes from the Indigo (if I could have the seed earlier next year from the West Indies) than any of y^e^ rest of y^e^ things I had try'd.

July 25. Wrote my Father by the last ship a long letter consisting of 5 sides of paper. Concerning M^r^ Bensby's talking to Major Heron about an exchange of Commissions between Major Heron and my father the Major asked a thousand pound in Exchange but neither he nor M^r^ B then knew that my father's regiment was augmented M^r^ B will acquaint him with it and write to you about the miscarriage of the Augustine Expedition Gen^l^ Oglethorpe greatly blamed The Cap^t^ of Men of Warr sent home their remonstrance and the people their Grievances. 60 Articles against him also concerning pitch Tarr and Lime and other plantation affairs – an acc^t^ of a large ship the Baltick Merchant from hence being taken and Carried in to S^t^ Sebastian's. the Cap^t^ a Quaker would not fight. poor Col^o^ Braithwait undertook to fight the ship. they had not powder Enough the Spaniard boarded her and upon enquiring and being told Col^o^ I fought the ship he went in to the Cabin where he found him comfortin

forting his Wife who was greatly frightened and shot him dead in her sight but as soon as he arrived at S^{t} Sebastian's the Gov^{r} of that place hang'd him . accknowledged the Rec^{t} of things sent by my father to us in Sev^{l} Vessels lately . acc^{t} of M^{r} Whitfield and the Ecclesiastical Court. an acc^{t} of my cousen Fairweather going to Boston to Endeavour to recover her fortune. old M^{r} Deveaux very kind in Instructing me in planting affairs Shall Endeavour to get some curiositys for the Duke of Marlborough.

Wrote to M^{rs} Danniel an acc^{t} of M^{rs} Bartholomew's things also sent all the wearing appar^{l} plate, rings &c to her except a few things kept out w^{ch} my papa is to acc^{tble} to her for The household goods apraised by 3 merchants M^{r} Beauchamp. Cap^{t} Cooper and M^{r} Pringle. the whole amounted to 288 pound 5 shillings currency. 1740

May y^{e} 2^{d} 1740

Dear Madam

I flatter myself it will be a satisfaction to hear I like this part of the world as my lott has fallen here which I really do. I prefer England to it tis true but think Carolina greatly preferable to the West Indies and was my Papa here I should be very happy. We have a very good acquaintance from whom we have received much friendship and Civility. Charles Town the principal one in this province is a polite agreeable place the people live very Gentilie and very much in the English Taste. The Country is in General fertile and abounds with Venison and wild fowl; the Venison is much higher flavour'd than in England but tis seldom fatt. My papa and Mamas great indulgence to me leaves it to me to chuse our place of residence either in town or in Country but I think it more prudent as well as most agreeable to my Mama and self to be in the Country during my father's absence we are 17 mile by land and 6 by water from Charles Town where we have about 6 agreeable families around us with whom we

we live in great harmony I have a little library well furnishd for my papa has left me most of his books) in w^{ch} I spend part of my time. My Musick and the Garden w^{ch} I am very fond of take up the rest of my time that is not imployd in business of w^{ch} my father has left me a pretty good share and indeed 'twas unavoidable as my Mama's bad state of health prevents her going through any fatigue. I have the business of 3 plantations to transact w^{ch} requires much writing and more business and fatigue of other sorts than you can imagine but least you should imagine it too burthensome to a girl at my early time of life give me leave to assure you I think myself happy that I can be useful to so good a father. and by rising very early I find I can go through much business but least you should think I shall be quite moapd with this way of life I am to inform you there are two worthy Ladies in C^{rs} Town M^{rs} Pinckney and M^{rs} Cleland who are partial enough to me to be always pleased to have me with them and insist upon my making their houses my home when in town and press me to relax a little much oftener than tis in my power to accept of their obliging intreaties but I sometimes am with one or the other for 3 weeks or a month at a time and then enjoy all the pleasures C^{rs} Town affords but nothing gives me more than subscribing myself

D^{r} Madam

y^{r} most affectionate and

Most obliged hum^{ble} Serv^{t}

Eliza Lucas

To my good friend M^{rs} Boddicott

March 5th 1741 –

To M^{rs} Cheeseman

Mad^{m}

When I had the pleasure of being with you you seemd under apprehensions for the Consequence of M^{r} B's prophecy w^{ch} induces me

me to acquaint you with the agreable news of his being convinced of his error is extreamly concerned for what has passed and readily acknowledges he was not guided by the infallible spirit but that of delusion please to communicate this to Mrs Hill and I am with Mamma's Compts

Madm

y m o St

This may be depended upon. E Lucas

Dr Miss Bartlett

I am willing you should participate of the pleasure we enjoyd yesterday by hearing that Mr B is come to his senses and acknowledges with extream concern he was guided by a spirit of delusion wch carried him the lengths he has lately gone under a notion of inspiration. Poor man with what anguish must he reflect on making the spirrit of God the Author of his weaknesses and of disturbing the whole community who tho' they knew him to be no prophet dreaded the consiquence of his phrophecys to the ears of the African Hosts as he calls them I hope he will be a warning to all pious minds not to reject reason & revelation and set up in their stead their own wild notions; he fancied indeed he was soported in his oppinions by the sacred oracles, and (as a father of our church observes) so did all the broachers of herisey in the primitive church.

* * * * * * * *

Don't you by this time wish my preachment at an end and repent telling me you think my letters are too short? but I cant conclude yet till I have told you I see the Comett Sir I Newton foretold should appear in 1741 – and wch in his oppinion is that, that will destroy the world, how long it may be travelling down to us he does not say but I think it does not concern us much as our time of action is over at our death the exact time of wch is uncertain, tho we may reasonably expect it within the utmost limits mentioned by the Psalmist.

Memdm

Memd^m *March* 11^th^ 1741

Wrote a long letter to my father about the Indigo and all the plantation affairs and that M^r H B— had been very much deluded by his own fancys and imagined he was assistied by the divine spirrit to prophesey C^hrs^ town and the country as farr as Pon Pon bridge should be destroyd by fire and sword to be executed by the negroes before the first day of next month he came to town 60 mile twice besides sending twice to acquaint the Gov^r^ with it people in gen.^l^ were very uneasy tho' convinced he was no prophet but they dreaded the consiquence of such a thing being put in to the head of the slaves and the advantage they might take of us from thence he went on (as it was natural to expect when he gave himself up intirely to his own whims) from one step to another till he came to working mirracles and lived for several days in the woods barefooted and alone and with his pen and ink to write down his prophecies till at length he went with a wand to devide the waters and predicted he should die that night but upon finding both fail, the water continued as it was and himself a living Instance of the falicy of his own predictions was convinced he was not guided by the infallible spirrit but that of delusion and sent a letter to the speaker upon it w^ch^ I now enclose you, shall send by Cap.^t^ Gregory if it can be got ready in time for him the Turpintine & neats foot oil.

Dear Miss Bartlett

By y^r^ enquiry after the Comett I find y^r^ curiosity has not been strong enough to raise you out of your bed so much before your usual time as mine has been. but to answer your queries – The Comett had the appearance of a very large Starr with a tail to my sight about 5 or 6 foot long it's real magnitude must really be prodigious. the tail was much paler than the comett itself. not unlike the milky way – twas a fortnight ago that I saw it The light of the

comett to my unphilosophical eyes seems to be natural and all it's own how much it may really borrow from the sun I am not astronomer enough to tell – * * * *

I assure you the sight of a comett is not the only pleasure you lose by lying late in the morning – but I am in doubt if you will like any more of a sermon on that matter –

Wappo April 16

Dr. Miss Bartlett

The contents of your last concerns us much as it informs us of the accident to Col° Pinckney I hope M^rs Pinckney don't apprehend any further danger from the fall than its spoiling him for a horseman if it only prevents him riding that dancing beauty Chickasaw for the future I think 'tis not much to be lamented for he has as many tricks and airs as a dancing bear. Won't you laugh at me if I tell you I am so busy in providing for Posterity I hardly allow myself time to sleep or eat and can but just snatch a moment to write to you and a friend or two more. I am making a large plantation of oaks wch I look upon as my own property whether my father gives me the land or not and therefore I design many yeer hence when oaks are more valuable than they are now wch you know they will be when we come to build fleets I intend I say 2 thirds of the produce of my oaks for a charrity (I'll tell you my scheme another time) and the other third for those that shall have the trouble of putting my design in execution. I sopose according to custom you will read this to your Uncle and Aunt. she is good girl says M^rs Pinckney she is never Idle and she always means well. tell the little Visionary says your Uncle come to town and partake of some of the amusements suitable to her time of life. pray tell him I think these so and what he may now think whims and projects may turn out well by and by. out of many surely one may hitt.

I promised to tell you when the mocking bird began to sing the little warbler has done wonders the first time he opend his soft pipe this spring he inspired me with the spirit of rhyming and produced the 3 following lines while I was lacing my stays

Sing on thou mimick of the featherd kind
And let the rational a lesson learn from thee
to mimick (not defects) but harmony

If you let any mortal besides yourself see this exquisite piece of poetry you shall never have a line more than this specimen and how great will be your loss you who have seen the above may judge as well as

y^r. m o S^t.

E Lucas

I hope you never forget to pay my manners and my best respects to Col^o. Pinckney & Lady

To the Hon^ble C^rs Pinckney Esq^r

Sir

The penance you have enjoynd is equal to an Egyptian task for I take it to be full as hard for me to repeat Doc^r Parnel's Hermit to you having never read it more than twice, as it was to them to make brick without straw; but if you will be so good to lend me the book I'll promise to repeat it to you some time in Sept^r next w^ch is the soonest I can promise myself the pleasure of waiting on M^rs P. We are much obliged to M^r Dart for the mocking birds, My papa will be very much pleased with them; to secure them from their mortal foe the catt I have put them in my own closet where they afford me a thousand useful reflections; here the nigard that eats his morsel alone, and the mean suspicious wretch whose bolted door near moved in pity to the wandering poor, may learn a lesson of hospitality from the birds of the air. The little Chirpers have drawn to the window an old

old bird that has a nest in a tree in the garden with 3 young ones in it. These 6 imploy her morning in providing for and feeding them. I was one day siting in the room viewing them perched, and as I soposed expecting their warbling Benefactress, when she came to the window, from whence I imagined the sight of me must soon fright her, (it was impossible for me to move.) but even that could not prevent her generous purpose to the little strangers, but she flew close by me and perching on the cage drop'd in what her bounty had before provided. This thing pleased me more than you can imagine, I communicated it to some of my neighbours and begd their company next day to be witness of the fact, for I really thought it would appear incredible. They were so obliging as to say they could never doubt my veracity upon any subject whatever tho' what I attested might appear extreamly improbable; but in this case there was nothing extraordinary for it was very common to hang a cage of young mocking birds in the garden to be raised by the old one, if there was one near, but this I was a stranger too.

I see you smile while you have been reading this to M^rs^ Pinckney, and she replys, the dear girl forgot she was not writing to little Polly when she indulged her descriptive vein, and that the subject of her birds is too triffling a one to engage your attention. Be it so, but 'tis your own fault, you will have me write, and as my ideas are triffling my subject must be conformable to them.

June y^e^ 4^th^ 1741

Hon'd Sir

Never were letters more welcome than yours of feb^y^ 19^th^ and 20^th^ and March y^e^ 11^th^ and 21^st^ w^ch^ came almost together. it was near 6 months since we had the pleasure of a line from you our fears increased apace and we dreaded some fatal accident had befallen. but hearing of y^r^ recovery from a dangerous fitt of Illness has more than equalled great as it was our Sorrow and Anxiety nor shall we ever think

think ourselves sufficiently grateful to Almighty God for the continuance of so great a blessing I sympathize most sincerely with y^e^ Inhabitance of Antigua in so great a Calamity as a scarcity of provisions and the want of the necessarys of life to y^e^ poorer sort. We shall send all we can get of all sorts of provisions particularly what you write for. I wrote this day to Starrat for a bar^l^ butter we expect the boat from Garden Hill when I shall be able to give you an account of affairs there. The Cotton Guinea corn. and most of the Ginger planted there was cutt off by a frost. I wrote you in a former letter we had a good crop of Indigo upon the ground. I make no doubt this will prove a very valuable Commodity in time if we could have the seed early enough to plant the end of March that the seed might be dry enough to gather before our frost

* * * * * * * *

We hear Carthagena is taken – M^r^ Wallis is dead Cap^t^ Norberry was lately killed in a duel by Capt Dobbins whose life is despaird of by the wounds he received he is much blamed for quarreling with such a brawling Man as Norberry who was disregarded by every body. Norberry has left a wife and 3 or 4 children in very bad circumstances to lament his rashness.

Mama tenders you her affections and Polly joyns in Duty with

My D^r^ Papa

y^r^ m obed and ever D D

Eliza Lucas.

Wappo – June 4.

To Miss Bartlett

D^r^ Miss B.

after a pleasant passage of about an hour we arrived safe at home as I hope you and M^rs^ Pinckney did at Belmont. but this place appeared much less agreeable than when I left it, having lost the agreeable company & conversation of our friends – I am engaged now with the rudiments of the Law to w^ch^ I am but a Stranger and

what adds to my mortification is that Doct^r^ Wood wants the Politeness of your Uncle who with a graceful ease & good nature peculiar to himself is always ready to instruct the ignorant – but this rustic seems by no means to court my acquaintance for he often treats me with such cramp phrases I am unable to understand him nor is he civil enough to explain them when I desire it. however I hope in a short time we shall be better friends nor shall I grudge a little pains and application that will make me useful to my poor neighbours. We have some in this Neighbourhood who have a little Land and a few slaves and Cattle to give their children, that never think of making a Will till they come upon a sick bed and find it too expensive to send to town for a Lawyer. If you will not laugh too immoderately at me I'll trust you with a secrett. I have made two Wills already. I know I have done no harm for I comm'd my lesson very perfect. and know how to convey by Will Estates real and personal and never forget in it's proper place him and his heirs for Ever. nor that tis to be sign'd by 3 Witnesses in presence of one another. but the most comfortable remembrance of all is that Doct^r^ Wood says the Law makes great allowance for last Wills and Testaments presuming the Testator could not have Council learned in the Law. but after all what can I do if a poor creature lies a dying and the family takes it into their head that I can serve them, I cannt refuse but when they are well and able to imploy a Lawyer I always shall. A Widdow here abouts with a pretty little fortune teazed me intolerably to draw her a marriage settlement but it was out of my depth and I absolutely refused it – so she got an able hand to do it – indeed she could afford it – but I could not get off from being one of the Trustees to her settlement and an old Gent^m^ the other I shall begin to think myself an old woman before I am a young one having such weighty affairs upon my hands

I am d^r^ Miss B

y. m. o. S^t^

E L——

*Sept^r^*

*Sept*r 20. 1741. Wrote to my father on plantation business and Concerning a planter's importing negroes for his own use. Col° Pinckney thinks not – but thinks twas proposed in the assembly and rejected – promised to look over the act and let me know. also informed my father of the alteration tis Soposed there will be in the value of our money occationed by a late Act of Parliament that Extends to all America wch is to disolve all private banks I think by the 30th of last Month or be liable to lose their Estates and put themselves out of the King's protection. informed him of the Tyranical Govrt at Georgia.

*Oct*r 29. 1741 Wrote to my father acknowledging the receipt of a ps of rich yellow Lutstring consisting of 19 yards for myself d° of blue for my Mama. also for a ps of Holland and Cambrick received from London at the same time. Tell him we have had a moderate and healthy summer and preparing for the King's birth day next day. Tell him shall send the rice by Bullard.

*Nov*r 11. 1741. Wrote to Mr Murray to send down a boat load of white oak staves, bacon and salted beef for the West Indies. sent up at the same time a barl salt ½ wt salt peter. some brown sugar for the bacon. Vinegar and a couple bottles Wine for Mrs Murray and desire he will send down all the butter and hogs lard.

*Jan*y 1741–2 Wrote my father about the Exchange with Col° Heron. the purchasing his house at Georgia. The Tyranical Govrt at Georgia. there went home last year a petition from a great number of sufferers for redress, with their causes and proofs. they got safe and were only answered that the Magistrates that did the Injustice must make Satisfaction. The people are now sending home an Agent to apply for redress in another way. Returned my father thanks for a present I received from him by Capt Sutherland of twenty pistols. and for the sweetmeats by Capt Gregory. Shall send the preserved fruit

fruit as they come in season Begged the favour of him to send to England for Dr Popashes Cantatas. Wildens Anthems. Knellers Rules for tuning. about the Jerusalem Thorn. shall try different soils for the Lucern grass this year. The ginger turns out but poorly. We want a supply of Indigo Seed. Sent by this Vessel a waiter of my own Japaning my first Essay. Sent also the Rice and beef. Sent Govr Thomas of Philadelphia' Daughter a tea chest of my own doing also Congratulate my father on my brother's recovery from the small pox and having a Commission

Febry 6th 1741–2

To the Honble Crs Pinckney

Sir /

I received yesterday the favour of your advice as a phicisian and want no arguments to convince me I should be much better for both my good friends Company . a much pleasanter Prescription than Doctr Meads wch I have just received. To follow my inclination at this time I must endeavour to forget that I have a Sister to instruct and a parcel of little Negroes whom I have undertaken to teach to read and instead of writing an answer bring it myself. and indeed gratitude as well as inclination obliges me to wait on Mrs Pinckney as soon as I can but it will not be in my power till a month or two hence. Mama pays her compts to Mrs Pinckney and hopes she will excuse her waiting on her at this time but will not fail to do it very soon I am a very Dunce, for I have not acquird ye writing short hand yet with any degree of Swiftness but I am not always so for I give a very good proof of the brightness of my Genius when I can distinguish well enough to Subscribe my Self with great Esteem

Sir

yr most obedt humble Servt

Eliza Lucas.

A letter

A letter I received yesterday from my dear papa says their last news from England was that the Czarina of Muscovy was dethroned and princess Elizabeth daughter of Peter the Great has got the crown through the Councils and interest of the french court.

May 22^{d} 1742

I am now set down my dear Brother to obey your Commands and give you a short description of the part of the World I now inhabit – S^{o} Carolina then is an Extensive Country near the Sea. Most of the settled part of it is upon a flatt. the Soil near Charles Town sandy but further distant. clay and swamp lands. It abounds with fine navigable rivers and great quanties of fine timber – The Country at a great distance that is to say about a hundred and fifty mile from C^{rs} Town very hilly The soil in general very fertile and there are few European or American fruits or grain but what grow here the Country abounds with wild fowl Venison and fish Beef Veal and Mutton are here in much greater perfection than in the Islands tho' not equal to that of England – Fruit extreamly good and in profusion, and the oranges exceed any I ever tasted in the West Indies or from Spain or Portugal. The people in general hospitable and honest and the better sort add to these a polite gentile behaviour. The poorer sort are the most indolent people in the world, or they would never be wretched in so plentiful a country as this . The winters here are fine and pleasant but 4 months in the year are extreamly disagreeable excessive hott much thunder and lightening and musketoes and sand flies in abundance C^{rs} Town the Metropolis, is a neat pretty place the inhabitants polite and live a very gentile manner the streets and houses regularly built. the ladies and gentlemen gay in their dress. upon the whole you will find as many agreeable people of both sexes for the size of the place as almost any where S^{t} Phillip's Church in C^{rs} Town is a very Elegant one and much frequented. there are

sever!

sever[l] more places of publick Worship in the town and the generality of people of a religious turn of mind.

I began in haste and have observed no method or I should have told you before I came to Summer, that we have a most charming Spring in this Country especially for those who travel through the Country for the Scent of the young Myrtle and yellow Jessamine with which the woods abound is delightful. The staple commodity here is rice and the only thing they export to Europe. Beef, Pork and Lumber they send to the West Indies.

Pray Inform me how my good friend M[rs] Boddicott my cousin Bartholomew and all my old acquaintance doe Mama and Polly joyn in love

with D[r] Brother

your's affec[tely]

E Lucas

To George Lucas Esq[r]

Wappo. May 2[d]

Dear Miss Bartlett

I send by the bearer my comp[ts] to M[rs] Pinckney and the last volume of Pamela, she is a good girl and as such I love her dearly but I must think her very defective and even blush for her while she allows herself that disgusting liberty of praising herself, or what is very like it, repeating all the fine speeches made to her by others when a person distinguished for modesty in every other respect should have chose rather to conceal them or at least let them come from some other hand especially as she might have considered those high comp[ts] might have proceeded from the partiallity of her friends or with a view to encourage her and make her aspire after those qualifications w[ch] are ascribed to her wh[ch] I know experimently to be often the case but then you answer she was a young Country Girl

Girl had seen nothing of life and it was natural for her to be pleased with praise and she had not art enough to conceal it true before she was Mrs B – it be excusable when only wrote to her father and mother but after she had the advantage of Mr. B's conversation and others of sense and distinction I must be of a nother oppinion. but here arises a difficulty, we are to be made acquainted by the Authour of all particulars how then is it to be done. I think by Miss Darnford or some other lady very intimate with Mrs B. How you smile at my presumption for instructing one so farr above my own level as ye Authour of Pamela (whom I esteem much for the regard he pays to virtue and religion throughout his whole piece) but my dr. Miss Bartlett contract your smile into a mortified look for I acquit the Authour, he designed to paint no more than a woman and he certainly designed it as a reflection upon the vanity of our sex that a character so compleat in every other instance should be so greatly defective in this, defective indeed for when she mentions that poor creature Mr. H's applauses it puts me in mind of the observation in don Quixott how grateful is praise even from a madman.

I have run thus far before I was aware for I have nither capacity or inclination for chritisism tho' Pamela sets me the example by critisizing Mr. Lock and has taken the liberty to disent from that admirable Author. one word more and I have done and that is I think the Author has kept up to nature (one of the greatest beauties in the whole ps.) for had his Heroin no defect the character must be unnatural as it would be in me to forget my respects to your worthy Uncle and Aunt Pinckney and that I am

yrs &c.

E Lucas

July 2d 1742.

Wrote to my father acknowledging the rect of the Money and other things sent by Mr T. Boon, concerning imploying Mr Gervey on part of the Garden hill tract.

I informed

I informed him that the 30th of June an express arrived from Georgia that 12 hundred Spainyards were landed at a small Island near Friderica. Wrote to Murray upon the least alarm or apprehension of danger immediately to bring down the negroes, informed him also of Capt. Franklands taking 4 vessels, one said to be worth 10 thousand pounds sterling.

*Sept*r 8th 1742.

Wrote to Miss Mary Fayweather in Boston. The same time wrote my Father a full and long acct of 5 thousand Spainyards landing at St Symons. We were greatly alarmed in Carolina; 80 prisoners now in Cts Town, they had a large fleet, but were scattered by bad weather. Our little fleet from Carolina, commanded by Capt Hardy could not get to ye Genls assistance, the Enemy were sailed to St Marks. 'Tis said Capt. Hardy instead of cruising off St Augustine barr where it was probable he would find them returned with all the men to Cts Town, wch has greatly disgusted the Govr and Council as well as the rest of the Inhabitance. There is sent now 3 Men of Warr and 4 provincial vessels under the command of Capt. Frankland. Sent my father his kettle Drums, informed him of Mr Smith seling the rum he sent us, and giving away the preserved sorrel, tho' he assured us it was by mistake put on board a vessel going to Barbadoes and carried there. Sad wretch. Sent for Cowcumber seed – Polly gone to school at Mrs Hicks's at 140 pound per annum.

Dear Madm

I herewith beg you will accept an offering of the first fruits of my Vines, they are not equal to what I could wish them to present to you but would fain have the fruit of my labours honoured by your acceptance. The pious heathens used to offer the first of their Vintage to Bacchus yt God of wine – I have made a better choice by being born in a more enlightnd age and make mine to Xtian temperance

temperance in offering them to you. You see my dear Madam the subject of my epistle is quite equal to my present the whole consists of a bunch of grapes nor will what I can add give any flavour to the juce of the grape w^{ch} is that I am

Madam

Your most affe^{ct} & obed^{t} Serv^{t}

E Lucas

To M^{rs} Pinckney

To M^{rs} Pinckney

D^{r} Madam

If you are not yet provided I have heard of a house I believe will suit you at £140 and shall be proud of y^{r} commands if I can be anyways serviceable the owners are no further from me than James Island.

Please to make my Compt^{s} to Col^{o} Pinckney the book he lent me I now return with thanks, I mett with a paragraph in it w^{ch} gave me a good deal of pleasure because 'tis exactly similar to my papa's Case at Cavalla 'tis in a letter from Prince Eugene to an eminent Minister in vindication of my Lord Albemarl's conduct at the battle of Denain the words w^{ch} I mean are these "But when they (the soldiers) run as soon as they have given one fire and cannot be rallied no Gen^{l} in the world can help it" This declaration from so great a Gen^{l} as Prince Eugene must have great weight had it been read by a less partial eye than that of a daughter. I have had too many instances of your friendship to doubt your pardon for this impertinence. The morn approaches and my drowsiness calls me to rest and secures you from any more at present from

D^{r} Madam

Y^{r} affec^{t} & obed^{t} Serv^{t}

E Lucas

Sep

Sept 24 1742.

Wrote to my father informing him the Council has petitioned for a Regiment instead of 4 Independant Companys since the Spainyards had been at Georgia

Nov^{r} 11th 1742

Hon^{d} Sir

Since my last the fleet is returned to Jamaica their orders were such that if the Spainyards were gone and we under no apprehension of their returning, to return to Jamaica with the whole detachment – they were very desirous to stay longer and the Carolinians as desirous to have them stay. they were very well received here and took great pleasure in acknowledging it upon all occations. They are quite enamoured with Carolina nor is it to be wonderd at after coming from Jamaica a place of which they give a most horrible character. The account they give of the Women there must I think be exagerated and therefore I wont enlarge on that head. The Gov^{r} gave the Gent^{n} a very Gentile entertainment at noon and a ball at Night for the Ladies on the King's birth day at w^{ch} was a Crouded Audience of Gent^{n} and Ladies I danced a minuet with your old acquaintance Cap^{t} Broderick who was extreamly glad to see one so nearly related to his old friend I promised to pay his comp^{ts} to you and assure you how extreamly glad he would be to see you a M^{r} Snell a very talkative man desires his best respects to you and says many obliging things of you for which I think myself obliged to him and therefore punished my self to hear a great deal of flashy nonsense from him for an hour together

I am dear Sir

y^{r} most obed & ever Dutiful Daughter

Eliza Lucas

Feb^{y}

Feb^{y} 3^{d} 1743–4.

Wrote to my Aunt concerning M^{r} Smith. The same day to my father Thanks for all the things he has sent. Sent by the return of the Vessel 2 bar^{ls} Rice – d^{o} Corn. 3 d^{o} pickled Pork 2 Keggs oysters – one of Eggs by way of Experiment. put up in salt. in case they answer my scheme is to supply my Fathers refining house in Antigua with Eggs from Carolina.

To Lady Carew

September 2nd 1743.

Your Ladyship will be surprized at hearing from me after so long a silence but will I hope be convinced that nither length of time nor distance of place can efface that tender regard for Miss Martin which an early friendship had impressed upon me.

I wrote to you before I left London to take a hearty farewell of you and to wish you all the felicity this world affords, but had no answer to that Letter which was the reason I never sent another after my arrival in Antigua. Whether it was a secret pride or too great a Delicacy for fear of being troublesome to you I cant determine, but be it which it will it was conquer'd as soon as I perceived you had not quite forgot me, for I received a Letter dated last March from M^{rs} Pearson wherein she told me you desired to be remembered to me: this determined me to renew our correspondence. I am now in South Carolina a province where part of my Papa's Estate lies. he removed his family here near five year ago with an intent to settle them here, but the Warr with Spain being proclamed soon after he was obliged to leave us and return to his Post in Antigua, and as his Majesty has lately appointed him Lieu^{t}. Col^{o}. and Gov^{r}. of Antigua: this determines our return thither but as the time is uncertain I hope to receive the pleasure of a Letter from your Ladyship while I am in Carolina, a very agreable place; of which Charles Town is the Metropolis,

Metropolis, and is a polite place and affords a great deal of good company: to give you a more particular account may be tedious I will therefore hasten to conclude after paying my compliments to Sir Nicholass Carew and the Dear little Baby

I am Madam

Your most affectionate

and obedient Servant

ELIZA LUCAS.

January. 11. 1744.

P. S. Since the foregoing which has been wrote and laid by several Months for want of a proper opportunity, I have changed my condition in Life which occasions my now continueing in Carolina:

You will be apt to ask me Dear Lady Carew how I could leave a tender and affectionate Father, Mother, Brother and Sister to live in a strange Country, but I flatter myself if you knew the Character and merrit of the gentleman I have made choice of (he is a gentleman of the Law and one of his Majesty's Council of the province.) you would think it less strange especially as it was with the approbation of all my friends. Mr Pinckney intends to bring me to England in a year or two, where one of the greatest pleasures I promise myself is telling you in person how much I am

Dr Madam

Your Ladyships

Most affecte humble Servt

ELIZA PINCKNEY.

* * * *

Nov

Nov 3rd 1759 –

Dr Sir

As I wrote to you ye 19th of Septr 'tis not necessary to trouble you again so soon but I can't resist the temptation of writing to you by a man of warr wch is to sail immediately unless there are merchants enough that will be ready soon to sail under her Convoy and then she will make a long stay.

The papers will inform you of our publick transactions and that the Govr with a body of men set out on fryday ye 10th of Octr for the Cherokee nation in order to obtain satisfaction for the murders committed by them and make a good peace at the head of the army or take satisfaction by carrying the warr into their own country they have been very insolent and t'is high time they were chastised. be so good as to assure my dear boys we think ourselves very safe in Crs town or they may be frightened at the rumour of an Indian warr my blessings attend them they are continually in my thoughts and the constant subject of my prayers I can't give them a greater proof of my affection than suffering this painful separation.

Be so good as to forward the inclosed letters to Sir Richard Lyttleton and Miss Mackcartney as directed in the safest manner and place any Expense attending it to my act. I congratulate you on the Taking of Quebec myself more on hearing you and my dr boys are well by the fleet wch heaven grant I may.

Feby 17 – 1760

To Honble Mrs King Ocham Court Surrey

My dr Madam.

* * * * * *

There is so little chance of letters by single ships getting safe I am obliged to trouble one friend to tell another I have

wrote to them which is the case at present I must beg the favor of you when you see M^rs^ Onslow to make my best comp^ts^ to her and inform her I wrote to her in Nov^r^ last by y^e^ Brigantine Spy Cap^t^ Lyford to Bristol – Gov^r^ Lyttleton, with our army is safely returned from the Cherokee Expedition where they went to demand satisfaction for the murders committed on our people – the first army y^t^ ever attempted to go into that wild Country. they had been very insolent and committed many outrages in our back settlements nor ever expected White men would have resolution enough to march up their Mountains. Gov^r^ Lyttleton has acted with much spirit and conduct and gained much honour in the affair – and obtained from them what Indians never before granted such of the murderers as they could then take and Hostages for the rest till they could be taken if you have any curiosity to know more particulars, M^r^ Morley, to whom I inclose it can furnish you with the Carolina Gazett

March 15^th^ 1760.

With how much pleasure I receive your letters my Dear Friend I won't attempt to say and the comfort I have at hearing my dear Children are well your own maternal heart can better conceive than I express, so far I can with great truth affirm that 'tis the greatest felicity I have upon earth

* * * * *

A great cloud seems at present to hang over this province we are continually insulted by the Indians in our back settlements and a violent kind of small pox rages in C^hrs^ Town that almost puts a stop to all business sev^l^ of those I have to transact business with are fled into the country but by the Divine Grace I hope a month or two will change the prospect, we expect shortly troops from Gen'l Amherst w^ch^ I trust will be able to manage these savage enemies and y^e^ small pox as it does not spread in y^e^ Country must soon be over

for

for want of subjects I am now at Belmont to keep my people out of the way of y.e violent distemper for the poor blacks have died very fast even by inoculation but y.e people in Ch.rs Town were inoculation mad I think I may well call it and rushed into it with such precipitation y.t I think it impossible they could have had either a proper preparation or attendance had there been 10 Doct.rs in town to 1 – the Doc.trs could not help it the people would not be said nay. We lose with this fleet our good Gov.r Lyttleton he goes home in the Trent man of warr before he goes to his Gov.t at Jamaica. My sincere thanks to M.r & M.rs Watson

Poor John Motte who was inocculated in England is now very bad with y.e small pox it could never never have taken then to be sure.

April 23. 1760. The small pox is, I thank God, much abated. those that now have it, have it favorably. indeed few have it now but by inocculation. Our Indian affairs are much in the same situation as 4 weeks ago when the Trent sailed.

To the Hon.ble M.rs King at Ocham Court.

July 19.th 1760.

D.r Mad.m

I had y.e honour of yours of y.e 16.th Feb.y last, with yours and the young Ladies' very gentile present to Harriott. 'T is a most compleat suit and universally admired. The fann I think a Curiosity and the pompon the prettiest we ever saw, the little girl is quite happy and the more so as they are the first that have reached this part of the world, so she has an opportunity of seting the fashon. I doubt whether she would part with them to purchase a peace with the Cherookees who are become extreamly troublesome to us nor have the highland troops under Col. Montgomery, sent us by Gen.l Amherst,

Amherst, done much more than exasperated the Indians to more cruel revenge and they are now about to leave us to the mercy of these Barbarians.

I hope the good people of England wont give all their superfluous money to French prisoners and to build foreign Churches, but reserve some for their poor fellow subjects in America for if they go on to make new conquests in America and neglect the protection of their old colonies they may have importations of distressed people from the Southernmost part of North America to exercise their charity upon. My most respectful Compts wait on Mr King, he will oblige me very much in employing me to get him some seeds, if there is any in particular that may escape me I hope he will be so good to mention it. Our talest trees are Oaks – wch we have of various sorts – Pines – & Magnolias wch in low moist land such as Ocham Court, grow to a very great height, and is a most beautiful tree. as well as the tall Bay wch grow to a prodigious height. Neither the Acorns or cones are got ripe enough to gather or I would send them in this ship but will certainly do so by the first good opportunity after they are ripe. Harriott joins in affectionate Compts and My most respectful compts wait on my Ld & Lady King and I am

Dr Madm

With great gratitude

yr most obliged and

Most obedt Servt

Eliza Pinckney.

To the honable Mrs King.

April 13. 1761.

Dr Madam

I can't resist the temptation of paying you my respects when the fleet sails though I did myself ye honour to write you by the

the man of war in Feb^{r}. w^{ch} letter with the seeds for M^{r}. King I hope are safe arrived by this time.

Our hopes and expectations are a good deal raised by the great fleet we are told is bound for America from England this spring we flatter ourselves they will take the Missisippi in their way w^{ch} if they succeed in must put an end to all our Indian warrs as they could never molest us if y^{e}. French from thence did not supply them with arms and ammunition Our army has marched for y^{e}. Cherokee nation they consist of regular troops and provincials 'tis a disagreable service but they have this to comfort them whether they are successful or other ways they may be pretty sure of gathering laurels from the bounty of the English news writers for after the incomiums upon y^{e}. last Cherokee expedition there surely can nothing be done there that don't merit praise If the 50 Mohocks arrive safe that we expect from Gen^{l} Amherst I hope we shall be able to quel those barbarians for the Mohocks are very fine men, five of them are now here and they are looked upon by the rest of the Indians with both dread and respect for they think them the greatest warriors in the world. Many thanks to good M^{r}. King for my beer which is extreamly good though it had a long voyage and went first to Lisbon. My most respectful compliments wait on my Lady and Lord King and the young Ladies. Harriott is out of town with Lady Mary Drayton and don't know when the fleet sails or would do herself the honour to write to Miss Wilhelmina by it

I am with great gratitude & affection

D^{r}. Madam

Your most obliged & most obed^{t}. Servant

E Pinckney

Feb^{y}

Feb^{y} 27. 1762

To Hon^{ble} M^{rs} King Ocham Court Surrey

* * * * * * * *

When my dear Madam shall we have peace till then I have very little prospect of seeing my children and friends in England and a Spanish Warr we are told, is unavoidable. We are pretty quiet here just now but tis much to be feared 'twill continue no longer than the winter – we never were so taxed in our lives but what are our Taxes to your's – however we are a young Colony and our Sea does not throw up sands of gold as surely the British does – to enable you to bear such prodigious Expenses.

* * * *

Dear Sir

I am very much obl
they so obligingly make me but I am
that tis the partiality of my friends
are pleased to say they have heard of
unpardonable stupidity to be insensi
judgment; and a good character. I esteem
but I dont suspect my self of being vai
nature and complaisance then intim
writeing so politely, and if you will
you must be cautious how you inspire
the sex. Mama will certainly wa
your company this evening which y
great pleasure to

Your affectionat

MRS. PINCKNE

SENT FROM WAPPOO BY MESSENG

the Ladies you mention for the Compliment
onsible of my own efforts to be ignorant
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HER HUSBAND
ARLES TOWN IN JUNE OR J

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